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THE RED BOOK N E



Edw. Christ

How
you can
Change
your
Fate

by the
Author of
"Tell Your
Own Fortune"

The
fascination of
the far northern
frontier lies through
these pages. Airplanes
bear strange visitors to
the old fur-trails, the
Indian camps and caribou
hunt. A great romance
of the north today by
William Byron Mowery

Also a great love-story-love
and even the wish to live lost-
and then splendidly regained
by Fanny Heaslip Lea

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the 12th of each month

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HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S

Cosmetic Masterpieces

Paris-inspired, created by one who is artist as well as scientist, the cosmetic masterpieces of HELENA RUBINSTEIN are unquestionably the finest in all the world—and the most flattering!

Helena Rubinstein has perfected the one indelible lipstick that gives the lips satin-smoothness and suppleness, as well as lasting color. Helena Rubinstein originated the rouges that not only enhance the skin, but actually protect and benefit it. And back of the marvelous powders that bear her name, is Helena Rubinstein's genius for the blending of colors and textures. On sheer merit the powder creations of Helena Rubinstein maintain absolute supremacy.

Know the witchery of make-up, realize the full flower of your loveliness through these world-famed finishing touches. Build your beauty with Helena Rubinstein's Specialized Preparations—enhance your beauty with her inimitable finishing touches. Her creations proclaim her the artist as well as the scientist!

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Valaze Powder—the most exquisite powder in the world! Fragrant and wonderfully clinging. In the smartest and most becoming shades. 1.00, 1.50.



HELENA RUBINSTEIN
World-Renowned Beauty Specialist

Irresistible Rouges

Valaze Rouges flatter and protect the skin. Red Raspberry for day time. Red Geranium for evening. Crushed Rose Leaves, the conservative tone. 1.00 to 5.00.

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Cubist Lipstick in two enchanting shades, Red Raspberry for day and Red Geranium for evening, 1.00. Water Lily Lipstick in Red Cardinal and Red Ruby. 1.25.

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Cleanse with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Clear, refine and animate the skin with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—Helena Rubinstein's skin-clearing masterpiece (1.00). Brace the tissues and tighten the pores with Valaze Skin-toning Lotion (1.25). Complete treatment—a two-months' supply—with detailed instructions (3.25).

If there are blackheads, conspicuous pores, wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special (1.00). This unique preparation gently penetrates the pores, ridding them of all impurities. Use this preparation instead of soap.

LONDON

Helena Rubinstein

PARIS

8 East 57th Street, New York

Boston, 234 Boylston Street
Chicago, 670 N. Michigan Avenue

254 South 16th Street, Philadelphia
951 Broad Street, Newark

*The Cosmetic and Home-Treatment Creations of Helena Rubinstein
Are Obtainable at the Better Shops, or Direct from the Salons*

Write to Helena Rubinstein, describing your skin and hair, and you will receive a Special Treatment Schedule. Ask for "Personality Make-up"—the booklet that tells you how to express your most beautiful you!

Rout gum troubles - defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

THERE is no greater dental folly than to care for your teeth and pay no attention to your gums.

No matter how gleaming your teeth, how pure their color, how free they are from fillings and cavities, it is equally important that your gums be strong and healthy.

Yet . . . all the time . . . you hear of people who have been forced to have seemingly sound teeth extracted. Your dentist's x-ray file contains hundreds of photographs that prove the dire results of gum neglect.

If ever your tooth brush "shows pink," it's an infallible sign that your gums need attention. Gingivitis, or even pyorrhea, may result unless you take prompt measures to bring your gums to health!

Fortunately, it is easy to care for your gums as dentists say you should. Simply brush your teeth and massage the gums twice a day with Ipana Tooth Paste.

Massage and Ipana rouse the circulation. They help to restore a normal tonicity to the gum walls. They give back the stimulation your gums should get but do not from the mastication of hard, fibrous foods.

For modern food is too soft, too yielding; circulation flags, tissues break down, gums grow soft and logy. But massage with Ipana, gently



*You can do it
with IPANA and
massage!*

at first, harder later on, restores the stimulation that your gums need so much to keep in health.

*How Ipana tones
and hardens the gums*

Ask your dentist about this. Ask him about Ipana. He will probably tell you how good it is and why. Containing ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic widely used by the profession, Ipana exerts a toning and stimulating effect that makes the massage doubly effective.

Don't think, however, that Ipana is only a specific for gum troubles. It's the cleanest feeling tooth paste you ever used! It's about the best tasting. Your teeth will shine with its continued use!

There is a sample offered by the coupon on this page. Frankly, we'd rather not have you send for it. For it's small—and sometimes the mails are slow. Rather go to your druggist today, get a full-sized tube (100 brushings) and give Ipana a real chance to show you what it can do. It will clean your teeth beautifully. It will keep your gums healthy.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-49
75 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

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IPANA Tooth Paste

MRS. RICHARD T. WILSON says "Naturally, I am particular about the coffee"

FROM A RARE EMPIRE SILVER COFFEE POT after-dinner coffee is served to Mrs. Wilson's guests in the drawing room. Her butler pours the fragrant Maxwell House into fragile cups decorated with Mrs. Wilson's monogram, while a second man offers cream and sugar. The clear rich color of Maxwell House Coffee, its depth and sparkle of flavor, satisfy the most critical tastes.

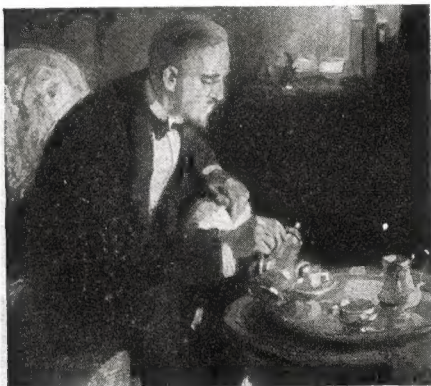
WHEREVER the season is at its height—New York, Newport, Saratoga—Mrs. Richard T. Wilson opens one of her magnificent houses and inaugurates a series of social functions of outstanding brilliance.

Out of her wide experience as a hostess has grown Mrs. Wilson's appreciation of Maxwell House Coffee.

The matchless *blended* flavor of Maxwell House pleases all tastes. No single coffee grown can equal it.

Years ago a gentleman of the Old South with a cultivated taste in coffee resolved to find the perfect coffee flavor—rich and full-bodied, yet mellow, too.

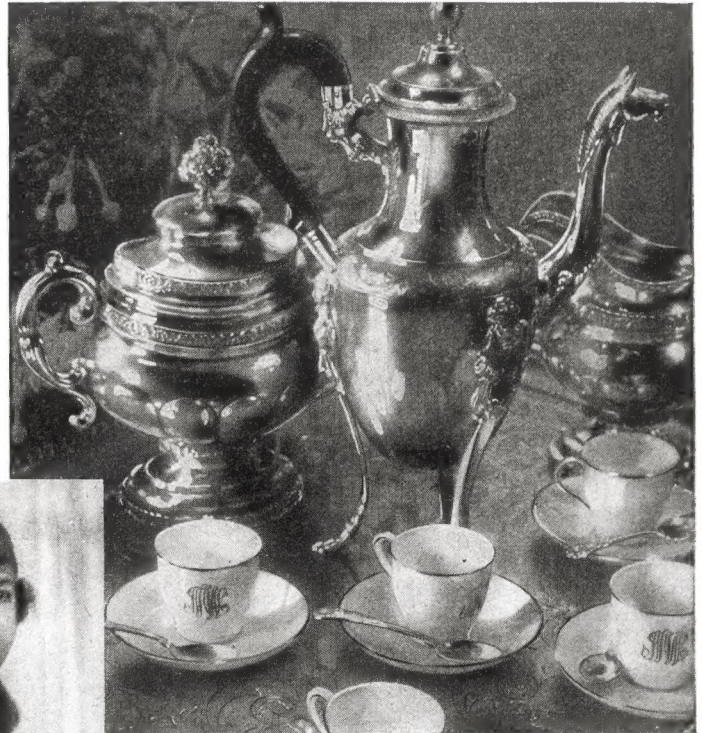
He tried hundreds of single coffee flavors—none of them would do. He



A gentleman of Old Dixie tested and rejected, combined and re-combined selected coffees from many lands until he achieved the matchless mellow blend of Maxwell House Coffee



Mrs. Richard T. Wilson whose brilliant hospitality marks the New York and Newport seasons



"Every dinner I give still seems to me something of a challenge. I try to overlook nothing that might contribute to a sense of well-being among my guests. Naturally I am particular about the coffee that is served; no single detail seems to me more important. I believe that it is the blend of many fine flavors in Maxwell House that makes this coffee a general favorite."

Richard Wilson

combined and re-combined them—until at last he made a blend that fully met his exacting standard.

That blend of selected coffees is Maxwell House—named for the fine old hotel in Nashville where it first became famous. Now its fame has spread all over the United States and

leading hostesses from coast to coast serve Maxwell House Coffee.

Once you've tasted its delicious blended flavor, you'll insist on Maxwell House Coffee at your own table. Your grocer can supply you. It comes nicely packaged in tin to preserve all its rich fragrance and flavor.

RADIO PROGRAM EVERY THURSDAY

Famous weekly radio programs are broadcast by the talented Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, KOA, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC. Tune in every Thursday evening for the Maxwell House Coffee Program.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"



You will be delighted also with Maxwell House Tea

THE MOST IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

made by the
ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
in 10 Years



THE present hour sees a great change taking place in business. Small businesses are being gathered together into great institutions. The position of Vice-President in charge of Production, or Sales or Finance, in one of these great institutions is a larger responsibility than the presidency of a small business used to be. There has come an increasing demand for an expansion of the Institute's pro-

gram to meet these changed conditions.

Beginning immediately, therefore, we shall offer to business executives a four-fold service, incorporating the results of two years of work with leaders of business management and business education. From this four-fold service, executives may now choose any one of the following courses, depending on their own particular business requirements:

1. The Complete Course and Service for General Executives
2. A Special Course and Service in Marketing Management
3. A Special Course and Service in Production Management
4. A Special Course and Service in Finance Management

THIS enlarged program is too important and far-reaching to be set forth in an advertisement. Its value to executives is admirably summed up in the words of Percy H. Johnston, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York, who considers it "the most significant step taken in business education in the past ten years."

We have prepared a special booklet describing the entire program, with particular reference to the new features. We should like to circulate this widely and to the following groups of men:

—The heads of businesses who recognize

that the training of competent associates is their major problem.

—Executives interested especially in Marketing, Production and Finance, who want to concentrate their efforts along one of these branches of business.

—Younger men who desire definite training in the management of the particular departments of business in which they are now engaged.

For convenience, a coupon is provided below. We invite you to inform yourself on this great forward step in business education by mailing it at once.

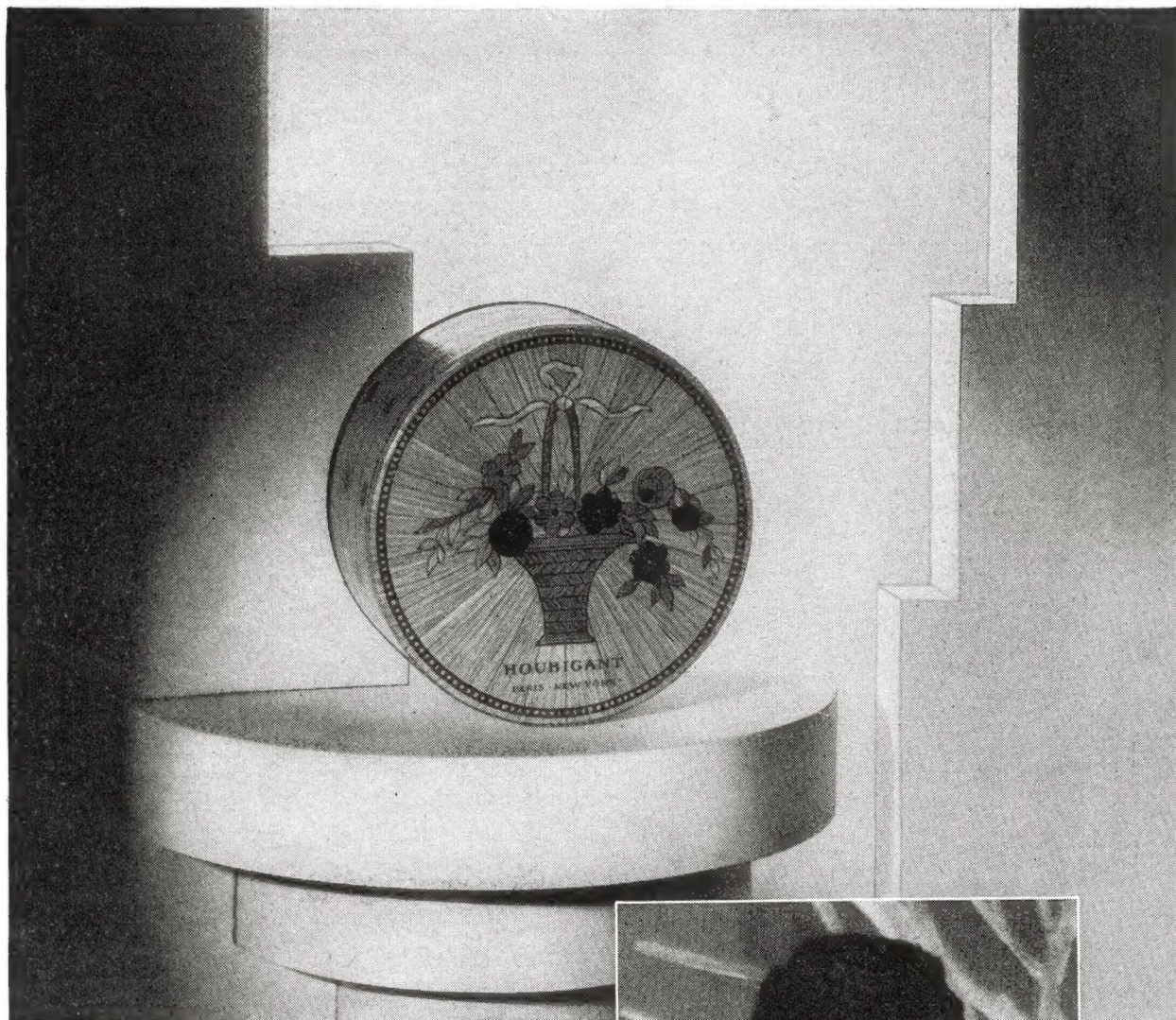
To the ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE, 807 Astor Place, New York City

Please send me the facts about the Institute's new four-fold service.

Name Position

Business Address

In Canada, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto



Face Powder
Quelques Fleurs and Ideal

\$1.50 THE LARGE SIZE

\$.75 THE SMALL SIZE

IN the art of makeup the last should be first—in importance. And the last is—face powder. Upon its final flattering touch depends—perfection. Though perfection is usually costly, the use of Face Powder Houbigant is an economy. For the complexion requires what Face Powder Houbigant alone has the power to bestow—a superb softness, an invisible, lasting adherence, a true blending of color with the natural tints of the skin. Face Powder Houbigant is alluringly fragrant



with the supreme parfums—*Quelques Fleurs*, *Le Parfum Ideal*, *Mon Boudoir*, *Subtilite* and *Le Temps des Lilas*. And obtainable in your most becoming shade—*Naturelle*, *Rachel*, *Ocre*, *Rosee*, *Ocre-Rosee* or *Blanche*.

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

The RED BOOK Magazine

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Photo by Dworschak

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

who wrote "Money of Her Own," has just completed a fascinating novel of love and marriage in America today—an intense and true account of most interesting and significant phases of the life lived by us or about us. We start next month this thrilling and important story, under the title—

"Excitement"

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Models of five famous American artists — and the artists.

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- COVER DESIGN—Painted from life.

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Three Great "Whats"

By JAY B. NASH

Professor of Physical Education, School of Education, New York University

THE school oftentimes confines itself to dealing with knowledge and skills. Education must always deal not only with these elements, but with the emotions.

What we learn by memory may have no effect upon conduct—it usually does not. What we "do" sets life habits and attitudes. Education should never be thought of as only that thing which goes on in the classroom, but as the sum total of activities in which the child participates.

In the Summer Camp the child participates in vital activities from the standpoint of setting future conduct. In fact, at one time, all education went on under *camp conditions*—books are mere dry summaries of nature's lessons.

What should the child learn at Camp?

First, he should learn that every rock, every flower, every bud, every tree and every cloud has a story to tell of a great orderly universe. This is the basis of natural science.

Second, he should learn the lessons of social relationships. He must be a leader today—a follower tomorrow. Great lessons are *caught* oftener than taught. They are caught from the nature guide on the hike, the life-guard on the dock, the leader of the baseball team.

Third, he should learn to use tools in connection with manual activities, that is, shape a bow, make a bow cord, build bird houses, make tom-toms, weave a basket, use a hand axe, build a shelter.

Lastly, he should learn "big-muscle activities" through which he develops a

physical organism—which lays the foundation for a vigorous adult life.

There are three great "whats" in education which must concern every father, mother and teacher.

What does the child know? This can easily be determined by standard tests and various types of examinations which may be readily arranged.

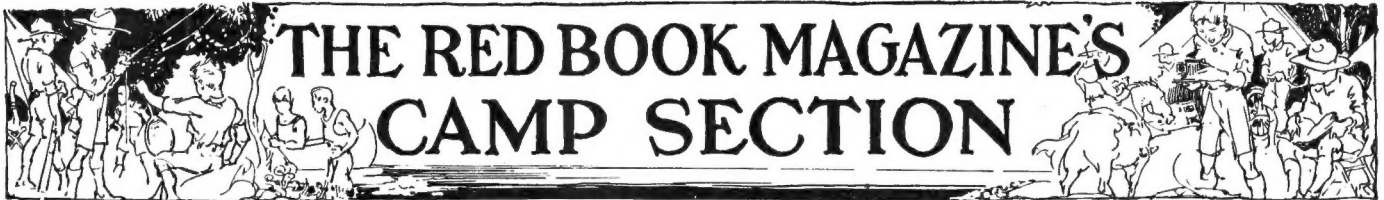
What can the child do? This can easily be determined by watching the child in the laboratory, in the orchestra, in the shop, in the classroom and on the playground.

What will he do? Ah! that is the question that is hard to answer. He will eventually do what he "*wants*" to do. This is why health can never be the main objective of education or life, because the main question is—what does the child "*want*" to do with health after he has it?—His "*wants*"—not those of his teacher, his father—but *his*.

"Wants" are emotionally built in camp—on the hike, in the heat of a close athletic contest, around the camp-fire, under the stars, on the mountain peaks. Proper "*wants*" depend upon proper leaders.

Parents should be vitally concerned with who it is that leads their child at the Summer Camp, walks with him along the mountain path, sits beside him at the camp-fire, walks beside him under the starry sky or beside the quiet lake.





THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S CAMP SECTION

SUMMER CAMPS AND SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND FOR GIRLS

NEW ENGLAND STATES

CAMP COD FOR BOYS and CAMP KNOLLMEER ON BUZZARDS BAY FOR GIRLS ENTIRELY SEPARATE CAMPS

Sailing, swimming in sheltered bay. Land sports include riding, tennis, Bungalows. Food from camp farm. Trips on historic Cape Cod. Hikes. Camp Fire suppers. Crafts. Shopwork for boys. Illustrated booklets.



MRS. ALBERT R. SLOPER
E. Fairhaven Mass.



Wätatic MOUNTAIN CAMP for GIRLS

On Lake Winnekeag, Ashburnham, Mass. Sleeping bungalows. 1200 feet elevation. Invigorating air. All water sports, FREE Horseback riding. No extras. Mountain trips. Modern sanitation. CATALOG of Miss A. R. Roberts, Prin., Noble School, White Plains, N. Y.



Camp Chequesset—on Wellfleet Bay Cape Cod, Mass. The Nautical Camp for Older Girls. Land and water activities. Sailing. Gypsy trips in camp cruiser. Many crafts. 16th season. Write for booklet and photographs. Lucille Rogers, 20 Parkside Road, Providence, R. I.

CAMP COWASSET

FOR GIRLS. ON BUZZARDS BAY. Healthful location. All salt water sports. Free horseback riding. Illustrated booklet. Miss Beatrice A. Hunt, 22 Plymouth Street, Holbrook, Mass.

Camp Cotuit

For girls 8 to 18. Woodlands, lake, high elevation on Cape Cod. Fresh and salt water swimming. Tennis, canoeing, riding, archery, and field sports. Catalog. Emma Schumacher, Physical Director Miss Beard's School. P. O. Box 924, New Rochelle, N. Y.

SEA PINES Camp for girls

Personality training. Crafts. Art. Dancing. Dramatics. Tutoring. Horseback riding. Safe water sports. 300 acres. Half mile shore. Bungalows. Junior unit. Training school for counselors. Faith Bickford, Director, W. T. Chase, Treasurer, Box 2, Brewster, Mass.

MRS. NORMAN WHITE announces the opening of CAMP MAYFLOWER

on Cape Cod for its 17th consecutive season on July 2nd, 1929. Detailed information and booklet on request. Personal interviews arranged in Boston, Philadelphia or New York. MRS. NORMAN WHITE, Orleans, Mass.

CHAPPA CHALLA Duxbury, Mass.

A Cape Cod Camp for girls and a Day Camp for Boys and Girls 5-16. Variety of sports, emphasizing sailing and water sports. Write The Directors for booklet. Elizabeth M. Carleton and Ramona I. Davis, 18 Bradshaw Street, Medford, Massachusetts

LE LIN-E-KIN BAY CAMP

An ideal salt water camp for a limited number of girls at Boothbay Harbor on the coast of Maine. Send for illustrated booklet. Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Branch, 99 Merrick Street, Worcester, Mass.

CADAHO for Boys. JUANITA for Girls. Distinctively separate camps on Gardner Lake, Conn. 616 acres of land. Rates \$200 including all land and water sports. Horseback riding and tutoring are optional. Illustrated booklet. Milo R. Light, Box 102, Wallingford, Pa.

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Mary L. Jobe Akeley's (Mrs. Carl Akeley's) salt water camp for girls 8-18. Half-way between New York and Boston, on Connecticut Coast. Land and water sports. Crafts. Horseback riding. Mary L. Jobe Akeley, Room 1106R, 607 Fifth Ave., New York City.

T-LEDGE CAMP for girls of all ages

ORR'S ISLAND, MAINE. An ideal camp on the wooded Maine Coast. All land and water sports. Write for booklet. Mrs. N. B. Knorr, Director, ORR'S ISLAND, MAINE

MOLLILOCKETT FOR GIRLS 10-18

A camp for individual development—Fryeburg, Maine. Not institutionalized. Superior equipment. Riding instructor, rhythmic dancing. Mountain, river and lake trips. Screened cabins. Christian clientele. Booklet. Principal and Mrs. Rudolf Sussmann, owner-directors. High School, Reading, Mass.

TEELA-WOOKET

Roxbury, Vermont



"THE HORSEBACK CAMP" 300 acres in heart of Green Mountains. Famous for its fine saddle horses, free riding and thorough instruction in horsemanship.

Happy girls center along shady trails. Sleep under starlit skies. Dive, swim and learn to play well the games they love best. Beautiful golf course with free instruction. Honey bungalows. Showers. Delicious food in abundance. "No extras." Booklet. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Roys, 10 Bowdoin St., Cambridge, Mass. Camp Idlewild for Boys, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

NESHOBEE for GIRLS

"The Camp of Happiness" on Lake Fairlee, Ely, Vermont. Attractive sleeping bungalows. Horseback riding featured. All water and land sports. Excellent food and personal care. Limited enrollment. For booklet write the Directors.

MR. and MRS. E. G. OSGOOD
18 No. Main Street Bradford, Vermont

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All outdoor activities on land and water. Riding. Illustrated booklet. PROF. AND MRS. A. E. WINSLOW, Box 85, NORTHFIELD, VT.

WINNETASKA

A Camp for Girls. On the Asquam Lakes. Regular Camp Program. Holderness, New Hampshire. Self Expression Method Featured. For Illustrated Catalog Address: Doris Bramson Whitehouse, 430 Pierce Bldg., Boston

WAIMEA for GIRLS, RUMNEY, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Ideally located. All land and water sports, including horseback riding. Special Trips. Excellent food. Careful supervision. Affiliated with Camp Wamind for Boys. Mrs. Vera Clarke Lawson, 21 Rockland St., Melrose Highlands, Massachusetts.

CAMP EHAWEE For girls, 8 to 20 years.

Senior and Junior groups. In beautiful Wolfeboro, N. H. A delightful camp for your daughter. Free horseback riding. Screened cabins. Land and water sports. Trained counselors. Reasonable rates. Booklet on request. Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Christiansen, 69 E. High St., Avon, Mass.

ABENA FOR GIRLS

Belgrade Lakes, Maine. Twenty-third season. Booklet. Miss Hortense Hersom, 46 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

KINEOWATHA WILTON, MAINE

A recreational camp for girls with separate tutoring unit. Booklet of either sent on request.

ELISABETH BASS WILTON, MAINE

CAMP SEBOWISHA For Girls

Indian Lake, Greenwood, Maine. Real Camp Life. All land and water sports, specializing in swimming, dramatics, and handicrafts. Complete equipment. Excellent supervision. Resident nurse. Miss Erna R. Hous, 416 Cedarhurst Ave. Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.

WAWENOCK-OWAISSA

Camp on Lake Sebago for 50 girls. 200 acres; mile of shore. Free horseback riding every day. Trips into White Mountains. Land and water sports. WAWENOCK, separate camp for little boys 4-10, rate \$200. Catalog. Mr. and Mrs. Elroy O. LaCasce, Box A, Fryeburg Academy, Fryeburg, Maine.

CAMP WICHITTEE

WEST DRESDEN, ME. Girls 8 to 18. All sports and crafts. Moderate rate. MISS HARRIETT M. BALCOM, 30 Harrington St. Revere, Mass.

MOOSEHEAD

For Girls 8-14. Moosehead Lake, Greenville, Me. Ideally located. All land and water sports. Many features. Special Trips. 42 ft. Launch. Licensed Guide. Experienced Counselors. Ann v. D. Slingsby, Box R, Calvert School, Baltimore, Md.

OGONTZ

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAMP FOR GIRLS

EAGER, healthy girls in a glorious 600-acre playground. Meadow, woodland trails, piney hills sloping to the lake. Two horseback rides a week under West Point Cavalry officer included in fee. Golf, archery, rifle range, aquaplaning. All sports, including golf. New sailboat. Program and optional days. Electricity, running water. Stage, dance floor. Log Hall Club for older girls. Direction Ogontz School and Rydal schools for girls. Catalog. Ogontz School, Rydal, Pa.



Tap sticks . . . tap sticks . . . the game is on!

WAUKEELA CAMP

FOR GIRLS—CONWAY, N. H.

All land and water sports. Horseback, canoe and hiking trips a specialty. Skilled instructors and completely equipped camp. Booklet on request. Miss Frances A. Davis, Director, 30 Bay State Road Boston, Mass.

Posse-Nissen Summer Camp

GIRLS 8 to 18 find on Peace Lake, near Hillsboro, N. H., an ideal vacation. Counselors from Posse-Nissen School of Physical Education. Sleep in large bungalows, electric lights. Fresh vegetables, milk, excellent cooking. Riding, dancing, handicrafts, swimming, athletic fields. All sports taught. No extras. Write for catalog. Mr. Harry Nissen, 777 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

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For 65 girls of refined Jewish families. Gregg Lake, Antrim, N. H. Altitude 1800 ft. No hay fever. Well planned equipment and program. One Counselor to every three campers. Tutoring. Horseback. 9th Season. Mrs. Morris Klein, 609 W. 114 St., New York City. Miss Lena Seiften, 572 Blue Hill Avenue, Roxbury, Mass.

The TALL PINES

A wonderful summer outing for girls on a beautiful lake in fragrant pine woods. All sports, crafts. Wholesome farm food. The Club, a separate camp for young women over 18. Catalog. Miss Evelyn Reaveley, Elmwood, N. H.

SWASTIKA Girls 7-25

Granite Lake, Mansville, N. H. Alt. 1300 feet. Mt. Monadnock region. Screened cabins, modern sanitation. All activities. Motorboat, gymnasium, riding and trips included in \$200 season fee. No extras. Booklet. Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Hodgdon, 436 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

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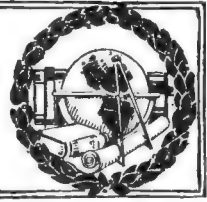
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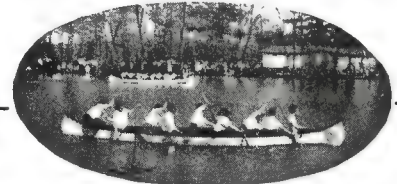
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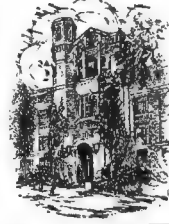
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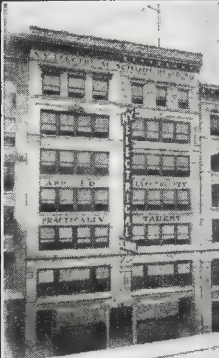
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Now it is sweeping the country. Everywhere it is supplanting older and costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

Due to the presence of an amazing new and gentle polishing agent, it keeps teeth gleaming white with almost no brushing. Included in it are certain ingredients we have found most ideal in keeping the mouth and gums fresh and healthy.

Try Listerine Tooth Paste for a month. See how it makes teeth gleam. Note how good your mouth feels after using it. Compare it with any paste you have ever used and judge it by results alone. And then reflect that these results are costing you about half of what you would ordinarily pay. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

**What has
Tooth Paste
to do with
stockings?**

QUITE A LITTLE

You can for instance, get an extra pair or two with that \$3.00 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its cost (25c a large tube) is about half of that of the ordinary dentifrice. And millions, both men and women, having proved that it cleans teeth whiter, are glad to take advantage of this economy.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



Pay Only a Few Cents a Day While You Are Learning!

SCHOOL" French and the French you would learn if you moved to Paris do not sound very much alike in actual use. Yet school French is difficult to learn and monotonous to study, while the language you would hear on the Bois de Boulogne, on the Champs Elysées, or in the best French homes and salons is very easy!

We can not all go to Europe to learn our French—so Hugo has brought France to us!

Every day that you live, a working knowledge of French becomes more and more necessary. You have realized for a long time that you would like to be able to speak French if you could do so without so much long, tiresome study, without paying the high price of a private French tutor and still have some assurance that French people would understand you when you were through!

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When you learn to speak French by the Hugo "French at Sight" Method you have the satisfaction of knowing that you not only use the correct words but that you have spoken them properly.



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To everyone who enrolls for Hugo's FRENCH AT SIGHT we will send this famous Cestre-Guibillon *Français-Anglais* and *Anglais-Français* Dictionary. Bound in rich, dark-green seal grain with page-edges tinted in red; finely printed on tough, thin paper; containing 24,000 words, title in gold on cover and back. Size, 3 1/4 x 5 3/8 x 3/8 inches, to fit vest pocket or to go in a lady's purse.

COMPLETE COURSE SENT ON APPROVAL NOW ONLY

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You will never realize how simple and easy it is to learn to speak French correctly until you have seen and examined Hugo's

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No matter how hard you think French will be for you; regardless of what success or failure you or your friends may have had with other courses, we want you to examine Hugo's "French at Sight" at our expense and at our risk.

Simply on request—without one penny of money from you—we will send you the complete course of 24 fascinating lessons. Examine them at your leisure. Try several lessons and test your own progress. At the end of 5 days, if you are completely satisfied send us \$1.85 first payment, or if you are not, return the lessons and dictionary and you owe us nothing.

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Instead of French Course send me a 24 lesson Hugo Course for the language checked below:

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ON THE TABLES OF AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIES SINCE



[EIGHTEEN FORTY-SEVEN]

1847

PIECES OF 8 and TRADE-MARK REGISTERED four *forget-me-nots*

There are four "forget-me-nots" to keep in mind in buying silverware. They are:

[1] *Forget not the date*—"1847" . . . dating the four generations of craftsmanship back of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate. Look for the name *in full*!

[2] *Forget not the number*—"PIECES OF 8" . . . eight of knives, forks and spoons instead of the usual short-handed set of sixes.

[3] *Forget not the pattern*—Whatever is smartest and loveliest in silverware design is found in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate.

[4] *Forget not the importance of a "Matched Service"*—1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate, knives, forks and spoons may always be matched in tea or dinner services, or in decorative pieces . . . for a flawless silver ensemble.

You can see the new 1929 PIECES OF 8 sets at any silverware counter, or write for booklet D21 to Department E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

"PIECES OF 8" . . . LEGACY pattern . . . in Paris-designed chest, \$43.75
... LEGACY soup spoons, "Eights" . . . \$10.00

[PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA.]

1847 ROGERS BROS

SILVER PLATE

▶ INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. ◀

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK . CHICAGO . SAN FRANCISCO

CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

By
Angelo Patri

Plain Glory

Decoration by
Franklin Booth



THE drums beat; the flags fly; the mighty multitudes cheer, and the latest hero parades up Fifth Avenue, lifted high that all may see and admire what manner of man he is. It is good to praise famous men.

What of the great souls who win no fame? What of those whose daily lives are a triumph over toil and sorrow and drab duty? What have we to say for those who carry the weight of the world's care so jocundly as to keep the balance ever on the side of joy? For these surely there must be music and applause and the lift of love!

They are the plain folk, yours and mine. Only we who have grown up under the protection of their cherishing care and friendliness can even glimpse the glory of their simple lives, and we are dull at comprehending.

Nobody knows his mother until she is passing from mortal sight. Only when the mantle of mortality has fallen from her shoulders does he begin to detect the subtle intimations of her gracious spirit, the high sweetness of her character, the sum of her relations to him. Only when his mother is a memory does he truly reverence her name.

Rarely do children know their father until the days of his fatherhood are past. At the birth of his first child, the father began withdrawing himself to make room for the new spirit in the house. More and more he lived in and for his children. Wrapped in a cloak of invisibility, he surrounded them, sheltered and strengthened them. But rarely did they pierce the outer covering to glimpse the affectionate heart beneath. Time alone sharpens the eye to right interpretation.

Neighbors never assume heroic proportions in our eyes, because we look at them with unseeing minds. It is not in the gardens and shops and kitchens, not along the common ways, we look for our heroes. Yet there they are.

It is fine to be free and to dare. It is great to feel so unfettered as to be able to blazon one's name across high heaven in gigantic gesture. But finer than all is the soul that refrains and holds still, works softly within its fetters, walks gently in all its ways, submits itself gladly to whatever fate offers, lest one wild bold gesture wreck the frail lives allied to its own.

These do not welcome the glory of the parade. They would resent any mention of their goings and comings—regarding them as something personal and sacred. But we have a way.


We need not wait for Mother's Day and Father's Day and Old Home Week and all the other salves we have concocted for a restless conscience. We can pay as we go. A debt of love and appreciation cannot be met with a check mailed on an anniversary; nor can it be canceled by a grand splurge of noise and self-glorification. But it can be paid in full by daily, loyal, steadfast friendliness and love.

A little more time spent with the friends, a little more affection in voice and manner, a bit more warmth in the smile and the handclasp, a little more freeing of the pent-up love for the homefolk—and no world-hero parading before his thousands could be happier, or more uplifted than they. And this is their righteous due: That we honor the glory of plain people.



The Gossard

Line of Beauty.....



WITH unparalleled skill Gossard foundations trace natural figure contours into curves of beauty, achieving faultless fashion, and even more interesting, that treasured feeling of freedom and ease... Soft crepe de chine, lined with sateen and inserted with elastic panels, forms the little hookaround illustrated. Boneless, washable, featherweight, it accents the natural beauty of the figure. Model 599, \$5. The matching brassiere is designed to give the Parisian uplift bustline Model 1589, \$2.

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, Paris, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires
Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.

The Old Stuff Stands

By
Berton Braley

Decoration by
John Held, Jr.

Although, as through the world he plodded,
It's said that Homer sometimes nodded,
Note *this* about that poet-roamer—
It wasn't nodding made him Homer!



It's true that Alexander drank
And was at times a sot, a tank,
But set this also down, with candor,
It wasn't drink made Alexander!



Cæsar had weaknesses galore;
He reveled and he drank and swore;
He had his foibles such as these are,
But—*weaknesses* did not make Cæsar!



Napoleon was given to
Doing some things he shouldn't do;
These were his weak and phony part—
They didn't make him Bonaparte!



Washington, too, it's plain to see,
Had all the faults of you and me;
But when all this is said and done,
They didn't make him Washington!



So let "de-bunkers" do their worst—
When all their stories are rehearsed,
They only serve to prove afresh
The Spirit's mightier than the Flesh!





Photo by
Witzel Studio,
New York

FRANK GODWIN:

Washington, D. C., is where Mr. Godwin happened upon the mundane sphere. Until his fifteenth year he partook of education in the strongholds of learning at Bridgeport, Conn., and Hackensack, N. J. So matured, he landed a job in the art room of the *Evening Star*, in his home town. The thorough grounding he got there served him well since; especially did it temper his temperament so he has never shied at anything having to do with art. Some outstanding achievement usually heralds a new star in the firmament of illustration, and pictures for a story in *The Red Book Magazine* introduced Mr. Godwin to a national audience. One wonders how one so prolific as he has time for anything else; but Mr. Godwin is a builder of airplanes, and spends every minute he can spare flying in one of his own ships. His acres at Riverside, Conn., afford him the luxury of a private airport.



Photo by Tycko, New York

MRS. FRANK GODWIN: Burlington, Vermont, is the home city of Mrs. Godwin, and her alma mater is Rogers Hall, Lowell, Mass. Not only is she an accomplished actress, but a successful writer of short stories and scenarios; one of Gloria Swanson's successes came from her pen. She is her husband's favorite model, and her interest in and understanding of dramatic arrangement and characterization have a lot to do with the facility with which the Godwin productions are given to the public.



Photo by
Hal Phyle
New York

FRANCIS F. OCHSNER:
Before an artist is firmly in the saddle and ready to go careering, he is confronted with the problem of "finding himself." Frequently he covers considerable area looking for his ego. It requires patience, but usually he locates it. Now, Mr. Ochsner's parents lived in Spearfish, S. D., so that Francis might be born there. Then they moved to Toledo, Ohio, and in time gave him to the keeping of St. John's College. Family fame had been established by an uncle, the late Dr. Albert Ochsner, founder of the American College of Surgeons, and Francis meant to add to its luster through the medium of art. He came to the Chicago Art Institute, and studied under the late George Bellows. After that he entered the well-known busy marts of industry, a successful worker in water color and pen and ink. He is now in New York, where he proposes to remain, far though it be from Spearfish, S. D.



Photo by
Gibson Casebeer
Evanston, Ill.

CAROL KINGSBURY:

Born in Grand Island, Neb., Miss Kingsbury remained marooned there until she cast off on her own and brought her blue eyes, blonde hair and schoolgirl complexion to the State university at Lincoln, Neb. Two years later she set her sails for the East, landed in Boston, where she completed her education, and made up her mind to see America first. So she came to New York, secured a part in "Topsy and Eva," and toured with the Duncan sisters. In Chicago she met and posed for Mr. Ochsner; and now, one of the glorified in the cast of "The Three Musketeers" in New York, she continues as his model. In the summertime she dearly loves to go speed-boating on the Sound, and in the winter she is studying hard, for she is ambitious to learn a lot of languages.

Photo by
De Barron Studios
New York

DORIS EATON:

The opinion that with Miss Warren, Miss Eaton makes the most easy-to-look-at pair of blondes in the field of American art, has strong and enthusiastic support among the cognoscenti. In the Poli Stock Company at Washington, D. C., a trio of Eaton sisters was one strong attraction. They came to the ken of the Shuberts, who quickly decided that they were needed in the revival of "The Bluebird." Miss Doris' popularity is second only to that of her glorified sister Mary Eaton, a name known to every theater-goer—each of the sisters is a transcendent success in the musical comedy field. Doris sings, she plays, she dances, and was lately one of the principals in "Cross My Heart," a Broadway success. She delights in the companionship of, and in posing for, Miss Warren.

Photo by White Studio, New York



GEORGIA WARREN: Davenport, Neb., is the town where Miss Warren was born, and which she left at a tender age. She and the old home have never seen each other since. Alas for Davenport! For of the type so justly preferred by gentlemen, Miss Georgia is one of the very ash-blonddest, with the perfect complement of bluest eyes. Which must be mentioned, though it is Miss Warren, artist, that is the subject of these lines. Her school days were a sort of jumpy period, divided between a number of places in Colorado and California. Music was part of her training, and she majored on the piano. Then she found out about art. At the Penn Academy in Philadelphia she had her first academic training. That finished, she spent a year in Seattle painting portraits. About a year ago she arrived in New York with a number of works suited for magazine covers. Her success was immediate. She aspires to do mural decorations—which, with all her energy, she should accomplish soon.

Photo by
The Hulton-Studio
New York

EDITH CURTIS: Although they lack convincing ocular evidence of the fact, there yet are many Pittsburghers who not only believe there is a sun, but long to see it. Miss Curtis was one of these; and one day she severed home ties, emerged from the cloud of soot and sulphur, and went in an easterly direction until the ocean stopped her. And so New York. Ten days in the big town sufficed her to "get into pictures." Shortly afterward she did a part in "I. O. U. One Woman," and how! Though stage and movies give her plenty to do, she still takes time out to pose for Mr. Price.



Photo by Verna Sommer, Greensburg, Pa.

GARRETT PRICE: An even thirty miles from Kansas City lies the little town whence sprang Mr. Price. He was a year old when his father, a physician, left that field of his labors with his family for parts farther West, where maladies, if not more frequent, might be more conducive to victualing an enterprising medic. They journeyed by stage coach. Trekking along the magnificent North Platte River, they one day sighted the city of Saratoga, Wyoming, on the opposite shore. A likely place. The bridge that led to it was "out." The family descended from the coach and reached Saratoga by wading through the turbulent torrent. The river rose. And rose. . . . Seven-teen years later young Garrett was able to recross the Platte and come to Chicago, the Art Institute, and into a berth on the art staff of the *Tribune*. Little remains to be told. Winters he now holds forth in New York; summers, in his manse at Mystic, Conn. Intermittent trips to Europe avert tedium. Ho-hum!

Why Ordinary Beauty Treatments Fail

—you must wash your face, too



The olive oil content of this complexion soap guards against modern dangers to skin beauty

THE secret of a successful beauty treatment lies in protecting natural loveliness. Cosmetics can enhance beauty but they cannot create it. And many women, unaware of the importance of washing for beauty, are unconsciously endangering complexion loveliness every day.

Your pores must breathe

Face creams, rouge, powder, unless they are thoroughly removed, sink into the pores and accumulate with dirt, dust, and oil secretions to form tiny, stubborn masses. Soon these masses become blackheads, pimples, blemishes. And all surface beauty treatments fail to get at the true cause.

Olive oil—natural beautifier

The right way to care for your skin is to wash with this olive oil facial soap twice every day. The olive oil lather of Palmolive Soap searches out all impurities in the pores, softens and gently eliminates them. It stimulates as it cleanses, bringing out lovely natural color. You run your hand over cool, velvety cheeks after this treatment and the touch is sheer delight. A glance into the mirror is an added joy.

At night: make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to the face and throat. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold, until you actually feel all impurities carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.

In the morning: repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula.



Retail Price
10c

Because it costs only 10c a bar, millions enjoy the advantages of Palmolive for the bath as well. Why don't you begin now? Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*

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ART DIRECTOR: HENRY A. THIEDER

A C O M M O N - S E N S E E D I T O R I A L

Laughing His Way Up

By BRUCE BARTON

THERE is a friend of mine who has been thrown down the stairs of business three times.

In his first ten years of work he accumulated something like a hundred thousand dollars, which he put into a promising enterprise. It failed, through no fault of his.

By three more years of work he became general manager of a large corporation. The war wrecked that.

He was thrown out of a third position because of internal politics, and at forty he had to start all over again. Yet today, still under fifty, he is one of the notable men of his town.

Because of ability? Yes.

Because of courage? Decidedly. No one has ever seen him disheartened. Never has he lost faith in himself.

But there is a third element in his make-up which has been just as important. Fate blessed him with a constant and amusing sense of humor. People like to have him around them. He owes his present connection to the fact that a very big man enjoys his companionship.

We read much about these so-called big men. They are presented to us as something very different from ourselves—overwhelming, impressive, carrying vast burdens. Actually, they are very human, and they like to be amused.

I heard Charles M. Schwab one

night tell a story of the early days of the Carnegie Steel Corporation. He said that a stockholder wrote to Mr. Carnegie, complaining that his young men were very noisy in their directors' meetings. The complaining stockholder was sure that Mr. Carnegie had placed too much confidence in these lads who took their responsibilities so lightly.

Mr. Carnegie sent the letter on to Mr. Schwab and with it a picture of an old monk holding a huge mug of wine in his hand, his fat sides shaking with laughter. "I want you to hang this picture in your directors' room," he wrote, "as a permanent reminder that good business is conducted only in a happy frame of mind."

"Let me have men about me that are fat," (said Caesar)

"Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:

Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;

He thinks too much:

Such men are dangerous."

All politicians have to be solemn, and there are some very gloomy gentlemen in the high places of business. But the newer crop of executives is much more cheerful than the older. And I am advising my son to brush his teeth, work hard,

—and laugh his way up.

Happy Days



Blossoms, blue birds, spring joys and the returning sun tell of the approach of Easter. The season demands self-expression—gifts, compliments and social services.

For the social side of Easter we commend the sealed-up sweets in that famous metal box containing

Whitman's Salmagundi Chocolates

Happily likened to flowers for their beauty, purity, fragrance and charm. Each piece in the Salmagundi assortment is a loving expression of good taste.

In one-pound and two-pound packages at the local Whitman agency.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia
New York Chicago San Francisco
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The Old Lion

This unusual portrait is a reproduction from a mosaic made by Charles L. Morgan, the well-known architect, who devotes much of his leisure to the art of modern mosaic. The original is in the Roosevelt Theater, Chicago.

FOUR Presidents of the United States remain in the ranks of the great. Three gained their greatness through the ordeal of war; they were war Presidents, with the fury and impact of tremendous national emergency to fire and forge them.

Prior to the outbreak of the Revolution, George Washington was a Virginia gentleman; it could be said of him that he displayed "no marked indications of what is usually considered 'greatness.'"

Lincoln emerged from obscurity at the next critical hour of national danger, and like Washington, "he was educated into greatness by the increasing weight of his responsibilities and the manner in which he met them."

Perhaps the place in history of Woodrow Wilson is not yet secure; but whatever it may be, it was war, again, that won him preëminence.

One of the four, only, won world-wide acknowledgment of greatness and administered the American nation in peace through two administrations. He had served, indeed, as a soldier; but no one would claim that the charge up San Juan hill, glorious as it was, "made" Theodore Roosevelt.

Succeeding to the Presidency, just after the turn of the century, he faced his time boldly.

"The Twentieth Century looms before us big with the fate of many nations." And he applied his enormous moral and physical energies to needs of his nation.

"My countrymen, our country calls not for the life of ease but for the life of strenuous endeavor! . . . If we seek merely swollen, slothful ease, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by."

Baron Rosen, who was an envoy to the conference which Roosevelt called to end the great war between Japan and Russia, wrote: "We had come without taking seriously anything Roosevelt had said, and we left with the knowledge that we had been brought in close proximity with one of the most powerful personalities in the whole of the world."

All this powerful personality he threw into "the effort to bring about a reapplication of fundamental moral principles to American business and political life." To few men in history has it been given to wield such far-spreading and wholesome personal influence.

He offered himself for service in the World War, but was refused. All his sons went; two were wounded, and Quentin was killed.

"That day," writes Henry Wise Wood of the morning the news came that Quentin had fallen in a fight in the air, "had been set for a meeting with Colonel Roosevelt. I phoned his secretary at Oyster Bay and asked if the Colonel would keep his appointment. There was silence for a moment; then came back: 'The Colonel says he will keep all his appointments.'"

"As I entered his room at the Harvard Club, he came forward and took my hand. He said nothing for a moment, and I said nothing. Then, convulsively he said, 'Well,' and I said, 'Well,' and we sat down. Suddenly he exclaimed: 'He did his duty; now let us do ours; go ahead.'"

It is just twenty years since Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States; and only a few days beyond ten years that one son, who had returned to America, cabled to another son who was still with the Army in France, the words which remain in the memory as an epitaph of a great President and a great father: "The Old Lion is dead."

The DRIVE-AWAY

By Frank R. Adams

"WHAT'S the matter, Sis—did you break your trial engagement with Jim again last night?"

Gretchen Starbird did not answer immediately. She was trying to fight off a grouch all by herself, and did not want to talk it over even with a moderately understanding brother.

But he repeated the question, and she had to give him some kind of an answer.

"Romance is dead," she told him.

"Just as I thought," he commented with a flourish of triumph; "you've been seeing too many talking pictures lately. But life aint as bad as that. Now, in reality—"

"Don't be funny, Bud," she cut in. "It's entirely too early in the morning."

"It is early," Bud conceded. "That's one of the things that made me suspect engine trouble—seeing you around at the workingman's breakfast. I only wanted to be helpful."

"Thanks. I'm just having a little reaction from being kissed, pawed and clutched." She shuddered and made a move as of one trying to make a pet out of a persimmon.

"Oh!" Bud considered this for a moment. "Perhaps you're right, but I suppose Jim, being a modern young man, thought that there were certain privileges that went with that square-cut unbreakable sparkler that I've seen you wearing around up to and including last evening, but which—"

"Yeah. I gave it back to him."

"Jim's a pretty good egg."

"I admit that."

"And after all, petting is only another name for what has been going on since Eve discovered applejack."

"I'm not arguing with you or with Jim," Gretchen answered him as she munched the particular kind of wooden splinters they happened to have for breakfast. "I admit that embraces, clinches, kisses and fade-outs are a legitimate part of the picture. But there's a lot that ought to go before. The young gang today tries to start where the old-time story ended, and carry on from there. It isn't any good. I'm all through."

Bud shook his head sadly. "Gents don't ride around in hand-hammered fenders any more looking for somebody to test their blades on. You gals have got to take us more or less on trust nowadays. Helen and I get along pretty well together, and—"

"But you married her during the war. You were in uniform and just about to die for your country."

"Oh, I see. But I didn't die. All I did was sweat all over Texas."

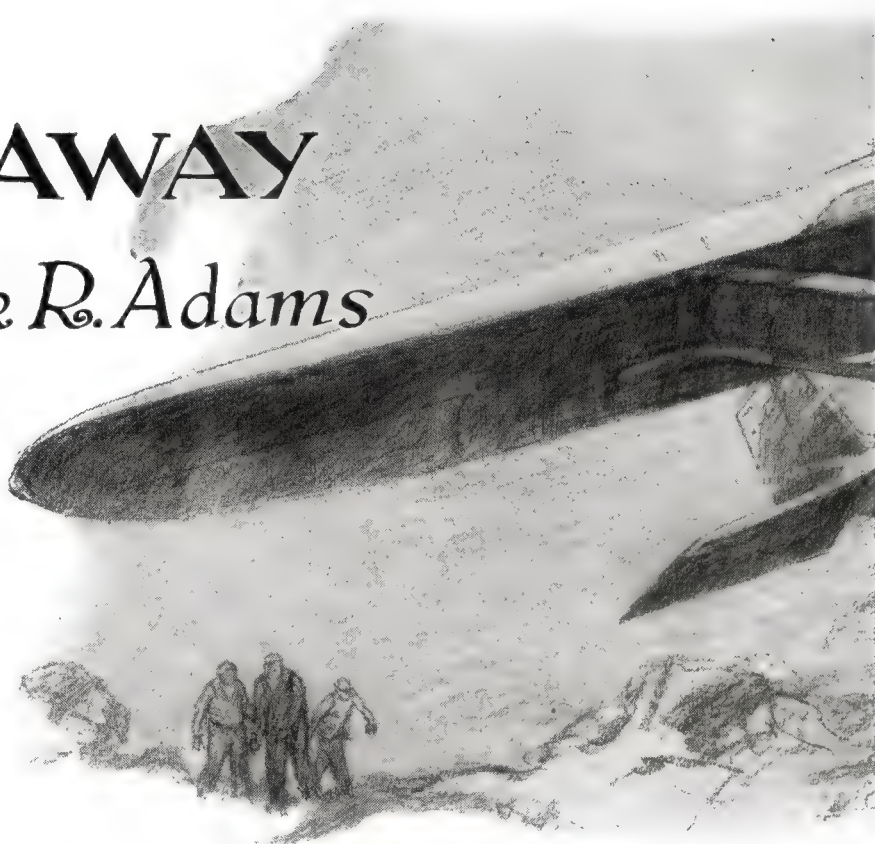
"Perhaps. But the idea was there. You were willing to be a hero. Helen was all steamed up about you, and proud. She's told me so herself, and I know what she means. Sometimes it's poetry, or excitement, or even just gin. But we want something to lift us up, to make us walk above the stars for a while."

Ross, alias "Bud" Starbird, did not think of his sister's rebellion enough that morning to interfere with business, but it did crop up in his mind several times, and at noon he called her up from the garage of which he was sole owner and proprietor, except for a couple of mortgages.

"I'm going to Detroit tonight to drive some thirty-odd cars away in the morning, and I am short a man. Do you want to go along, Sis?" It was Bud's idea to offer Gretchen something to do until she should get over being mad at Jim.

"Do you think I can drive well enough?"

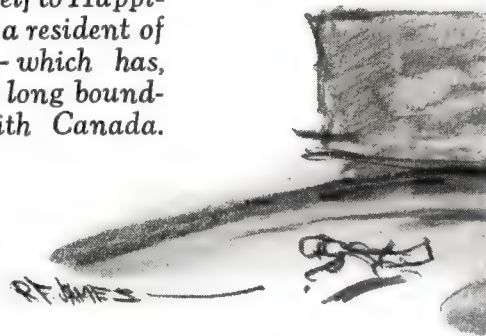
Bud laughed. "Anybody can. All you have to do is follow the car ahead of you and never race your motor. It's deadly dull, but you earn the princely sum of five dollars and get your meals



Mr. Adams is an ex-officer of artillery, a playwright, a novelist (recall "Help Yourself to Happiness"?) and a resident of Michigan—which has, you know, a long boundary-line with Canada.

Illustrated by

R. F. James



thrown in—and when I say 'thrown in,' that's exactly what I mean. Are you on?"

"I are."

Gretchen was at the railway station at ten P. M. along with about thirty-five men, which included her brother and a few men from the garage. The rest she did not know. Gretchen wore a dark reddish-brown ensemble suit and a hat to match. It was her most inconspicuous costume. . . .

Over back of Windsor, Ontario, a province in the Dominion of Canada, Everett Blayne, of Chicago, was having engine trouble.

There is a certain fellowship among airmen today, something akin to that which existed among the pioneer motorists of twenty-five years ago. It was doubtless that which inspired the pilot of the two-seater alongside to come over and offer assistance.

"Thanks, but I'm afraid it's serious," Everett returned in acute discouragement. "I don't dare hop off without a couple of new valves. I've got a pair that are bow-legged and cross-eyed."

"Too bad."

"Yeah. I've practically got to be in Chicago before night, too."

The other hesitated. "There's nobody traveling with me, but I've got a lot of grape-juice and one thing and another on board."

"Fermented?" inquired Everett.

"Well, some of it may have worked a little."



Gretchen could hear them talking. "Visitor, I guess. None of the regulars is up." The stiff-winged bird circled cautiously for a landing.

Everett grinned at him. "You headed any place in particular?" "Nope. Of course I might be forced to make a landing somewhere in Michigan, but that wouldn't be my fault. No. I'm just going up for a ride."

Everett looked at him in the light of a flare. He had two scars on his face, one from the corner of his mouth curving down on his chin, and the other under his ear.

"Cat scratched me," volunteered the pilot.

"With a bayonet?"

"Uh-huh. How'd you guess?"

"I've got one too. It's under a vest pocket, though. I'd like to travel with you."

"O. K. I wanted you to know, though, first."

"Thanks." . . .

A convoy of thirty-seven Marquette Sixes left the yard at the Detroit factory before daylight. Mostly sedans and coupés, but there were a few open models, and one stripped chassis driven by a cold-looking lad in overalls, who sat on a box lashed to the frame.

Gretchen Starbird was driving one of the coupés about midway of the caravan.

"Nothing to do but drive slow all day—fifteen miles an hour the first hour, then twenty, but never go over twenty-five. There's clockers along the roadway, checking up on us, so mind what I

say." Bud had given her the same instructions as the rest. Privately he had added: "Keep one of the outfit in sight all the time. That's all you have to do."

All went well. The first hour did not seem much longer than a century. It was so dull that Gretchen almost wished that she had stayed at home.

Then she began to notice a hissing noise from the engine that had not been there before. Gretchen was not an expert on motors, but she felt that it was a sound that ought not to be there.

She was quite right. Half a mile farther along, a man stepped out and signaled her to draw up on the shoulder of the road.

"You damn' fool—" he began, and then noticed that it was a woman. "Excuse me. But cut off your motor, anyhow."

To the other cars following, he motioned to go on.

"Your motor is overheating," he told Gretchen.

It was an easy diagnosis to make. Now that the car had stopped, a cloud of steam poured out of the overflow pipe below the radiator.

"Let it cool off, and we'll see what's the matter." The man was polite enough now. But everybody always was to Gretchen. In a present-day world of attractive young women, she rated in the blue-ribbon class. She had beauty but acted just as nice as if she had freckles and outstanding ears.



Everett swerved into the motorcycle, knocking it and its rider into the middle of the Chinese calendar.

"I'm an inspector," the man told her. "We watch our drive-aways pretty closely for the first fifty miles, just so things like this won't happen."

He lifted the engine hood and reached in a tentative hand. "Fan belt's loose," he decided. "It will only take a minute to tighten it up, but you'll have to have some more water in the radiator. If you'll get the water at that farmhouse, I'll fix the fan. Just a small pailful will probably be plenty."

The inspector took her assent for granted and hunted up the tools. Gretchen walked through an open barnyard gate around to the rear of the farmhouse.

While she was away, another convoy of cars passed. The inspector working over Gretchen's coupé gave them a cursory glance and nodded them on their way.

Inside of five minutes Gretchen was ready to go.

"I'll return the pail to the farmer," volunteered the inspector. "You'll catch up with your gang in about half an hour. You can drive twenty until you do."

As a matter of fact, Gretchen got back onto the tail end of the convoy in about fifteen minutes. She had no reason to suppose that it was not her brother's drive-away. They were all Marquette cars, and the inspector had forgotten to mention that another convoy had passed while she was getting the water. Probably he had thought that she noticed it.

Docilely enough, when the cars ahead of her turned off the

road into a field, she followed. Breakfast, perhaps, she thought hopefully. So far, there had been only a cup of coffee just before leaving.

The track led across the field through a patch of screening forest and into another field farther on.

There in a rank alongside the wheel-tracks stood seven huge airplanes. There were a lot of men about also.

The convoy halted several times, and on each occasion the ones in front of the airplanes were swiftly loaded with packages taken from the planes.

When Gretchen's car drew up alongside, one man opened the rear deck and two or three others swiftly filled the compartment with cardboard cartons.

Two men in flying togs came by while she was standing there.

"I can drop you at a railway station along the line, or you can drive all the way in with us if you prefer to take a chance. In either case—" He stopped abruptly. "How the hell did *you* get here?"

He addressed Gretchen.

"My brother brought me along this trip," she answered promptly. "He was short a man."

"Oh. It's all right, I guess. Did he tell you what to do in case of trouble?"

"Why, no. I don't think he was expecting any trouble."

"Probably not, but you ought to know the same as the rest."



Send out an R, International Morse, on your horn—one short, one long, one short—and I'll be with you in the get-away car before they can nab you. Understand—one short, one long, one short. Can you remember?"

"Yes, but—"

"Never mind anything else. That's all you need to know, except that if anybody asks you, those boxes we loaded you with are repair parts from the Marquette factory. Now get on your way."

Slightly puzzled, Gretchen followed the car ahead through another strip of woods out onto the main highway again.

The man with the bayonet scar rubbed his chin reflectively. "I don't know what Chuck Hagen was thinking about to bring his sister along on this kind of a ride. I'll burn one of his ears hard enough so he'll never do it again."

"Why? Is it so dangerous?" queried Everett.

"No. It aint really dangerous at all. Everything is clear, all the way to Chi, but even at that, it's no place for a woman, especially a kind of pretty one—"

"You're a great describer," interrupted Everett. "She's the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

"Yeah? I used to fall for 'em that way myself, once. Here's the bus. Pile in. Shall I let you out at the first railway depot, or will you be going all the way?"

"All the way."

"K. O. Let's go."

Now, the car which Jack Kelly drove was not exactly what it appeared to be. To the naked eye it was an old six-cylinder Thomas Flyer—not a bad car ten years ago, but an orphan now, and never at its swiftest capable of fifty miles an hour. The lamps, battered fenders, torn and rattley top were authentic. But the chassis to which all the ancient trappings were bolted was brand new, and under the hood was the latest thing in eight-cylinder motors capable of driving the contraption a hundred miles an hour without perspiring a drop.

Everett spotted the hum of the motor as soon as it started up.

"They didn't make 'em like that ten years ago," he said with an appreciative grin.

"No? They didn't make 'em like that five months ago, if you want to know. There's a hundred and ten head of horses trampling around under that battered hunk of tin. Nobody's ever turned 'em all loose at once yet. Nor these either." He opened two little doors in the dash. On the inside of each door was an automatic with the handle suggestively convenient. "Do you still want to travel with me, brother?"

"More than ever," said Everett, not knowing exactly what he meant himself.

It appeared to Gretchen that the car ahead of her was traveling faster than twenty miles an hour. But perhaps her speedometer was out of order—they frequently were; and her orders were to keep in sight, so she too accelerated. The engine apparently stood it all right.

It seemed a little strange also that she had not seen Bud since they started. Perhaps there had been something that he had been obliged to hurry on ahead for—to make arrangements for lunch, maybe.

But no stop was made for lunch. The convoy proceeded relentlessly on.

At about one o'clock a decrepit-looking open car slipped silently alongside, and a young man in the right-hand front seat handed her a small package and a bottle—without stopping either car. Then the same process was repeated with the car ahead.

There were two sandwiches in the paper parcel, and the bottle contained milk. Gretchen ate and drank as she drove along, although she rather wished that they had made a stop and she had had a chance to stretch her legs.

Later she noticed that the old open car dropped back to the rear and then out of sight.

It got rather tiresome driving alone with no one to talk to. It was especially uninteresting just following another car and having no responsibility as to the right road. Once or twice Gretchen nearly dozed at the wheel.

She snapped out of it when a prodigious popping from somewhere in the rear made her look around, and she discovered two motorcyclists in uniform overhauling her. When she faced front again, the car ahead was farther away. Gretchen started to close up the distance, but the motorcyclists drew alongside. One went ahead to cut her off, and the other motioned her to pull up at the side of the road.

The man in uniform removed his big driving-glasses.

"Who you working for?" he demanded.

"Nobody—or at least not regular. I'm just driving this car through for my brother Ross Starbird, if you have to know."

"We certainly do." He hailed the man in front. "Ever hear of Ross Starbird?"

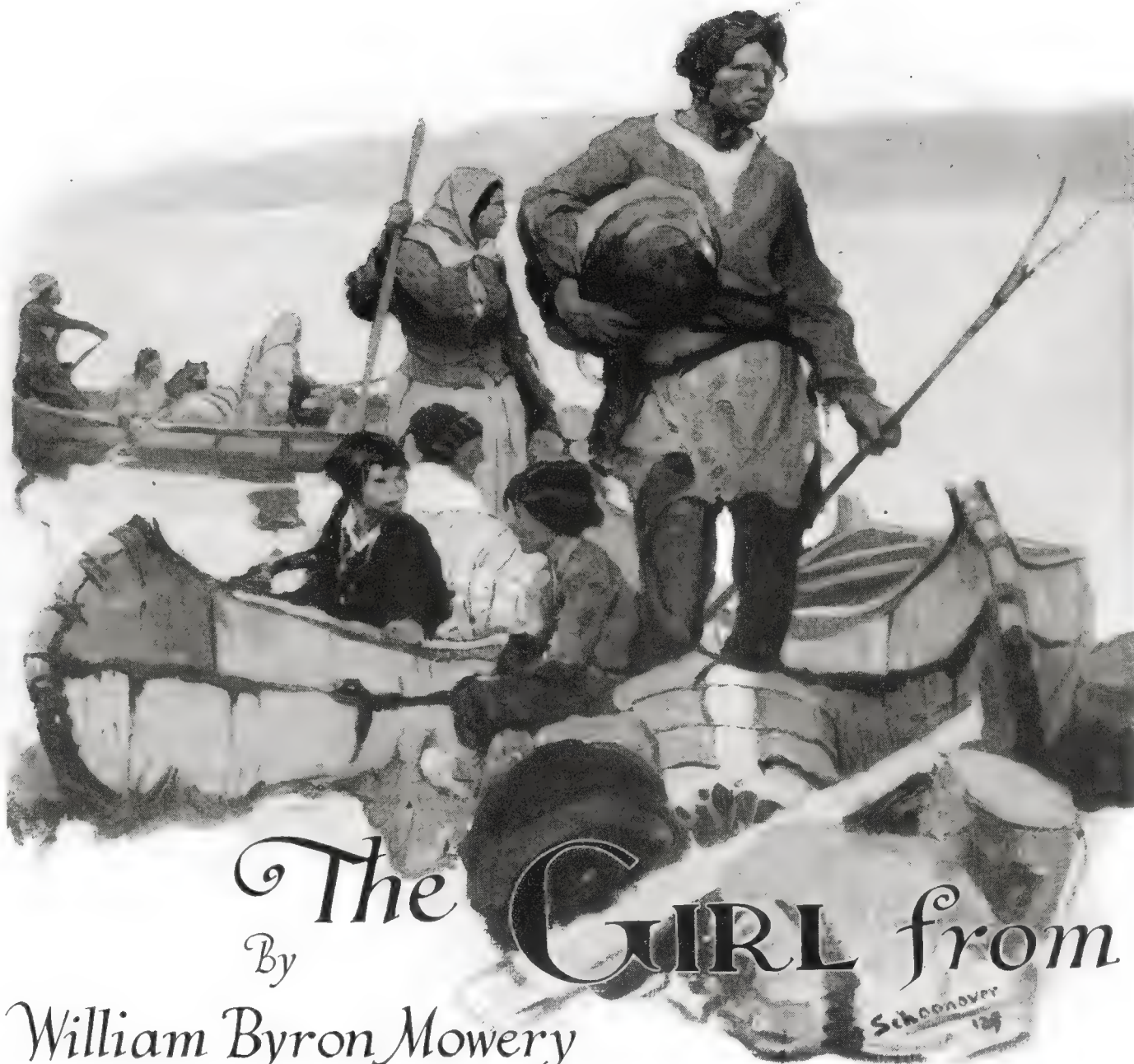
"No."

"Me neither. Sorry, miss, but we'll have to see what you've got in the rear deck."

"Nothing but repair parts from the factory," Gretchen told him.

"Yeah. We've heard that one before. So we'll just have a look."

They did. One of them punched a (Please turn to page 130)



The *By* GIRL from

William Byron Mowery

Illustrated by Frank Schoonover

The Story So Far:

STANLEY CLARKE found himself watching the black-haired girl who sat eight seats ahead of him in the Pullman. The train was passing through virgin country now—so virgin that the railroad named its stops not by towns, for there were no towns, but by the surveyor's mile. Through a rift in the minaret spruces he glimpsed a lonely blue sheet of water and saw a band of deer and three woodland caribou.

Conductor Waterby dropped into the seat facing Stanley.

"Say," Waterby remarked, "you're Mr. Clarke, aint you?" And when Stanley nodded: "I got the name from your baggage. You're a newcomer down north here, aint you? You're getting off at Mile 301, I notice. Taking a vacation down here, maybe?"

Stanley sensed a purpose behind these rather personal inquiries. "I'm a scientist," he answered, "—going to make an entomological collection and survey of the upper Hudsonian and lower Arctic life zones. I'm going to Fort Kinlay first."

"Oh, I see! Uh-huh. Say, Clarke, know where Kez-Etawney is?"

"I've got a general idea. It's about halfway to Fort Kinlay?"

"Yes, little more'n half, and the worst half. Now, why I asked

you all them questions about yourself—you see that young lady up yon?" He turned and indicated the black-haired girl.

Stanley nearly jumped. "Yes, I—I've noticed her," he said.

"Well, she's getting off at Mile 256. There'll be an airplane there waiting to take her to Kez-Etawney. I believe you'd be right welcome to go along. That way the expenses wouldn't be so heavy on either one of you. I'll take you up and introduce you—if you'd like to make that arrangement."

Some time later, when Clarke had been introduced to the black-haired girl and she had approved of the conductor's plan for Clarke to share the airplane trip with her, he found himself with Waterby again. He explained that he carried a letter of introduction to Harl Armstrong, a reindeer rancher, and then inquired:

"Miss Barton is coming back from school, isn't she?"

"Yes. She went to some university in the States. But she finished, and now she's come back to stay."

"Then her home is here in the North. I noticed a good many people know her."

"Everybody does that's been here any time. She was borned and raised away to hell 'n' gone down north at a post called God's



GOD'S MERCIÉ

Here are the wings of romance over the savage, silent fur trails; here is the coming of flying-men to the forest of caribou, Indians, half-breeds, post traders. A remarkable story by a man who as a boy trapped for a living, educated himself in the "States" and returned to the new frontier of the flyers.

"Lucky" Avery's biplane, glistening in the afternoon sun, rode at anchor. From up and down the River a dozen *méti* families had arrived in their birchbark canoes. But through the excitement ran a tremble of uneasiness.

Mercie. I mean—she was *raised* there; old Bishop Barton, Church of England missionary, raised her; and a mighty sweet and sensible girl he and his wife made of her, too. Barton was missionary there at God's Mercie for well onto forty years. It was on one of his Barrens trips he was visiting a band of isolated Antler Hares. He happened to notice a covey of little Indian kids playing games; queer games for Indian kids to be playing—Drop the Handkerchief, Blind Man's Buff and so on. One little tot, the leader, appeared to act different from the others. Bishop Barton got her off by herself and washed her till he could see what she looked like; and he knewed then he was looking at a child of white parents.

"Then Barton somehow got the whole truth out of the head-man. Over Resolution way a trader fell in love with the young wife of another man, and got her to run off with him. Their baby was borned there at the Antler Hare camp. The man pitched off and left her and their baby helpless there. One of the bucks made the wife go into his tepee; she died after a couple of years of that, but the baby lived. . . . The trader got what was coming to him. That girl's husband met up with him years later and killed him bare-handed. The Bishop carried the child back to God's Mercie

and raised her like she was his own. He died two years ago. It was just after that that she went down to school in the States—"

"He's dead? Then who sent her? Who's she returning to?"

"Why, to Harl. His reindeer ranch wasn't bringing in anything yet, but by fur-trading he managed to squeeze out enough—"

Stanley caught his breath. "Harl? Harl Armstrong?"

"Why, sure, Clarke. Didn't you see that ring Frances is wearing? She's on her way to meet Harl. She's going back to marry him."

With Frances Barton, Clarke made the airplane journey to the tiny frontier settlement where Harl Armstrong met them. He was threatened by serious trouble among his Indian helpers. And that evening when the party was returning from a fishing excursion, Armstrong's half-breed major-domo Paul drew him aside and sought to plant in his mind suspicion of Clarke and Frances. (*The story continues in detail:*)

AS the minutes lengthened and Harl did not return, an uneasiness crept over Stanley. A suspicion of the truth suddenly struck him; he pictured the breed, *Méti* Paul, lurking out there in the pine darkness and seizing the chance, here at this lonely

spot, to carry out his ugly threat. He dared not look at Frances, but stared beyond the fireglow at the blackness where Harl had disappeared and whence he would return. He was shaken with an impulse to rush out there, and if his suspicions were true, to stop those lies while they could be stopped. In those moments he felt as though black wings were hovering very low over Frances and him—and over Harl too.

Then Harl came silently out of the shadows and stepped into the firelight. He brought no wood with him. Stanley noticed that his face was a little pale and the pipe in his hands quivered. Looking down at Frances and Stanley, he said in odd voice:

"We can't stay here much longer; the storm is nearer than I thought."

His husky voice, his strange manner, proved Stanley's suspicions beyond all doubt. Méti Paul had carried through his threat!

But Harl either had cut the 'breed short, or those lies had broken against him like spindrift against a rock. Stanley felt a sudden, wordless surge of gratitude toward the stanch man who had been proof against the worst that could be said about a friend. It was Harl to be thanked that the 'breed's lies would cause no tragedy here under the pines tonight.

Bringing water from a pool, Harl put out the supper fire, and the three of them started back the dark path. At the creek he and Stanley together made a saddle of their hands and carried Frances across; and with the cool, sweet rain-wind in their faces, the three of them went on along the moccasin trail toward the post.

Stanley was wondering: "How much did that 'breed tell Harl? And how much did Harl believe? Certainly no infamy. But does Harl know the truth now? Did Méti Paul open his eyes to that?"

After leaving Frances at the agency house, they came back to the tent and spread their blankets together. For some minutes after Harl snapped off his electric torch, Stanley lay debating whether to ask him what the 'breed had said. Suddenly Harl himself broached it:

"There's something I ought to tell you, Stanley. This manager of mine, Méti Paul—you didn't give him any cause, or anything he might consider a cause, to make him your enemy?"

Stanley rose to an elbow. "Why, no, Harl. I've treated him like the others." He waited, tensed.

Harl said: "That's how I figured it; but he doesn't like you. You maybe shouldn't worry about that specially. I make him walk a chalk-line, and I gave him his orders. Besides, he's a carcajou that watches sharp where he steps. But just the same, Stanley, you be on the look-out against any trickery or 'accidents.'"

Stanley had no need of the warning, though he was grateful for it. He was thinking: "Harl calls him a carcajou; he knows that the 'breed is exactly what Frances and I thought; and yet he keeps the man as his chief aid!" He was tempted to ask Harl what lay back of this strange circumstance, but plainly Harl did not wish to disclose the secret.

"I'm going to give you old Chief Winter Sun as a personal guide, Stanley," Harl added. "He's a lovable old rascal. On your collecting trips, like this afternoon, he'll not only show you around and keep an eye out, but he knows an awful lot, in his own way, about bird and insect and animal habits."

Stanley plunged: "Harl, that 'breed was spying on us tonight at the overfalls, wasn't he? When you went out there for wood, he talked to you, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did. How in the world did you know—"



Snarling, muttering, the Indians were trying to work up nerve to shoot Harl. Stanley

"I had good reasons for suspecting it. In my opinion, he's a liar, and a particularly vicious liar." Stanley added, with heartfelt sincerity: "Harl, whatever he said, you put me in your debt by not listening to him."

"Lord! You didn't expect me to take any stock in what that fellow would say, did you?"

Harl added nothing more; and in a few minutes he was asleep. But Stanley lay awake, thinking.

The infamy Harl had scorned; but Stanley remembered his white face and strange manner when he came back into the firelight; he knew that another man loved Frances, that his marriage plans were tottering. . . .

Stanley was awakened next morning by some one at the near-by Indian tepee calling, "*Levez—levez! Come alive!*" He recognized the voice as Méti Paul's. From tent to tent the 'breed was rousing the men of Harl's brigade, calling sharply, "*Levez vous! Point du jour! Come alive!*"

Already up and dressed, Harl was smoking a pipe and watching coffee boil on a little primus stove. He said: "Hello—awake? I was going to let you sleep awhile yet."

He poured Stanley a cup, and they sat down on two of the alcohol drums to coffee, bacon and pancakes. Afterward they stepped out into the gray dawn and went down to the land-wash.

Four large rogans, Harl's motor-canoe and a small, pretty birch-bark craft were half-afoat at the water line. The rogans, big enough to carry a crew of three and twelve hundred pounds of



drew his automatic; out of the corner of his eye he saw Harl swing a terrific blow to Bull Back-fat's jaw.

load, were of very thin strong timber, and so light that two men could lope across a portage with them.

Besides Méti Paul, the party consisted of four Indians and eight glum, sleepy-eyed 'breeds. Méti Paul was going from boat to boat, giving sharp orders, seeing that the freight was properly packed, and prodding the men along. Watching him, Stanley thought: "He certainly is efficient, as Frances said—devilish efficient."

A few paces aside, an old Indian in deerskin clothes stood leaning on a canoe paddle, taking no part in the work. Harl pointed to him and said: "That's old Winter Sun. Méti Paul brought the brigade here to Kez-Etawney, but the Indian came along with me later in the motor-canoe. Let's go and I'll get you acquainted with him, Stanley."

The old sub-chief, in former years the head-man of that Antler Hare camp where Frances was born, turned his glittering black eyes upon them when they came up. Stanley was not greatly taken with him as a "personal guide." His face a mass of wrinkles, only a few tufts of hair left, his clothes flapping loose on his tough old body, his skin as dark and leathery as smoke-tanned *babiche*, he was ugly as a satyr. Stanley wondered how on earth this Indian ever had been able to keep up with Harl on that long trip from the White Wolf Hills.

At his rope-belt he carried an old-fashioned horse-pistol—a single-shot weapon with hunting scenes etched on its barrel. This very pistol, Stanley later discovered, had been part of the purchase price when "Bishop" Barton bought the little white girl Frances.

For a couple of minutes Harl spoke to him in guttural Tinnah. Stanley several times caught the word "Paul," and knew Harl was telling him he must guard this white man against the 'breed Groudin. The old Indian grunted, scrutinized Stanley from head to foot, and finally nodded that he understood.

They made arrangements that temporarily Stanley and old Winter Sun were to travel in the light canoe, and could start ahead now instead of waiting on the bleak land-wash. Harl gave them a rifle apiece; and after shoving the canoe off, he stood there on the rocks till the slender craft disappeared into the gray water-smoke.

Méti Paul, with several of the men, already had struck the tent, and were bringing all the baggage to the boats. Harl gave a few final orders, turned away, and went back to the Indian agency.

Frances was still asleep, Mrs. Forester said; Harl asked that she be not awakened, and he waited, writing letters.

It was two hours after sunrise when Frances came out. She had slipped into a dressing-gown; her black hair, combed out long, flowed from her shoulders; and the sun that slanted through the window fell in golden splashes about her moccasined feet. Frances was surprised to find Harl there, and a flush flew into her cheeks.

"Harl! Why didn't you wake me?" she cried as she saw, through the window, that the brigade was gone.

Harl's arm tingled where her fingers lay upon it. He was conscious now of watching her every move, of listening to the tiny inflections of her voice, to find in them a denial or confirmation of the fear against which he fought.

"There wasn't any need, Frances," he said. "A hard trail's ahead for you. You haven't loped the bush for two years. While you're dressing and having breakfast, I'll go and leave these letters for the factor to send out."

With the liberty of her status, Frances glanced at the envelopes. Over one of them, directed to a life-insurance company in Winnipeg, she paused, then raised her eyes to his.

"That's the last one, isn't it, Harl? I'm glad. It's been terribly hard on you."

Her sympathy, leaping out to him, was a strong bond between them.

"Yes, it's the last one, thank God!" he answered. "But I'm not sorry, Frances. It's like closing a chapter of my life."

She cried: "But it wasn't right! Harl, it wasn't right! You took that big burden on yourself—you paid for it all!"

"I'm rid of it now." He added with gentle firmness: "Let's forget it, Frances. Let's never think of it." He thrust the letter into his pocket.

young married life at the White Wolf Hills. One of the Mounted constables, after making sure the corporal was not watching, pushed the canoe afloat and waded into the ripples to give it the *bon voyage* shove.

Harl waved his hand at their friends on the land-wash; then, pulling the starter rope, he swung the canoe down-lake toward a rift in the trees where the Mother of Rivers led away into the north. . . .

In the canoe with the old Indian, Stanley found chance to look steadily at this situation between Harl and Frances and himself.



"Is that not a picture that is blessed in the eyes of *le bon Dieu*?" said Méti Paul. "Has M'sieur noticed how *la p'tite* has the great resemblance to Mam'selle Frances?"

That envelope marked a chapter of his life closed and forgotten. Harl was not thinking of the past, but of what lay ahead for him. As he stood there with Frances, the thought came: "Here in this very room . . . Forester has the powers of a justice. . . . Within an hour, Frances and I could be married. Tonight could be our wedding-night." This marriage which he had looked forward to during all those lonely years lay in his hands now; and Harl was tempted forever to end the doubts which preyed upon him, and to take this opportunity before it passed.

But it was at God's Mercie that he had planned to marry Frances. . . .

The H. B. trader, the Foresters, and several others were there to bid Harl and Frances good-by and wish them happiness in their

The right thing to do was to return on some pretext to Kez-Etawney, and see no more of Frances. But Stanley already had fought that battle and lost. As he drifted along in the canoe with old Winter Sun, he planned nothing, hoped for nothing, but to keep Harl from knowing how he felt.

The sun stood two hours high above the pine hills, but neither the brigade nor Harl and Frances had caught up yet. The stream was now perceptibly larger and swifter than the small headwaters river which led away from Kez-Etawney. From lake and muskegs back in the vast Strong Woods innumerable creeks came winding in from all directions to join it.

Stanley had already changed his opinion of old Chief Winter Sun, and had swung around to Harl's estimate of him. The old

Indian was a treasure of information about wild life. With a mind as primitive as the age of fables, he was like a child, to whom birds and trees and animals were individuals like himself. He could tell a hundred odd things about Feather-foot the Ptarmigan and the lazy Pine Hog and the Ugly Deer or Caribou, and of *Chee-chago* or Stink-tail the Skunk. With a little skillful questioning, he dipped into stories of his young manhood, when he could run down the Arctic caribou on snowshoes, and could kill, with only spear and knife, hoary old *Seepnak*, the Strong of Life, the huge Barren Ground grizzly. He was steeped in the legendary

Stanley questioned Winter Sun, trying to get some light on why Harl employed Méti Paul. The old Indian knew nothing. But later, following the brigade downstream, Stanley did get from him some disquieting facts in another direction.

This Bull Back-fat, who seemed to be a walking exemplar of all the vicious traits which Harl had mentioned in the northern Indians, was leader of a pack of young bucks. They had split away from the main band, which worked for Harl, and were living northwest of the White Wolf Hills in a great marsh country. They kept their hiding-place a closely guarded secret in order that



lore of his people; now recounting strange myths about the Country of the Blue Snow; now telling of how the mosquito, big as a crane at the Beginning of Earth, fell into a fire once upon a time and shriveled to his present size, but escaped and bore away in his beak a live coal to torment mankind with.

Stanley loaded the pretty, long-range rifle which Harl had lent him. The sense of danger, ever-present with him, prompted him to practice with the weapon, for he had not pressed a rifle trigger since R. O. T. C. days in the University. At three hundred yards he crippled a carcajou, just as the malicious brute was slinking into a thicket. Old Winter Sun prophesied:

"Huh. Bad, bad! Hurt carcajou never die. Always he follow man who shoot him. Some time he catch up!" And then he told Stanley of a *shaman* charm to free him of the cunning animal's vengeance.

At mid-morning they went ashore just above a stretch of white water; and a mile upstream the brigade swung around a bend and swept down to the *décharge* above the rapids. Under Méti Paul's command, the men got out ropes and "lined" the heavily freighted rogans down through the white water to the *embarqué* below. Noticing how glum and surly they were, Stanley thought: "They look like a bunch of men hatching mutiny. They like the double wages Harl is paying them, and they're afraid of him, but they're out for trouble. And Méti Paul is a *John Silver*, with a foot in either camp." He wondered whether Harl had not been used to danger so long that he was a little blind to it. Boring into hostile country with men like those seemed an invitation to disaster.

in winter time, when they rustled reindeer from Harl's ranch or played carcajou to other men's trap-lines, or stole girls from the eastern bands of Yellowknives, they could draw back into their retreat and be safe.

The coming winter would go particularly hard with them if they left the white man who fed and clothed them; the beaver had gone out of season; no trading-post in all the North would accept a pelt; the rabbit was vanishing on one of his periodic cycles; the dreaded Windego Spirit of Starvation would reach his bony hands into many a tepee during the Moons of Hoar Frost and Frozen Winds. But Bull Back-fat was working on Harl's Indians—playing on their nomad nature and stirring them to rebellion and worse. Shrewdly he had chosen the fat, warm summer season, when fish could be speared and molting geese clubbed at any waterway in the country; and when the cold-furied Moons of Winter were too far off for them to have a thought about.

Stanley remembered Frances' saying that Bull Back-fat lived no one knew where and could escape to that unknown retreat. He had not seen the significance of it then, but he did now. . . .

A little before noon he heard the *putt-putt-putt* of a motor upstream, and presently saw Harl and Frances come sweeping through a cluster of tiny wooded islets. Harl skimmed alongside and switched off the motor, and the two boats drifted on down-river together.

Around the next bend the brigade had stopped for the midday meal. The two canoes guided in to the bank, the four people went ashore. The *métis* and Indians (*Please turn to page 154*)

Illustrated by
Tony Sarg

IT LOOKS EASY

A Golf Story

By
Sam
Hellman



"Strike one!" says I.
"High and on the
outside."

Compared to Mr. Hellman, all other writers on golf deal with trivialities such as stance, swing and back-spin; here is the very soul of the game—its humor.

"WHAT we should do," remarks Breeze Emerson, "is join a snappy country-club."

"Why?" I asks.

"Because," he returns, "we'll never get anywhere with Pomme-frite Products until we park ourselves socially in the Big Tent. Golf's the golden gateway. You meet more prominent people nowadays in a sand-trap than you do in a bank."

"Maybe," says I; "but if you imagine I'm going to deck myself out in a pair of demi-tasse trousers and bloodhound a ball around a cow-lot to unload our line of delicatessen, your hay's on fire. Personally, I think this social idea of yours is the whoosh. When did a good game of golf get to be a testimonial for potted pig's-feet?"

"What is it that it is—this golf?" inquires Emerson's French wife Chérie.

"Pocket-pool in a pasture," I tells her, "—mostly indulged in by gents with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel. It was invented by a Scotchman who wanted an excuse for getting out of Glasgow on a tag-day."

"A plump lot you know about it," comes back Breeze. "The royal and ancient may indeed have originated as an old man's frivol, but today babies teethe on mashies and brain their nurses with niblicks. . . . Ever play?"

"Only once," I replies. "A couple of years ago an uncle of mine took me over to his club in the Hackensack Meadows. The Miasma Hunt and Fish, it was called, because of what you do when you golf there. Every hole's a water-hole, and every fair-way a rough. As I remember it, we started at the tenth tee, the first nine of the course having been rented to a wild West show for the summer. In the winter the ground was used for a shad-roe hatchery."

"Can't you discuss anything seriously any more?" scowls Emerson.

"All right," I snaps. "Let's get serious. What business have we even to be thinking of country-clubs and such society suc-cotash, with an infant industry in our laps squawking for every minute of our attention?"

Only a few months before, Breeze and I had undertaken to put over in America the table delicacies of Pomme-frite of France and Dawkins of England, following Emerson's marriage to the niece of the former, and mine to a daughter of the latter. Under the circumstances we could have loafed on the job and probably have gotten away with it, but I'm the sort of sap that'll give even an in-law a break. Breeze may feel the same way about it, but we just can't get together on policy.

"The trouble with you," says he, "is that you're about fifty Anno Dominis behind the times in your business methods. For all practical purposes, you're still out in Indiana selling the Hoosiers buggy-whips and iron stags for their front lawns. . . . What's the matter? Are you afraid to mix up with people of polish and—"

"Afraid, hell!" I cuts in. "I've mingled with folks that your mother couldn't even wash for. What you overlook is the fact that we're handling a line of stuff that has to be peddled to delicatessen-dealers—babies that slice bologna, not golf-shots. How many Heinies off the pickle-boat do you expect to meet up with in a sand-trap? If you must get sociable with the trade, why not join the Hermann P. Hufnagel Choral Society or the Schwabische Unterstützung und Inside-Straight Verein?"

"Because," returns Emerson, "I'm not interested in selling a dime's worth of Blutwurst here and a pound of head-cheese there. My idea is a chain of de luxe delicatessens stretching from Rock Bound, Me., to Sunny, Cal. That takes dough, and nowadays dough goes about in knickers. At the Bayview Club we'd meet the—"

"Hello," says I. "So you've even got the club picked out?"

"Sort of," admits Breeze. "Joe Crouch has been after me to join, and I halfway promised we would."

"We, eh?" I growls. "Please don't get so damn' personal with your personal pronouns. I have no intention—"

"It's a new course," continues Emerson, "and they're anxious to have their roster filled this month. Nat Strunk's in, and—"

"That alone lets me out," I yelps. "I wouldn't even vote at the same general election with that punk. Bayview must certainly

be hard up for members, cutting in a hang-nail like Strunk. He couldn't crash a country-club of mine as a hazard."

"When did you get so ultra?" demands Breeze. "Nat may not be just the sort of lad you'd care to get cast away with, but he's at least a prefix away from being impossible. Anyhow, he's the hand that rocks the cradle, and the salt that seasons the soup in our business. He not only knows the chain-store game from A to Zither, but he's got more jack in the box than most crackers have crumbs."

"I don't doubt it," says I, "but Strunk wouldn't throw his mother a rope if he found her hanging. He'd want collateral to loan you a two-cent stamp overnight, and raise hell if he didn't get the interest."

"What of it?" snaps Emerson. "I'm not figuring on taking him for a touch. All I'm after is to get clubby enough with the bozo to approach him with a proposition. It just happens that he shoots great golf and is a bug on the game. Give me a few rounds with him—"

"Bologny, sliced thin!" I cuts in. "By the time you learn to play at meadow marbles well enough to give him an argument, you'll be mumbling through your store teeth and stepping on your whiskers. Experts wont mix with dubs, will they?"

"Where do you get the dub stuff?" snorts Breeze. "I'll take on the best of 'em. Didn't know I swung a mean mashie, did you?"

"No, I didn't," I confesses. "Of course, I'm aware you're a howling she-wolf and a ring-tailed catamount at every form of sport from hog-calling to racing raindrops down a window-pane, but I rather thought this game of pokeball was a bit beneath you."

"Nothing's beneath me," brags Emerson. "It's true I haven't played for some time, but back in Terre Haute old Colonel Bogardus Bogey and I used to go around arm in arm. Three-hundred-yard drives and forty-foot putts were mere commonplaces in my repertory. Did I ever tell you how I—"

"Never," I interrupts, "but it sounds incredible. Even Bobby Jones can't do it."

"Can't do what?" barks Breeze.

"Whatever you claim you did. . . . Not to change the subject, or even the predicate, why can't you and I work the delicatessen game from our own peculiar sides of the street?"

"How do you mean?" frowns Emerson.



"I started Bayview," shouts Strunk, "and no third-rate delicatessen jobber's going to get me out."

"It's quite simple," I returns. "You deck yourself out daily in your plus fore-and-afts, and sink putts for Pommefrite Products, while I go about in a quiet but well-tailored business suit of gray cheviot and try to sink a few sales. At the end of six months we'll compare cards and see under which system we've disposed of more kegs of kippered herrings and more links of salami sausage."

"St. James the Lesser!" shouts Breeze. "Can't that brain of yours bite into anything except sausage?"

"That's all right," I comes back. "You keep your mind on the links, and I'll keep mine on the sausage. Get the idea—sausage—links thus leading up to that chain you're dreaming about. You shoot the golf, and I'll—"

"Don't be so silly," horns in my Jennie at this juncture. "I think it would be rather jolly to join a nice country-club."

"*Moi aussi*," says Mrs. Emerson. "I love the huntings. The golf what you shoot—it is a bird, not?"

"It's a bird, yes," I assures her. "In fact, *ma petite*, the wild golf is America's national fowl. You must try it some day. It's served sliced, with greens and mashie potatoes."

"Do as I do," suggests the Frau, "and pay no attention to him. He's having you on. Golf's a game. You must have seen it played in France. You push a ball around with sticks and—"

"Ah, *oui*!" exclaims Chérie. "The billiards."

"Yeh," says I. "Barnyard billiards."

"Well, what about it?" snaps Breeze impatiently. "Will you join Bayview or wont you?"

"I wont," I snaps back.

"He will," says the wife.

"Good-by, pants," I groans. "Hello, knickers!"

The following Saturday the four of us traipse out to Bayview, my first appearance on any course since I'd won a caddies' tournament ten years before with a snappy seventy-one. That's a part of my gay and checkered career Emerson knows nothing about. As far as he's concerned, I'm about as familiar with golf as a backward armadillo is with the third verse of the Latvian national anthem, and it pleases me to have him think just that way. I have a vague idea that something may come of it that'll brighten up the corner where we are.

"How about arranging with the pro for some lessons for the girls?" I asks Joe Crouch, our sponsor.

"I'll give 'em all the lessons they'll need," says Breeze. "I know more about this game than most pro's have forgotten."

"Glad to hear it," remarks Joe, slipping me a wink. "We need some sharpshooters in this club. What's your handicap?"

"Timidity," I answers for Emerson, "and the shrinking modesty of a violet in a convent keep."

"You may start me with five," says Breeze graciously. "At Terre Haute I was a scratch man, but—"

"So was everybody," I cuts in. "I never saw a course with so much poison ivy."

"Come on," scowls Emerson. "Let's join the ladies." And he struts out of the locker-room. . . .

"Tell me," says Crouch, standing by while I finishes dressing a magnificent game of golf, "can Breeze really shoot to a five?"

"I don't know," I returns, "but I'm inclined to give my doubts a benefit. While I've never seen him play, I've had some of his other boasts analyzed, and they rarely showed more than a mere trace of can-do. Why do you ask, if I may be so forward and unrefined?"

"Well," comes back Joe, "we're really anxious to get some decent performers into Bayview. You see—"

"How about Nat Strunk?" I interjects. "I hear he's a bear-cat."

"Yeh," growls Crouch, "and that's just the trouble. He's the only member we have who can even come near breaking an eighty, and he's grouching all over the place because there's nobody to give him a real row. And I catch the hell. As president of the club, he thinks I ought to provide him with competition."

"I should imagine," says I, "he could get plenty and plus by giving strokes."

"Not Nat," retorts Joe. "It's against his principles to give anything. Gosh, I hope Breeze comes up to his blue-prints. I'd give

your right arm to see Strunk taken to the cleaners. How about you? You any good?"

"My tat-work has been highly spoken of," I replies with becoming diffidence, "and I once received honorable mention in an Irish-lace competition for amateurs under—"

With a sudden loss of interest in me and mine, Crouch takes himself off and I goes out to join the gals. They're on the first tee watching a demonstration of stances and swings and other phases of form staged by Emerson. It's around noon, and the course is deserted.

"Eye me, Mamma," says I to the Frau. "How do these nobby knickers and woolen shrieks beneath strike the retina?"

"You look positively hemmed in by pants," replies Jennie. "Surely they are plus more than fours."

"*Pardonnez-moi*," gurgles Chérie, "while I make what you call the ha-ha."

"Where'd you get 'em?" asks Breeze. "Off of Judge Taft's clothes-line? Inflate 'em, feller, and they'll think you're a Zeppelin."

"They are a bit blowsy," I admits, "but the tent-and-awning folks that built 'em tell me they're hot on the heels of the mode. . . . Well, what are we here for?"

"I suggest," says Breeze, "that you three follow and just look on while I play a few holes. That'll give you an idea of what the game's all about, besides—"

"Shoot," I cuts in. "Make this a movie instead of a talkie. What do you do first?"

"I tee up the ball—thus," explains Emerson. "Now watch me knock the gutta percha off its perch." He winds the club around his neck and almost swings himself off his feet.

"Strike one," says I. "High and on the outside."

"*Merveilleuse!*" cries his wife, clapping her hands. "It is wonderful that you miss the ball. I did not think you could do it. *C'est très difficile, n'est-ce pas?*"

"*Et comment!*" I returns. "Out of fifty men shooting, forty-nine'll hit the pill. That makes your husband one in fifty or two in a hundred. 'Tis a proud woman you should be this day, Mrs. Mulcahey."

"Diana of the Ephesians!" bellows Breeze. "Can't a gentleman take a practice swing around here without—"

"Take another," I suggests genially, "and make it an even one. Come on, cowboy, give it a ride."

"Try and follow this with the naked eye," snaps Breeze, and separates himself from a vicious swipe.

This time he connects. Had he done so solidly, it would have taken a relay of caddies and extradition papers to recover the ball; but as it is, the drive screeches into a tree to the right of the tee, bounds across the fairway into a sapling on the other side and loses itself in a tangle of weeds.

"Ah," murmurs Chérie. "The golf, it is like the billiards."

"I did that on purpose," says Emerson, "so I could show you folks how to play from the rough. Anybody can shoot out in the clear, but it takes skill to extricate yourself from a bad lie."

"Life," I ventures philosophically, "is like that, too."

Breeze manages to kick the ball out into the fair, but on his next shot he digs up a divot of the size that goes for a farm in France. But nothing fazes the boy friend.

"Do you understand why I did that?" he asks, turning to us like a teacher from a blackboard.

"*Cherchez this femme*," I shrugs. "Why?"

"To illustrate," returns Emerson, "what happens when you slash down on a ball and cut into the ground in back of it. Now observe what occurs when I come through with an easy, pendulumlike motion."

What occurs is the uprooting of a chunk of turf considerably larger than the first piece of real-estate. That gives Breeze pause, but not for long.

"The shot was perfect," he declares. "There must be something wrong with the grass."

"Probably," says I. "I have the same trouble at croquet when I run into grass growing from the roots up. . . . How about saving this piece? I knew a girl once who made a necklace out of square-cut divots. Later on she gave 'em to the city for a public park."

On his next try Emerson manages to get a fairly long iron shot to within a few yards of the green. Dazzled by his success, he attempts a fancy chip to the pin, but it's a wash-out, the ball slicing off into a sand-trap that happens to be loafing in the vicinity.

"Great!" I exclaims. "Now to meet some prominent people."

"You may not meet any prominent people," says Breeze, "but you'll see a prominent shot. Give me the line, caddy, and watch the pin. I may sink it from here."

"Yeh," I jeers, "and you may become the next queen-mother of Beloochistan last Friday. I'll kiss you if you even get out of the pit. Pipe the lie, feller."



Not only is the ball imbedded deep in a footprint, but above it is an overhang of thick sedge. Even a Walter Hagen would take one look and ask for a train schedule. The only possible thing to do is to punch it out backward and penalize yourself a stroke, but Breeze Emerson would have none of such cowardly tactics. He just bangs right into the bank—and bangs and bangs and bangs.

"What you do there?" asks Chérie, ducking her fifth shower of sand and well-selected anathemas.



Over the pin flies the ball; then *blam!*
It hits Emerson on the side of the forehead.

"Drying fish for the jewelry trade," yelps Breeze.

"You'll be hitting water pretty soon," says I. "Shall I send to the club for some hip-boots? Better throw the ball out."

"Throw your aunt out!" barks Emerson. "It's coming out my way if it takes all summer."

"I wouldn't stand so close," I warns Chérie. "You're likely to be crowned queen of the May with a niblick. A woman was killed that way once."

"*C'est vrai?*" says she, backing out of the danger zone.

"Oh, very *vrai*," I returns. "I was at the club when it occurred. Me and a fellow named Heffernan were sitting in the locker-room one day when a guy staggers in, all pale and shaky."

"What's the matter?" I asks.

"My wife," he moans. "I just killed her."

"Where?" we inquires.

"Down by Number Three green," says he. "I was in the sand-trap. My wife was in back of me. Just as I swung my niblick, she got in the way, and I caught her in the temple. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Why the agitation?" cuts in Heffernan. "The niblick's the right club to use in a sand-trap."

"How do you expect me to get out of here with all that gassing going on?" pants Breeze. The perspiration is streaming from him, and he has a hole at his feet deep enough to bury the shame of ages in.

"What do you lie?" I asks. "Thirty-two? Cheer up. You still have a chance to break a thirty-five."

"What for you dig so much?" inquires Chérie, with a frown of impatience. "Is it that you seek for the oil?"

"He's probably hunting for prehistoric bones," says I. "Golf-clubs are full of old fossils."

But Emerson can be neither kidded nor coaxed into giving up his hopeless job. He continues sloshing away at the ball, making an impossible lie less possible with each wallop.

"I'll get this out yet," fumes Breeze. "The sand-trap hasn't been built that can make a sucker out of me."

"Perhaps not," I concedes, "but you must admit this one is making a gallant effort. By the way, would it interest you to know that a shaft more than five thousand feet deep has been sunk at the Calumet and Hecla copper mine in Michigan?"

"Shut your trap," snarls Emerson, "and let me shoot."

"In excavating the Panama Canal," I goes on, "something like six million cubic yards of dirt were scooped from the Culebra Cut. At Carrara in Italy, a quarry—"

"There she goes," suddenly shouts Breeze. It's a fact. By some hocus-pocus he's managed to hoist the ball out of the pit, and my eye follows it as it crosses the green and plumps—into a trap on the other side!

"Let's go to lunch," says Emerson. "I could easily pitch it out

of there, but I think you folks already have a good idea how the niblick's used in sand."

"Oh, I see!" I exclaims. "You were just demonstrating in the trap."

"Why, certainly," comes back Breeze. "You don't think I took all those shots because I had to?"

While the girls are upstairs powdering their noses and renewing their blushes, Emerson and I proceed to drown dull care and its by-products in the locker-room. We're thus engaged when who should drift down our alley but Nat Strunk. He's a hulk of a lad with piggy eyes, hog jowls and a porky paunch.

"I hear," says he, addressing Breeze, "that you play quite a game of golf."

"Not quite," returns Emerson modestly. "I've shot so little lately I doubt if I could dub through in an eighty."

"That's about my gait," grunts Strunk. "Do you happen to be dated up this afternoon?"

"No," answers Breeze. "Like to take me on for eighteen holes of pars and birdies?"

"Don't care if I do," comes back Porky with ill-concealed eagerness. "Meet you on the tee at two-thirty."

"I'll be there," promises Emerson.

"I thought," says I, when Nat wallows away, "that your big idea in joining this deadfall was to get in good with that nickel-squeezer?"

"And how in good I'm going to get!" chortles Breeze. "This afternoon marks the beginning of a friendship that'll make the little affair between Dan Damon and Pat Pythias glow with all the warmth of a bowing acquaintance in an ice-house. Strunk's so starved for a snappy round of golf he'll kiss the hand that feeds him."

"Maybe," says I, "but just where'll you get off when he finds out you practically spend week-ends in traps and drive divots farther than you do balls? Nat doesn't strike me as the sort of bozo who'll relish being taken for a ride, either. Instead of a hot friendship, he's likely to go out and get a mortgage on your other shirt so he can foreclose. Seriously, why should we get in Dutch with Strunk over a spoof?"

"What are you talking about?" growls Emerson. "Are you intimating I can't go around this course in eighty or thereabouts?"

"Eighty!" I snaps. "You couldn't get around it in a sled. I've seen worse players than you in my time, but I can't remember just when or where. A bird with neuritis in one arm and a heavy overcoat over the other could give you five bisques a hole and bring you in nineteen down."

"When," demands Breeze, "did you qualify as a judge?"

"This morning," says I.

"Judas H. Priest!" yelps Emerson. "You didn't take that stuff I was pulling seriously, did you?"

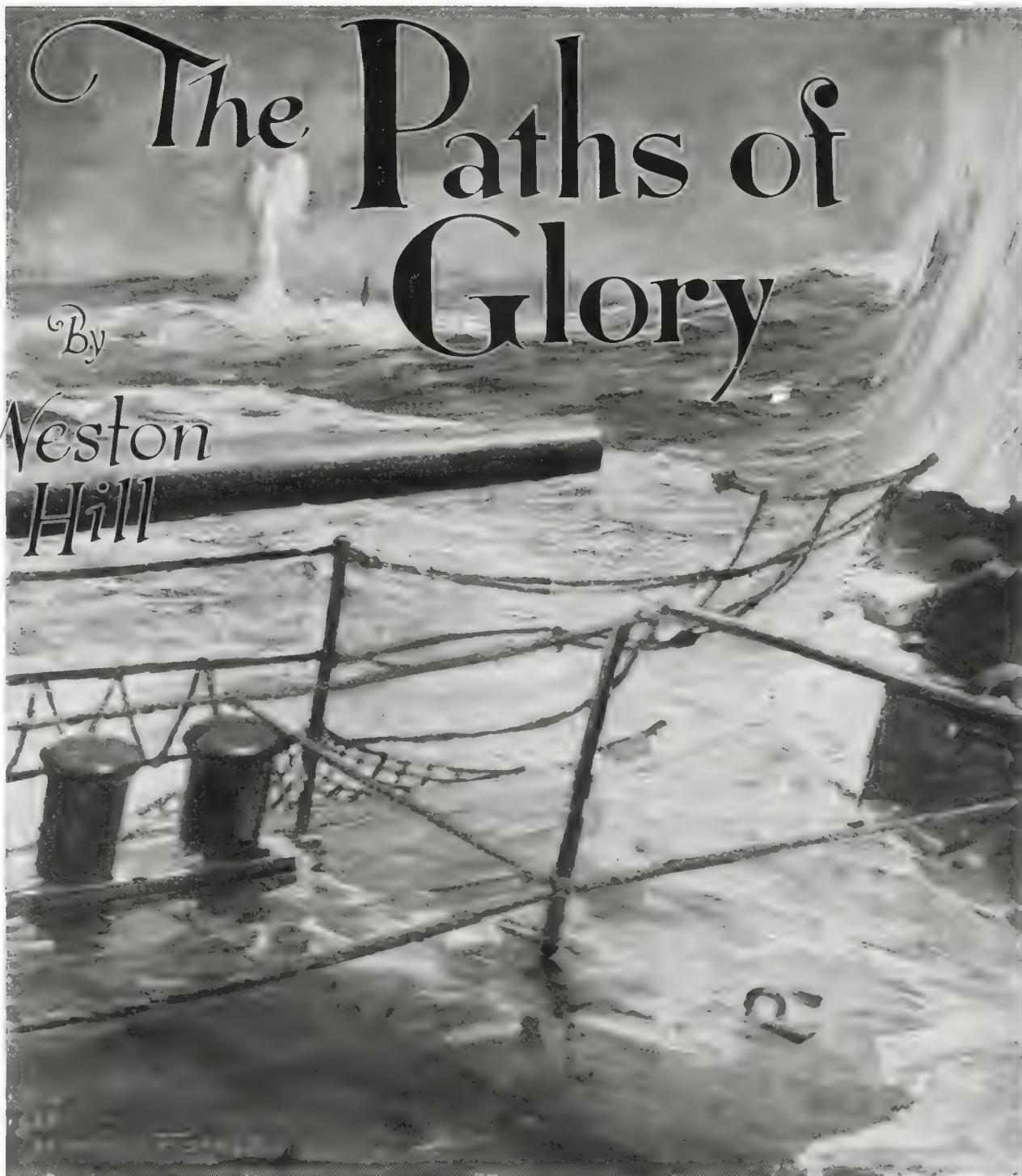
"As who," I asks, "could ever take your golf that way? Kidding on the public square, if I were you, (Please turn to page 147)

The Paths of Glory

By
Weston
Hill

An
actual
incident
of war-
time on an
American
destroyer

Illustrated
by
Anton
Otto
Fischer



They saw him win and lose—saw a blinding scintillation of blue—

THE SKIPPER yawned, pushed aside his charts, and absently stretched his legs along the wardroom transom. A vicious roll of the ship threw him violently under the mess-table. He cursed, grinned and tried again, bracing his lean body against a stanchion.

"Must have thought I was ashore," he remarked dryly. "Well, Surge, how do you like torpedo-boat life?"

The Surgeon looked up from his *Illustrated London News*. "Swell. I'm glad to be here. I've done seven years in the Navy, and I expect to put in plenty more, but I figure that this is about the really useful time I'll serve."

"You're damn' right! You're a lot more use here than you'd be in the Fleet, and so am I. If I was in the Fleet now, would I be skipper of anything? Yeah—a broadside division on some big battlewagon! Gun drill and spotter drill and loading drill and abandon-ship drill and subcaliber drill and general-quarters drill and guard mount and liberty in some God-forsaken limey port! Over here with the Flotilla, it's gunnery practice and general quarters, and nine times out of ten it's no drill—it's for keeps!"

"In the Fleet," said the Surgeon, "it's different from this life.

I had something to do besides get seasick at sea, and drink ale in port. The men on a battleship get something the matter with them occasionally. This bunch of hyenas are the hardest lot of gobs I've seen yet. I've been on this ship three weeks, and yesterday at four bells I treated my first patient. I lanced a black eye!"

"Whose?"

"Name's Bell. Quartermaster second class. Said he got into trouble ashore with some Sinn Feiners."

"Just like him, the hellion. . . . You know, Surge, there're some remarkable men on these destroyers. You have to know 'em the way I do to appreciate them and overlook their weaknesses. Some of the men right on this ship have been educated for civilian life—they stick in the Navy because they like it, and they stick to the Flotilla because they have more freedom than they have in the Fleet. This fellow Bell, now. His old man is leader of one of the big orchestras back in the States, and he's a damn' good musician himself—get him to play the violin for you some time when he's drunk."



and-white flame. . . . And, silhouetted against the burst of the explosion, a dark figure.

"Why don't you take an interest in a man like that?"

"Interest, hell! He's a good quartermaster—that's what interests me! Besides, it's none of my business. I've got to run my ship—where would I get the time to play wet nurse to a lot of gobs that can take care of themselves? There's a fairly high percentage of old-timers in my crew—second- and third-cruise men who can't forget the 'wooden ships and iron men' days, and try to act the part. Bell's one of 'em. Wait'll we get back to Queens-town and watch 'em carry him aboard every night."

"Isn't there some way to stop a man like that from ruining himself?" asked the Surgeon. (Surgeons can say many things to a skipper that a line officer dares not say.)

The Skipper threw back his head and guffawed.

"Oh, nonsense! Let me tell you, in war-time, with things as they are in Ireland now, a commanding officer's got to go easy. No liberty, no women, nothing but go to sea and stand watch-and-watch for a week and ten days at a time, and come in again and paint ship, and always wondering who's going to get blown up next—believe me, I've turned my back on a lot of things, and

I'm glad of it. Let 'em try to beat up the whole Sinn Fein or the British Navy—let 'em shoot craps till they're all in hock to one another! If they have to do that to be the kind of crew I've got below-decks, let 'em! In an emergency I'd back 'em against the—"

A muffled cry on deck struggled above the gale—a rush of feet—a sudden yell down the wardroom voice-tube: "Torpedo! Port quarter!"—then the clangor of the general alarm sounding to general quarters, and the rising crescendo of the blowers as throttles and gauges answered the engine-room telegraph's frantic demand for full speed ahead. Under the full power the ship staggered and reeled; then she tucked her stern into her wake and heeled far over in a mad, desperate circle to port.

The Skipper and the Surgeon made the deck together. On the bridge, the young officer of the deck, cursing under his breath, leaned far out as though to turn the ship by the torque of his own body.

"It's right at us! Full rudder, Jones, for God's sake! Now she's swinging faster. Come on, you goddam old bucket, get that stern around! If it hits us at all, it'll (Please turn to page 108)

Half a Moon

A Love Story of Our Day by
Fanny Heaslip Lea

Illustrated by
Henry Raleigh

THE author of "Quicksands" is one of the few writers to feel, keenly, the tremendous drama of our day. Here is love and flight—a share of the sky with the gods; then the flash of news-film making all the world witness to what has happened.

MALOU had seen it in the *Times*. Life would slip it to her that way. Coming back, letters in one hand, paper in the other, from the trip to the living-room door that was part of her morning ritual, yawning comfortably, glancing casually—she had seen it. On the front page, in tidy black headlines.

Now the *Times* lay on the floor beside Malou's bed, and Malou lay face down among all her little foolish lacy pillows—shivering. Not weeping. Too stunned—too sick, for that.

From the top of her silken brown head to the sole of her foot, her beautiful body shook in the grip of a mysterious and soundless rigor. She didn't sob. She didn't cry out. She hadn't, even in the first moment of seeing Eddie's name, so much as mentioned God. What was the use?

She and Eddie, between them, had defied Him—the God that you took from a printed book. Apparently, Eddie had defied him once too often. With resultant headlines on the front page of the *Times*. Which made the thing a fact—grisly and unanswerable. She didn't doubt it. She didn't clutch at any shred of hope. She lay flat on her face in her bed as if an icy wind had blown her there, and from head to foot she shivered ceaselessly and soundlessly, while the little clock upon her bedside table ticked off minute after minute—while in at her open window came sounds of street-cars passing, taxis honking, wheels turning, whistles blowing. A world still going on—incredibly.

With Eddie out of it.

That was in the *Times*.

"Airman Killed in Trial Flight. Eddie Mackenzie Crashes at Curtis Field—Plane of His Own Design." She had told him that plane would get him some day. "Wings Buckle." What wings don't—if you crowd them too far! Eddie crowded his luck forever. . . . Eddie—Eddie—Eddie! Up and down the corridors of her inner consciousness something ran shrieking his name—Eddie—Eddie—Eddie!—wailing, crying. But her lips didn't move. That was what loving Eddie had taught her: to consume her own smoke, to cover her trail, to keep a close mouth—no matter what

went on back of her eyes, no matter what happened—out in the world—the outer world.

"Mackenzie's Wife in California. . . . Notified by Long-Distance." Made a good story for the front page—didn't it!

No one had notified Malou, although the crash had occurred—still according to the *Times*—at five o'clock the previous afternoon.

Eddie had always warned her.

"Y'know, kid," he had said, "if I cracked up tomorrow—I couldn't even mention your name in my will. I couldn't leave you a lock of hair. . . . You know that, don't you? It'd ruin you—that's all."

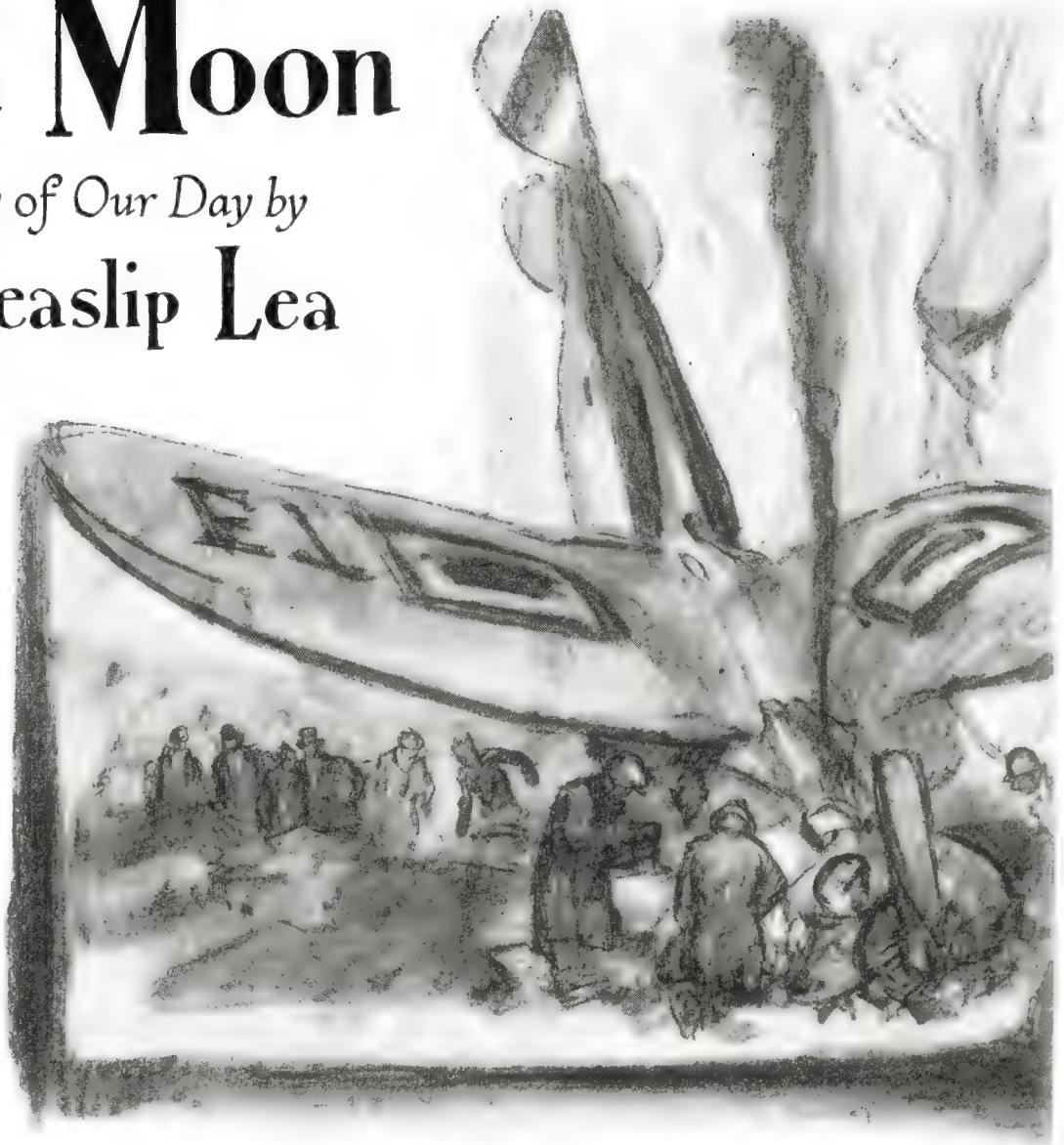
She had known it. And he had known it. And now it had happened. Dead. He had been dead twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen—*sixteen* hours! And she was getting it—along with several million other strangers—from the front page of the morning paper.

She—Malou—who had had his arms, had his lips and his eyes and his low unsteady whispers, his heavy heartbeats, the very innermost self of himself—for her own!

"Can you see the headlines?" he had told her. "Well-known Birdman Crashes. . . . Beautiful Young Actress Prostrated by News. . . . Wife of W. K. B. Hurrying Home for Funeral!"—always supposing there are sufficient remains to hold a party over. . . . No, no, Malou! We've got to be cagey as hell, sweetness—to get away with it."

They had been cagey as hell. For almost a year they had gotten away with it.

For almost a year they had held their lease of a glamorous passionate secret world—the world which Eddie's wife made secret, because she wouldn't let Eddie go. Not wanting him herself, she wouldn't free him to live in a wide gay careless *safe* world—with



any other woman. Eddie's wife in Hollywood, making rotten pictures—when she worked at all, which wasn't often. Eddie's money kept her on Easy Street. She had been in Hollywood three idle roistering years because it amused her to stay there.

Eddie—on Curtis Field—taking up that devil of a ship he'd spent so many prayerful cursing hours over. . . . Hawk's wings—broken wings—black wings—the closing wings—of Death!

Anyhow—Hollywood—and Curtis Field! You couldn't call that marriage, could you?

And Malou—lying on her face, shaking with a terrible soundless chill that was as much of the soul as of the body. . . . The white smooth body, widowed overnight—the ardent rebellious soul pitched headlong overnight into hell.

What would you call that?

Nothing—nothing that could be spoken. Nothing ever to be known—of anyone. Nothing that had ever happened—so far as the world went. Silence—darkness—oblivion. That was the end—for Malou.



"Poor devil!" said Howard. . . . Malou sat staring. Somewhere there before her eyes—under a tangled mass of wreckage—Eddie, somewhere under that!

Eddie had warned her. And he had proved himself an accurate prophet.

"Our world," he had said, "it's not the one that was made in seven days. We were out of the Garden, kid, before we started. It's a cold deal. But what have you! Half a moon is better than no moon at all—what!"

He used to call her his Half-moon Girl.

He used to call his wife the Gilded Fetter.

You couldn't tell, with Eddie, whether he was bitter, or resentful, or cynical—from being hurt, by his wife—or whether his laughing was real. He laughed a great deal—even at Malou. Certainly at Life.

Sometimes she thought she knew him only when she was in his arms.

"Snatch your moments, kid!" he used to say. "It's all you'll get. It's all any of us get."

"Where would I be," he once said to her, "if I couldn't take a joke from the gods? Washed up, long ago—that's where I'd be!"

Long ago or not—washed up was where he was now! With his mocking eyes, with his good-looking cocky mouth, with his strong ugly hands, with the cowlick that wouldn't let his hair lie smooth when he parted it—he always had such a frightful time making his hair lie smooth. . . .

"Mackenzie's plane burst into flames as it touched the ground." . . .

"Eddie—Ed-die! . . . O-h-h-h—Ed-die!"

Malou set her teeth into lace and pink satin—acid and dry to the taste as sawdust; her white teeth ground into delicate close-set embroidery of garland and wreath. She writhed in an agony of sobs crowding up from some tortured center of her being. "You can't cry, Malou—you can't—you can't. . . . What shall I do? . . . Oh, Eddie—Eddie—what shall I do!"

Then she rolled over and sat up in bed—putting a hand to her hair, putting the hem of the sheet to her eyes, in the extremest instant of her suffering, reaching for powder-puff and lipstick on the night-table beside the clock. She swallowed desperately. She stiffened and steadied herself as if a rod of steel slid down the length of her body.

"Come in!" she called in a voice only faintly husky. She had heard the maid—the latch clicking, the door closing.

"Good mornin', Miss Carlin," said rosy Irish Ann. "I'm a little late this mornin'."

From behind a lazy flapping of the *Times*, Malou responded sweetly: "It's all right, Ann. You could be a little later and nobody'd report you for it."

"Was it a good party last night?" Ann inquired with friendly solicitude.

Of course there had been a party the night before. The *Times* had blacked that out along with other things. Now Malou remembered. She had got Ann to press something for her—she had told her Howard was back from Europe—she had told her about the bracelet from Cartier's—in Paris, so much more exciting than Cartier's in New York. She was in the habit of telling Ann a good deal—Ann was such a mothering soul.

"Ye've had no breakfast!" the mothering soul accused suddenly. "What's the matter—now? Don't ye feel good this mornin'?"

"Oh, I'm all right, Ann," said Malou. She actually laughed.

"Was the liquor all right—at the party?" insisted Ann gravely.

"Wonderful," said Malou. "I'm all right—I'm just not hungry."

"Don't go bein' foolish and startin' a diet—you with your lovely figger!"

"I'm not, Ann—I haven't the least idea of dieting."

"Well—that's good," said Ann. She sent a carpet-sweeper along the taupe and golden spaces of Malou's rugs with long easy strokes.

"I think I'll get up," said Malou suddenly. She swung her feet over the side of the bed, put the tips of her fingers to her eyes—better not let Ann see her eyes, better not let Ann see her mouth; it must be written there—that the world had come to an end, that morning. Malou's world—Eddie's world.

Whatever was written on Malou's face, Ann's showed nothing but her usual ruddy good nature, her endless anxiety for other people's comfort.

"I must be gettin' ye another bath-rug," said Ann.

"That one's a disgrace to the house."

Malou wanted to scream at her: "I sha'n't need it."

Instead she threw a double handful of bath-salts into the steaming tub, stripped off her sheer gold-colored nightgown, stood for one staring moment before the mirror in the bathroom. . . . On the other side of the bathroom door, Ann was making up the bed with swishing noises of thrown-back sheets. . . . Life was going on. Ann made up the bed today—she would make it up tomorrow.

"I sha'n't need it," said Malou to the self staring stupidly out of the glass at her. Stupid—that's what she looked. Not stabbed to the heart, but clouted over the head—her face the face of a

dark-eyed stupid doll. Her body—it surprised her dully that her body was still lovely. Almost she looked for it to deliquesce—grayly.

Her body must be dead—since her heart had died.

She was lying in her bath with her eyes closed, mercifully drugged for a space with that hot waveless tide, when Ann tapped on the door.

"Miss Carlin, you're wanted on the phone. Shall I say you can't come?"

"Yes—no—no, Ann! Tell them to hold the wire!"

"I think it's Mr. West," said Ann. . . . She brought a silver shawl and put it about Malou's shoulders, who stood shivering at the telephone. "Do you want to get your death of cold, Miss Carlin?"

"Might be one way out," said Malou, smiling.

She was prettily pleasant to Howard—in a voice like a doll's, talking.

"Oh—wonderful! How are *you*? It was a swell party, Howard darling! I never in my life had a better time. . . . Why—let me see. . . . No—I can't possibly! Heartbroken—but I can't! Having lunch with a girl I used to go to school with back in Georgia."

She had gone to school with Charlotte Greene—millions of years ago, before she met Eddie, before she and Eddie had explored—

"Don't think about Eddie," she said to herself, "—not now. . . . Wait!"

So she walled off Eddie, in her mind, controlling a tendency to chattering teeth—and returned to Howard and the matter of Charlotte Greene.

"We're lunching at one—at the Carlton—don't be so curious, darling! Shall I wear a white carnation?"

"Will that make it Mother's Day?" said Howard.

That *was* the sort of thing Howard said—to be funny.

"Well—anyhow!" said Malou, and rang him off very gently. She couldn't have stood there much longer.

She went back to the bathroom and did her face—with great care, using a touch of shadow on her eyelids, which she didn't commonly favor, and a bit more rouge than usual; making herself a very beautiful mouth, delicately smaller than her own perhaps too ardent one.

Eddie had once said to her: "You've got a damned honest mouth—for a woman. No piker, are you, kid?"

She remembered, while using her lipstick, how Eddie had loved her mouth. It seemed too cruel to be making it scarlet and alluring now—and Eddie not there to see. Didn't Hindoo widows blacken their teeth—or something of the sort? Or did they merely burn themselves alive—along with the dead man's horse and dog?

Widows? What had widows to do with Malou? Talking this blasphemous rot over a telephone to another man, while Eddie—

"Don't come in too early tomorrow morning, Ann," said Malou suddenly.

"Is it another party?" asked Ann. "It must be wonderful to be on the stage," she said wistfully.

"I'm not much of an actress," admitted Malou. She wasn't. Her looks and her well-bred Southern voice kept her in rôles—of a sort: pleasant, unimportant pretty little rôles, that kept Malou going. Kept the wolf off the doormat.

"Why, Ann?" asked Malou curiously. One never knew what went on back of other people's eyes—any more than other people knew one's own hidden strugglings and squirmings. Fancy, nice simple Ann yearning for glory!

"Well," said Ann, "you certainly do get to know a lot of men—don't you, Miss Carlin?"

Malou laughed. Her laughter cracked in the middle, and she stopped it abruptly. Had she ever known but one man her whole life long? Had she ever known *him*? The monotonous inner chant began again: "Ed-die—Eddie—Eddie."

She couldn't see his face—couldn't bring it back any more than if he had been the veriest stranger. . . . What had his voice been like? She had so loved his voice—there had been a queer resonant note in it; but what was it like? How did it sound? It couldn't be gone, so soon—not absolutely gone, in just a few hours, not gone!

"What time is it, Ann?" she asked brightly. "I've got to stop at a drug-store."

Ann said it was half-past twelve. She followed Malou to the door and stood there, dust-rag in one plump reddened hand, a wisp of blonde hair straggling over one cheek.



"Be good!" said Ann. "And have a good time!"

"What do you think I am?" said Malou. "A contortionist?"

She smiled. She smiled all the way down in the elevator. Twelve stories of smile, curving her painted lips. What did they call the people who used to carve smiles on the faces of their victims? *Com-compra-something*. . . . *Comprachicos*! A lipstick can be as good as a knife when it comes to carving a smile—can't it, Eddie? She couldn't feel Eddie any more; she couldn't see him or hear him; he was getting away from her. . . .

The drug-store was almost empty—of people. Full of perfumes and powders and candies and nail-brushes, bath-salts and swimming-caps.

Luckily the clerk behind the counter knew her—she'd been there often enough. Lean, sloppy young person; he needed a shave, but his eyes were susceptible. Narrow, dark-lashed eyes, a trifle humid. His mouth was very young; it quivered slightly when Malou spoke to him, leaning over the counter—she herself could sense the faint warm hint of gardenia that followed her movements.

"A dozen tablets—please," she said. "And I'm in a frightful hurry!" Her smile flattered him with its suggestion of depending upon his pleasure—in hurrying.

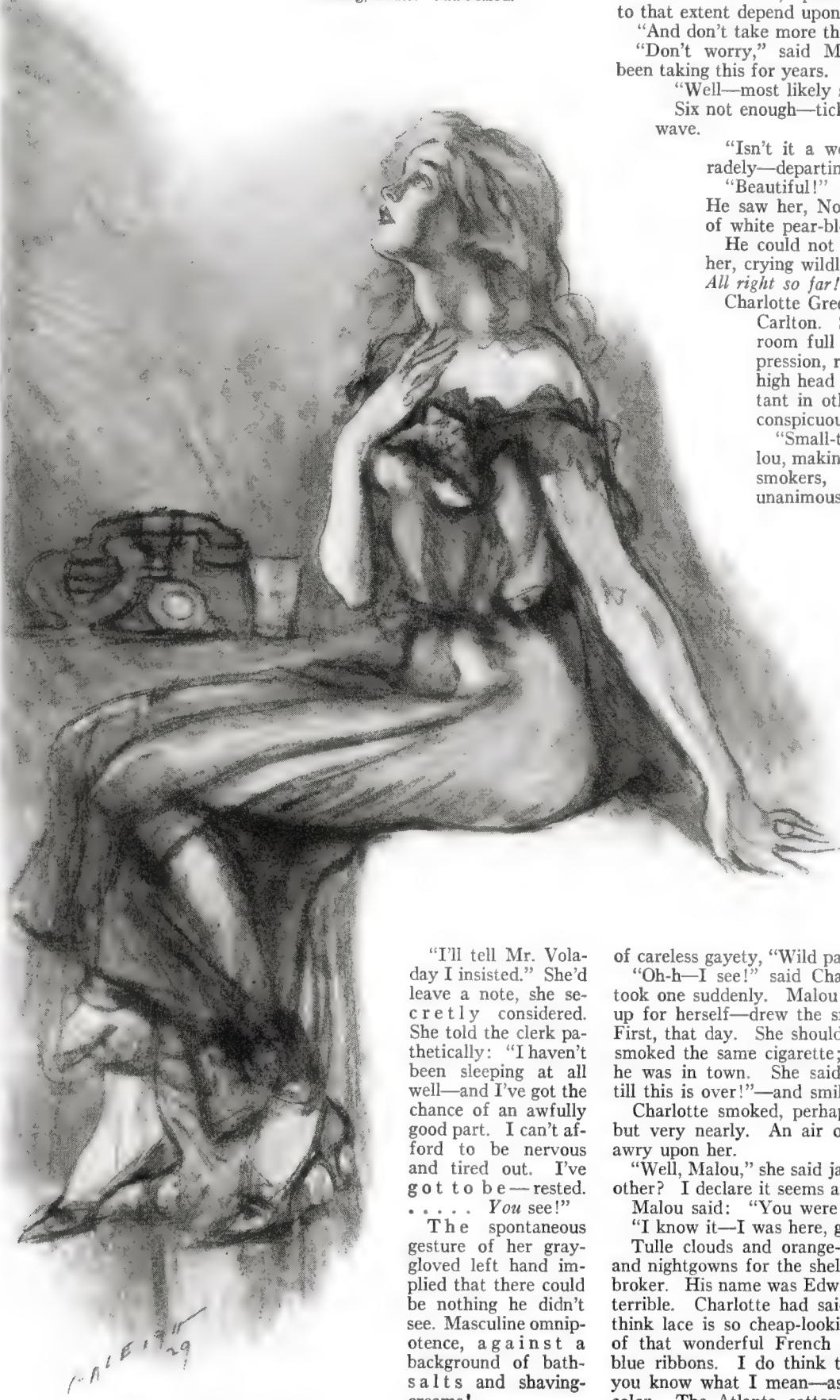
He resisted her—obviously embarrassed and reluctant. "I don't know if I can let you have it, Miss Carlin. Not that much—at one time."

"Why on earth?" inquired Malou, wide-eyed and guileless. "I've gotten it here before—without any question." Her eyes reproached him gently for his lordly cruelty in raising obstacles.

"Well, you see—Mr. Voladay's not in, just now."

"Good!" said the flutter in Malou's breast.

It had been such a beautiful world—once, long ago. Now it was as dead as the moon. Life seemed at its lowest ebb. . . . "Are you waiting, Eddie?" said Malou.



"I'll tell Mr. Voladay I insisted." She'd leave a note, she secretly considered. She told the clerk pathetically: "I haven't been sleeping at all well—and I've got the chance of an awfully good part. I can't afford to be nervous and tired out. I've got to be—rested. . . . You see!"

The spontaneous gesture of her gray-gloved left hand implied that there could be nothing he didn't see. Masculine omnipotence, against a background of bath-salts and shaving-creams!

"And I *am* in a terrible hurry," she persisted.

"We'll—" he said again, less surely.

"Thank you so much!" sighed Malou. She had the twelve tablets wrapped and in the black suede bag under one arm before he had definitely decided to brave Mr. Voladay's absence.

"I wish you'd let me know," he stammered youngly, "—the opening night of your show. I'd sure like to be there!"

"You *shall* know," promised Malou. One might, she thought, to that extent depend upon the tabloids.

"And don't take more than two of those, at a time."

"Don't worry," said Malou—she laughed charmingly. "I've been taking this for years. Six is fatal—isn't it?"

"Well—most likely six *would* be."

Six not enough—ticked the brain under Malou's leaf-brown wave.

"Isn't it a wonderful day!" she said to him, comradely—departing.

"Beautiful!" said the young drug-clerk reverently. He saw her, November though it was, through a mist of white pear-blossoms, dogwood and other flora.

He could not hear her, as the door swung to behind her, crying wildly—in utter silence: "All right, Eddie! All right so far!"

Charlotte Greene was waiting when Malou got to the Carlton. Seated at a small table in a corner of a room full of small tables, she presented the impression, rather, of fending off comment with the high head and composed lip of one who is important in other circles, even if not at the moment conspicuous.

"Small-town—you can't hide it!" thought Malou, making a languid way between chatters and smokers, between dark tailored frocks and unanimous silver-pointed dark furs. Charlotte was in purple, distinctly trying to her chastely unmade-up features, her small, rather colorless, mouth.

They met with effusion.

"Charlotte darling—how absolutely heavenly to see you again! Am I late? So sorry! I overslept this morning."

"Malou—you look absolutely wonderful! I suppose you're working yourself to death."

Malou thought: "Then it does show! Eddie—you've left your mark!" She sat down and took out a tortoise-shell cigarette-case.

"No," she said airily, "as it happens, I'm not working at all just now. The oversleep, Charlotte, my lamb—was an overhang—as one may say!" And she added, to clinch her effect

of careless gayety, "Wild party last night!"

"Oh-h—I see!" said Charlotte. She refused a cigarette, then took one suddenly. Malou offered her small silver lighter and lit up for herself—drew the smoke into her lungs with a tiny gasp. First, that day. She should have had one before. She and Eddie smoked the same cigarette; he had bought her a carton last time he was in town. She said to herself grimly: "Lay off, Eddie, till this is over!"—and smiled across the little table.

Charlotte smoked, perhaps not quite quirkling her little finger, but very nearly. An air of conscious sophistication sat vaguely awry upon her.

"Well, Malou," she said jauntily, "how long since we've seen each other? I declare it seems an age."

Malou said: "You were here four years ago, Lottie."

"I know it—I was here, getting my trousseau."

Tulle clouds and orange-blossoms. Charlotte buying chemises and nightgowns for the shell-spectacled eyes of an Atlanta cotton-broker. His name was Edwin. The chemises and nightgowns were terrible. Charlotte had said—in one shop after another: "I do think lace is so cheap-looking—don't you? I think just a touch of that wonderful French embroidery—and very pale pink and blue ribbons. I do think there's nothing so immoral-looking—if you know what I mean—as colored undies!" The rising tide of color. The Atlanta cotton-broker hadn't had to stem it. If it

required shell-spectacles to appreciate wonderful French embroidery—why, shell-spectacles was what Charlotte had married.

Married! Suppose Malou had been able to marry Eddie—with or without tulle and orange-blossoms. In every color of the rainbow—or in no color at all.

"You're jealous of Charlotte," she said to herself. "Eddie, I'm jealous of this stupid friendly fool—who's never had anything."

"Mackenzie's Wife in San Francisco. . . . Notified by Long-Distance."

After all—Mackenzie's wife! That never stopped hurting, say what you please!

Said Malou, smiling: "Well, Charlotte—how's the baby? Don't tell me you left him in Atlanta!"

Charlotte said guiltily: "Yes, Malou, I did. I've got the most wonderful nurse for him—she practically raised Edwin, after his mother died." Of course anybody that had raised Edwin!

"And he's on a regular diet," said Charlotte. She went into minute detail of the baby's diet. "I really needed a rest," she said pathetically.

"Heavens," said Malou, "I should think so! Having a baby must be a full-time job."

"Oh—it is—it is!" said Charlotte. "You don't know! No woman who hasn't brought a child into the world can have the least idea—"

Charlotte would call having a baby bringing a child into the world; she would believe that unless you'd had a baby—your ideas must be limited.

Eddie's wife *could* have given him a child—the rotten selfish gold-digger! Eddie should have had a son! With Eddie's eyes and his voice. . . . Fine chance! The Edwins got sons, but the Eddies didn't. Plenty of near-sighted, fat-chinned little Edwins running around the world, while splendid crazy adventurers like Eddie got wiped out. One minute a smudge on the sky, the next—*where?* Where are you—Eddie? . . . Eddie—I can't even see you. I can't even see your eyes. . . .

"Some one you know, over there?" asked Charlotte curiously.

Malou jerked herself together, frightened. Had she been staring for Charlotte to wonder at? She said casually: "Let's go into the dining-room, shall we? You must be starved. . . . No—just some one I thought I knew, for a moment."

Over their black coffee, at the end of an endless meal in which Malou had made all the gestures of eating and drinking, over and over, inwardly revolted—

"Malou," said Charlotte suddenly, "when are you going to get married, dear?"

Not to be able to shriek with crazy laughter! Not to be able to sob one's lungs out.

"Why, *Charlotte!*" said Malou. "Do you think I'm getting—spinsterish?"

She smiled and offered her cigarette-case.

Charlotte shook her head—reprovingly. "I don't like to see you smoking so much, Malou. Is it good for you?"

"You mean as a substitute for marriage?"

"Now, my dear—don't be clever with *me!* You know I'm not witty, like you—I'm just your little friend from down home who wants to see you happy—and settled."

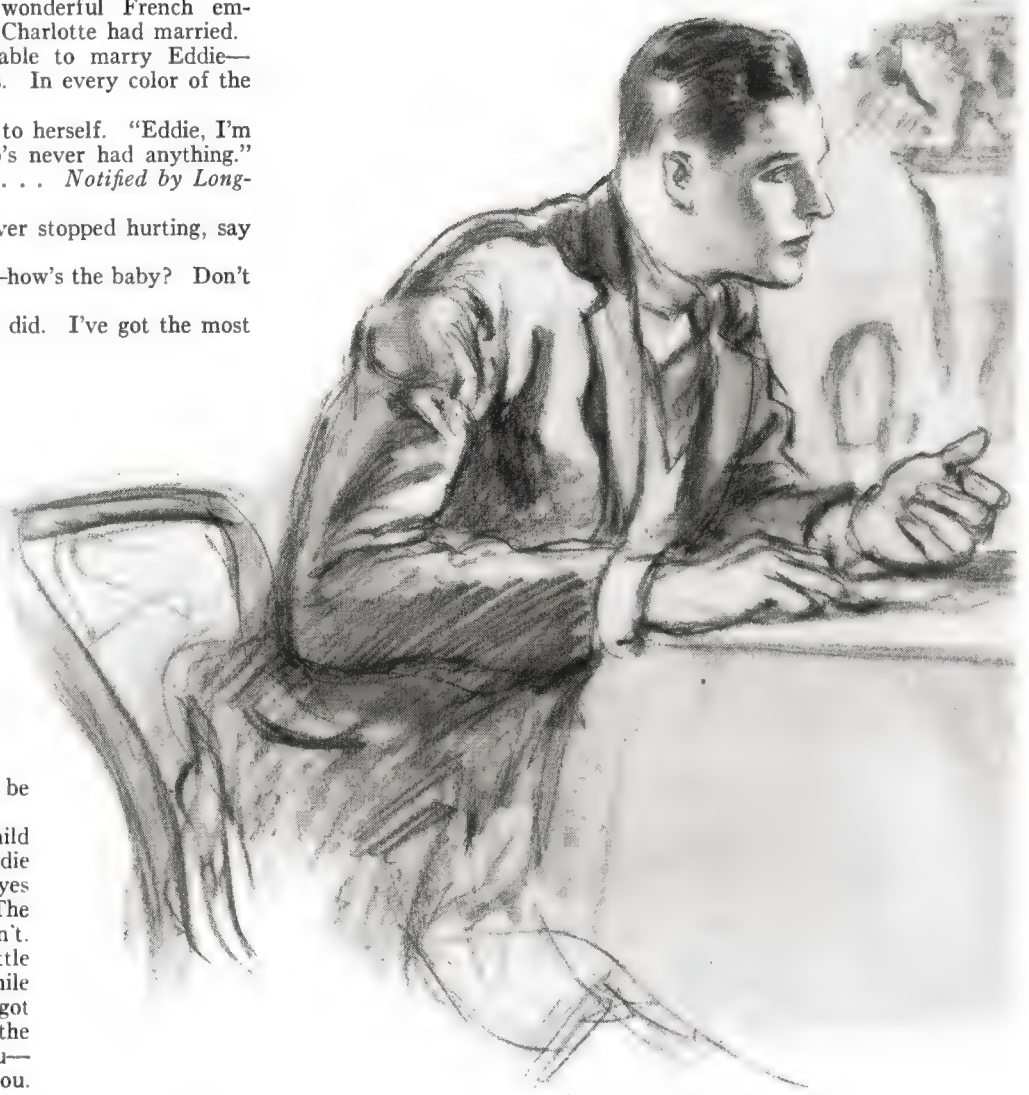
"Don't I look happy?" said Malou. Widening her eyes, stretching her rouged mouth—making shallow silver sounds quite effectively.

"Isn't there anyone at all?" persisted Charlotte. "You must meet a lot of nice men."

"Oh, I do—flocks of them. You've no idea!"

"Then, Malou—why don't you marry one of them? You don't know, my dear, what happiness really is—until you've got a house—and a man—and a child—of your own."

"I've got two rooms and a bath," said Malou. Very dimly, fainter than smoke along the horizon, came back to her for one moment the turn of Eddie's head—his long-limbed slouching walk, crossing the sitting-room. . . . "Must a house," added Malou, dry-lipped, "have more than that?"



"Be as funny as you like," said Charlotte. "Some day you'll wake up."

"If you're doing any praying for me, darling, I'd much rather sleep," said Malou. She slid a bill beneath the check the waiter presented to her, smiled at him and rose.

"Not waiting for change?" asked Charlotte cautiously. "Malou, you extravagant thing! Are you doing very well, this year?"

"Oh—marvelously!" said Malou.

"You've never regretted going on the stage—have you?"

"On the contrary, I've every reason—today—to be grateful—for my profession."

Truth cutting the warm, scented air like a blade—invisible.

"I'm so glad for you, darling," said Charlotte.

"Darling—that's awfully sweet of you!" said Malou.

A damned honest mouth, Eddie had said. For a woman! Just one instant a tone of his voice came back to her with the words. . . . She fought to keep it—it died away from her, left her isolate—outer and inner darkness.

She told Charlotte good-by—prettily, with all the necessary phrases—and turned from the Carlton south along the Avenue.

Steps, steady behind her, steady, finally, beside her, drew her resentful look.

"Howard—how perfectly absurd of you!"

"The watchdog of the treasure!" said Howard, beaming. "How'd your party go?"

"Call it that if you like," said Malou, "lunching with a friend of one's girlhood—a Keeper of the Old Oaken Bucket—a Parker on the Warm Hearthstone!" She smiled. Howard chuckled.

Howard was short and thick-set and ruddy. Tweeds from London—*clichés* from Paris—mind from Kansas City, where he was born. In the cow's horn—as one might say.

He wore his hat like an Englishman, than which more cannot be said in a hat's favor. Under the hat he carried about the usual



"Look here," said Allan, forcing her eyes with his, "I want you to tell me, Malou—aren't you getting pretty tired of this theater thing? Aren't you almost ready to come back—with me?"

number of masculine faiths—in himself, in his bootlegger, in the purchasing power of cash, in the susceptibility of women. He had brought Malou a diamond and sapphire bracelet from Cartier's, which she was at this moment wearing. Not a marrying man, Howard, but incontestably the Perfect Playmate. Jealous of his freedom but prodigal of his affections. He could see a ring and an altar, miles off—but to any other hazards he turned a blind spot. He had frequently told Malou that he loved her—perspiring visibly about the upper lip and tangibly about the palm of the hand as he did so. Which made it convincing.

Malou was extraordinarily fond of him—and loathed his touch. That was the only drawback to Howard.

He fingered his small reddish mustache, walking along beside her, looking sideways at her out of gray slightly bloodshot eyes. Boyish eyes, for all their sophisticate weariness. Howard drank a lot; he gave a lot of wild parties. If Malou played around with him, she would have every aid to forgetfulness, right at her elbow. People sometimes seemed to forget—if they kept at it, long enough.

"What're you doing this afternoon?" (Please turn to page 150)

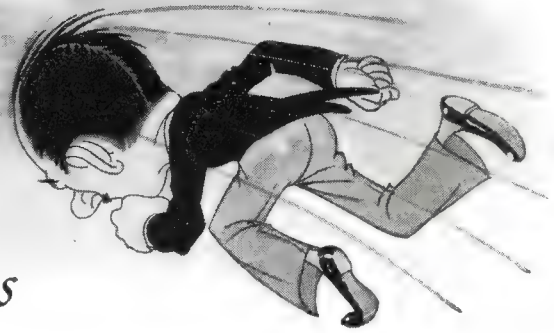
You Can Change Your Fate

By

Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins

who devised that amusing little book, "I've Got Your Number" and demonstrated, upon these pages, how you may really "Tell Your Own Fortune."

Illustrated by Frederic J. Garner



IF you do not like the fate that has been allotted you, take it back and get another. When a man has poor eyesight, he buys glasses. A woman turns straight hair into curly at will. No parent would think of letting a baby remain bowlegged. Yet these same people will hang onto a job they do not like, live in places they hate, accept uncongenial companionship, or stay engaged indefinitely, and lay the blame on destiny. Few there are who need be the slaves of Fate. Fate is a bully that goes down before a bold onslaught.

There are two ways of getting around Fate. You can modify your reaction to circumstances, or change the circumstances themselves. Some physical infirmities cannot be cured; some burdens must be carried; some responsibilities must be accepted. In cases like these where the circumstances actually cannot be altered, you can change your fate by changing your attitude. Everyone knows people who have triumphed in spite of tremendous handicaps. They changed their emotional reaction to the circumstances.

But the philosophy of resignation has been overdone. Making the best of things may be a camouflage for refusing to exert oneself. The universe is in a state of flux; Nature is never two days

alike; kittens become cats, babies grow up; and in the midst of all this transformation, mankind tries to hold things stationary. He encases himself in habit for protection. He is afraid to change when change would benefit him. He excuses himself from adventuring, on the ground that he will injure some one, not realizing that it is as hard to do harm as to do good. At the same time he is hoping in the depths of his heart that an earthquake, a fire, a tidal wave or some other act of God will effect his release. He doesn't care how much his loved ones suffer, so long as they can't blame him for it. Need we point out that "him" means "her" also?

The following suggestions for controlling your destiny are not ultimate solutions of your problem, but rather promptings intended to start you thinking for yourself. If you don't like our plans for you, make your own. The important thing is that you be master of your fate and not the slave of circumstances.

This game provides a good way of getting acquainted with people. Test your beloved. Test yourself. Get a line on old friends and new acquaintances. Try it at the next party you go to or give.



You are so easy-going you are in danger of marrying anyone who insists on marrying you.

Key Number 0

It is pleasant to start this article discussing an especially fine type. You are an eminently satisfactory friend, mate, parent. People often blame you, because they have to blame somebody, but the only person who has a legitimate grievance against you is yourself. You don't have as good a time as you might. If you are conscious of this lack, you can change your fate for the better by adding a new group of friends to those you now have, especially a group that gives you a sense of freedom. If, for instance, you feel that you would have made a good writer or artist if circumstance had permitted, associate with writers and artists.

They will like you because you will give them intelligent appreciation. When you find yourself dreaming of the good time you'll have some day, see if you can't have some of it now. You are so easy-going and loving that you're in danger of marrying anyone who insists on marrying you. Remember this matter concerns you as well as the other person.

Key Number 1

You have actually tried to change your life either by moving from one house to another or one city to another, or else you are dreaming of the day that you will be free to roam. You do not realize that people of your type pack up their fate with their china and hand it to moving men. Perpetual tourists and professional hoboes carry their restlessness with them even if they leave their toothbrushes behind. "They who cross the seas change their sky but not their disposition." What you need to do is to change your reactions toward situations instead of trying to get away from them. You can change your fate only by finding out what trait it is that brings you unhappiness and substituting a different characteristic. Study honestly what caused your previous failures before you undertake a new venture.



Do not blame your wife for being dominating—even an angel would take advantage of you.

Key Number 2

You are a good example of the kind of person who can change his fate and does so whenever it is desirable. When your love-affair goes wrong, you don't spend your time nursing a broken heart. You know from experience that everything will come out right in the end for you. You do not expect perfection in others, or in yourself, either. You are not so thin-skinned that you bleed at a touch. You will often hear people say, "You

DIRECTIONS FOR FINDING YOUR KEY NUMBER

Answer each question "Yes" or "No" to the best of your ability. If three or more questions of Group 1 are answered "Yes," begin your key number with "1;" if they are answered "No," omit "1" from your key number. In the same way, add "2," "3," "4," and "5" to your key number if the majority of questions in those groups are answered "Yes," omitting them if the majority are answered "No." When you have ascertained your key number, turn to the indicated fortune.

GROUP 1—[write key number here]→	YES	NO
Do you think that people who want terrifically things belonging to other people, should be given them?		
Are people inconsiderate of your wishes?		
Are you too honest to tell the mother of a homely baby that her offspring is attractive?		
Do people take pleasure in telling you about the good times you have missed?		
Do you get less appreciation than you deserve?		
GROUP 2—[write key number here]→		
Do you feel free to come late to meals if you choose?		
Is this a pretty good world?		
Do you usually follow your own judgment?		
Are you now living the sort of life you prefer?		
Do you usually get what you want?		

GROUP 3—[write key number here]→	YES	NO
Do you think the ideal love is two personalities merged into one?		
Are other people's affairs more important to you than your own?		
Are people who want to lead their own lives usually selfish?		
Need one consult the family when making an important decision which does not involve others?		
Does a life of sacrifice entitle one to return sacrifices?		
GROUP 4—[write key number here]→		
Are you haunted by a sense of the seriousness of life?		
Do you consider recreation a duty?		
Do you come to your major decisions only after earnest thought?		
Do you suffer when you fall below your ideal?		
Are you miserable when you are behind in your work?		
GROUP 5—[write key number here]→		
Are you considered critical?		
Do your loved ones deceive you?		
Does your frank and fearless tongue make you enemies?		
Do you think unpopularity is often a sign of unappreciated superiority?		
Are you amused when people make fools of themselves?		

have all the luck," but the truth is you make your own luck. You go after what you want. In marriage you choose what you like, and continue to like what you have chosen. You need no advice from us.

Key Number 3

People of your type do not change their fates through their own exertions. Their philosophy is, "Thou therefore endure hardship." It is very probable that if they change from one situation to another, the second will be a duplicate of the first. If outside circumstances have done well by them, they bloom like a flower garden. But if a storm breaks over them, it is a



You are a person who can change his [or her] fate and does so whenever desirable. You go after what you want.

because you are so gentle and so yielding that perhaps even an angel would take advantage of you.

Key Number 4

If only you did not take life so seriously, you and everyone around you would be happier. You probably are inclined to hitch your wagon to a star—wretched advice except for those who wont follow it. You are tied within by your ideals, standards, desire for perfection and inability to accept the common lot. Because you can stand ten-cent-store socks, or cups and saucers that do (Please turn to page 100)



You hitch your wagon to a star—wretched advice except for those who wont follow it.

sad-looking flower garden that is left. If you are one of the lucky ones, you are happy beyond most people and are passionately loyal to your loved ones. If, on the other hand, you have had unlucky breaks, you are very like to have developed a persecution complex. Occasionally the worm turns, to the surprise and confusion of all. If pushed too far you can change your fate—by finding some one else to love. You do enjoy loving. You have tremendous attachments. Do not let your attachment to kinsfolk come between you and marriage, for it is in marriage that you will find your life's satisfaction. If you are a man do not blame your wife for being dominating,



You are not like the common herd. Temperaments like yours are found among musicians, writers and poets.

Husbands Are Born

"HUSBANDS," said Dan, convinced of his point, "are born."
"Not necessarily," Terry argued. "Very frequently husbands are made. Out of raw material," he added thoughtfully.

The excitement of the newspaper office went on unheeded as Dan hitched his chair closer.

"You don't get me, Terry. I mean a chap is born with the makings of husbandhood in him, or he's not."

"Oh, yes, I see. Just like he might be born with any other sort of weakness."

"It goes back to the old thing, you know: the acquisitive in man that makes him long for property."

"The trouble with that, Dan my boy, is that women are the more acquisitive. The man belongs to the wife, not the other way around. When she says, 'I will,' she means, 'I will own you.' She'll let you work for her; and if she feels like it, she'll pet you or rag you as the spirit moves her. She'll boost you or run you down to her friends according to her nature and the way she regards the rest of her property; if it stands up well alongside her neighbor's, she'll treat it well. If it doesn't, she won't. Husbands and parlor rugs and new hats are all one to a woman. It's just a question as to how much each sets her off."

Dan waited a minute to see if the managing editor was going to call him, and when the command did not come, he said: "You're pretty brutal, at that, Terry. I suppose there's such a thing as love."

"I suppose there's such a thing as propinquity, glamour, what they call in the films 'sex appeal!'" Terry corrected savagely. "Love? Bosh! Listen: people that have a real talent for matrimony would be happy with anyone. You take a couple that have been married, as they say, happily, for ten years: All right! They've reached a state of tranquillity. They're on to each other's little habits, and they're adjusted so they get along without interfering. What I say is: with that sort of temperament, any two people on earth could be equally happy together."

"Well, in a case like that, a woman doesn't own the man, Terry. You're against your own argument."

"Oh, no, I'm not. A machine doesn't own itself, does it? It's owned by the person it benefits. Well, and what's a husband but a money-making machine? I ask you!"

"Well, a girl takes on responsibilities too, when she marries."

Terry snorted. "Responsibilities? Don't make me laugh. It's the husband that ties himself up with those. He takes on the responsibility of support, first and foremost. In his extra time he takes on the job of doing the thousand and one things called 'gentlemanly,' that means always making his wishes second to hers. She makes all the dates. She chooses the friends. The house is arranged to suit her. It's 'her' house. She sets the dinner hour maybe according to his schedule, but let him be late a few times, and he'll see whose dinner's been kept waiting. Hers!"

Telephones shrilled; copy-boys ran; above everything came the managing editor's voice, swearing heartily and without rancor.

A leading dramatic critic presents, amusingly and vividly, a comedy-tragedy of domesticity in America today.



Dan wished Mrs. Lemoyne wouldn't treat Fenella as if she were still a child playing with doll dishes.

"What about the race?" Dan demanded virtuously. "I guess it'd go to pot if it weren't for marriage."

"Why shouldn't it?" Terry returned belligerently. (He had been reading Nietzsche lately.) "Anyhow, most women have children as hostages to fortune."

Dan lighted a cigarette and tossed the match over his shoulder. "I gather," he said, "that you're ag'in' marriage."

"Aren't you?" Terry regarded his friend suspiciously.

"For myself, personally, you bet," Dan told him hastily. "But I guess it's all right in theory."

"That's the way to keep it—theoretical, Dan." Terry rose to his feet and said darkly: "Dan, you're not holding out on me, are

By Virginia Dale

Illustrated by Everett Shinn



EVERETT SHINN

you? You're not going to spring any wedding-bell racket, are you? Sometimes there's a soft streak in you gets me worried like hell."

"Never," Dan answered firmly. "And give up my chances here for a foreign correspondenceship?" He gazed around the untidy newspaper office lovingly.

"Well, I should hope not," Terry sighed with relief. His looks swept the office with an adoration matching his young friend's. "You know, Dan, you're sitting prettier than any of the gang around here. The first thing you know, you'll be slipped a ticket to Ten Miles North of Nowhere and be sending back smashing stuff about the duke's bombing the royal palace, and the heir

apparent's intrigue. I wish I were as close to the job as I know you are."

"Gosh, Terry, do you think I am?" Dan's question was almost a prayer. "Foreign correspondenceship!" he breathed reverently. Roaming the earth where men had walked when the world was new. International politics. Tiffin (wasn't that what they called it?) on some sun-bleached beach. Troubled Russia, and Paris

nights, and the painted people of Japan. The world stretched like a gaudy adventure waiting for him. And because he was a little ashamed of betraying the emotions to which such thoughts set fire,—as becomes a star reporter who must seem blasé,—he concentrated on his cigarette.

"You know," he began, nonchalantly putting his feet in the waste-basket for added *savoir-faire*, "if I did land that job, I'd only want it for about five years—well, say ten. Not more than ten. Then I'd come back and stick myself away somewhere and write the books I hanker to do. You know, Terry, I'd figure life had handed me a thoroughly beautiful deal if things come out that way for me. And to think some fellows want to settle down and keep house!"

"We weren't born to be husbands," Terry reminded him; and then devoutly: "Thank God!"

But that night Dan met Fenella. . . .

She was little and light and daring, and there was an air of preciousness about her that Dan had never seen before. Her father was Willis Lemoyne, fiendishly, abominably rich. That troubled Dan immensely at first; it was his initiation into coherent thoughtfulness on money other than that which centered on what he considered his adequate pay-check and the small financial transactions carried on by borrowing—and lending—friends. Dan spent what he earned as carelessly as if it were a sixth sense.

At the end of the ninth dance with Fenella, Dan asked if he could see her again. The urgency of his desire was all tangled with that long-standing one for adventure that was to take him to the earth's rim. A pressure of longing was in him, transmuted from far places into the figure of this girl.

"Why, yes," Fenella had answered. "Come on out to the house—say, oh, Wednesday night. We'll go places."

Only afterwards it struck him she hadn't thought it necessary to tell him where she lived, had taken for granted he would know the Lemoyne house. Well, it wasn't difficult to learn the address. The society editor, for one, could have told without referring to her files.

The butler who opened the door depressed him, and the feeling was intensified as he waited for her in the long satiny drawing-room, shining under its crystal lights. "What right have I here?" he asked himself confusedly. "I don't belong. I shouldn't wait!" For a minute or two, indeed, he longed for the careless up-

heaval of the office, for his mother's comfortable old-fashioned house. But when Fenella came toward him, Russia and Paris and Japan were blended in the promise of her smile.

He had to admit to himself that Mrs. Lemoyne was a perfect piece of art. She was as artificial as a Louis XV chair, as carefully upholstered, as cunningly designed for beauty. Artificiality can be an art in itself, and Dan was arrested by that of Mrs. Lemoyne's. She spoke of her other daughter, Gloria, abroad on her wedding-tour, who had married, Dan gathered, the Sandow Breakfast Food Company. Old Lemoyne was rather quiet, carrying the air of some private joke about with him.

But the house, the butler, even Mrs. Lemoyne, were all background for Fenella. They added somehow to her tradition of preciousness, and that which is precious is usually out of reach and hence terrifically desirable. And if Fenella met him on the equal ground of youth's attraction, Mrs. Lemoyne found him chic, and what he called his "job" amusing. "Tell me again about those men in jail writing in the prison books," she would say. It was entertaining to her to know that prisoners read books. And money did not exist as a tangible coherency for either mother or daughter any more than it had for Dan—though for opposite reasons. . . .

It was in April that the managing editor called Dan into his office. "How would you like to go to Tunis?" he asked abruptly.

Tunis, the White City—the gaudy adventure of the world waiting for him!

"A—you mean a foreign correspondenceship?" Dan said unsteadily.

"Yes, stay down there for a year, say, then a roving commission—hop back and forth from Biskra to the Midnight Sun."

The fading day poured in through the office window. From outside some one shouted, "Extra!" The presses pounded. Dan turned clear, shining eyes to the managing editor.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I couldn't. I'm going to be married."

An hour later Terry exploded from the editor's office. Everyone in the city room crowded to congratulate him, almost cheering. Murders and suicides, war, tornadoes and holocausts never break the pushing routine of that manufacturing place of excitement called a newspaper; but when one of the staff gets his commission to milk excitement from the breast of the world, staid reporters go mad and tired copy-men forget headlines.

But Terry shook himself free and grabbed Dan's arm. "You come with me," he commanded. He steered Dan away from the office and around the corner to Tracy's.

Tracy's, supported almost entirely by newspaper men, had not heard the news of prohibition. Tracy's booths were sound-proof and in them many an editorial policy had been decided, many a politician's political life ended; there nights had been wasted and nights been inspired. "Now tell me," Terry begged, "tell me it isn't true, Danny."

Dan drank a shot of Tracy's fiery Scotch at a gulp. "That what isn't true?" he countered.

"You know. That you're throwing up everything to marry some girl."

"Maybe I don't figure I'm throwing up anything. Maybe I figure I'm getting everything."

"What?"

For a moment Dan wanted to explain, make this dear fierce friend know all that Fenella meant. "Why—she—I—" he began.

"Go on."

"We're different," Dan began again.

"Nearly everyone thinks they're different. That's what makes nearly everyone alike."

Dan gave it up. "You wouldn't understand, Terry. You won't let yourself. I love her. She loves me. That's all that counts."

Terry gazed malevolently. "Just a poor damn' born husband after all," he said at last. "Hell! How could I have made such a mistake in any man as I made in you!"

Dan got up to go. He hated to leave Terry like this, felt that somehow he must reach out and bridge the breach that was cutting wider between them. But he had promised Fenella to be with her early.

As he reached the door, Dan heard Terry shouting.

"What's that?" he called.

"I said what about the novels you were going to write?"

Dan came back. "Is there any reason," he asked severely, "why a man can't write novels in the same house with his wife?"

"Yes, there is," Terry told him flatly. "He's written out—cooking up things to keep her quiet."

Dan left then—it was getting terribly late, and Fenella wouldn't like it—and Terry called for more fiery Scotch and drank it steadily far into the night.

Fenella didn't like Terry. "I'm glad he's going away, honey," she said after their first meeting. "I think he's a bad influence for you."

"Oh, Terry's all right," Dan defended a little miserably. He told himself he couldn't blame Fenella for not liking Terry; certainly that young gentleman made no effort to make her do so.

Terry took the train for his adventure the night Dan married his. . . . After the honeymoon they went to the little new apartment so crammed with wedding presents. His mother had been there and left her post-nuptial gifts in the ice-box: a golden roasted chicken with its fat legs tied together and showing Dan's



favorite apple-and-raisin dressing. He wanted to cut off a drumstick and eat it then and there. But he knew Fenella wouldn't like that.

His mother's best damson plums stood in three jars on the new white table beside the sweet butter he preferred, and a sheet of his own special soft rolls. He could see his mother in her wide, airy kitchen in her faded gingham house-dress, taking them out of the oven.

But Fenella's mother had left tracks too: Mrs. Willis Lemoyne had placed the new Venetian vase, the slender silver ones that could manage a single rose apiece in solemn loneliness, the low crystal bowls, all filled with flowers—exquisite, expensive flowers like herself.

"Isn't Mother a dear?" said Fenella.

"Yes," he agreed, and kissed his little bride.

"Pick up your coat, Danny. I put hangers in the hall closet, and it's just as easy to hang things up when you come in as to throw them just anywhere. Father always puts his things away, even with Suki to do it for him, and we haven't any Suki, you know. You don't want me to go picking up after you, do you?" He looked at her uneasily, but saying nothing, obeyed. But he wondered, at the mention of her father, what that stately old gentleman really thought of him. He had wondered a hundred times since the interview wherein he had asked him for Fenella.

"Judging from all visible signs, you two are in love," old Lemoyne had answered. "So what good would it do me to say no?"

Even if I wanted to. I know Fenella, you see. I know it wouldn't do any good."

Dan had said nothing. There seemed nothing to say. Presently Lemoyne went on: "I'll give her an allowance."

Then Dan had broken in: "No sir. I couldn't have that. I'll support my wife."

"On how much?"

"On a hundred and twenty-five a week." He had always been proud of that sum. It was an excellent salary for a reporter. No one need be ashamed of it. "Fenella knows," Dan added.

"Fenella thinks she knows," old Lemoyne had corrected. Some-

"What's the joke?" Fenella asked a little angrily.

"I don't think Terry meant it as a joke," Dan answered slowly. "From his point of view I think he considers it a little monument to a broken desire. But he's wrong! He's wrong!" Dan cried fiercely. "My God, how glad I am that I *know* he's wrong!" And he gathered Fenella hungrily in his arms.

Fenella didn't like coffee in the morning, and she decreed Dan should share her cocoa. He hated the sweet, weak stuff. He had always imagined breakfasts in their own home with a cheerful percolator singing a matin song between them.

"Coffee's bad for you," she told him—who, as a good reporter,



"Never married, have you, Terry?" "No," said Terry. "I prefer a transient hostess in the cabaret of my emotions."

thing of that air of private enjoyment deserted him for a moment. He captured it again instantly, and smiled. "Yes. As I said, you're both in love." The interview ended.

And now the honeymoon was over, and the business of living was to be dealt with by this girl and boy together. Dan kissed her again as they wandered around their new, new rooms. "What's this?" Dan picked up a small flat package from the living-room table. "Another present, I'll gamble. Look: it's Terry's writing."

Fenella looked coolly. "And addressed to you. Hum! Your friend doesn't seem to know that gifts are usually sent the bride."

Dan was breaking the seals. "Why, what—"

"What is it?"

"It's a canceled railroad ticket." He stood silently with the bleak bit of paper in his hands.

lived chiefly on it. "I'm going to take care of you now." But she looked so sweet in her gorgeous rose negligée that he kissed the inside of her hand, which was a thing they had learned very early on the honeymoon was a thoroughly fascinating and satisfactory thing to do. And after all, it was easy enough to get a quick cup of coffee at the Greek's near the office—when he had time.

They had dinner with the Lemoynes' the next evening, the deft Suki hovering with the quiet disinterestedness of perfect service and somehow taking the salt out of the meal for Dan. Her father and mother began quarreling sociably with the caviar. Dan was one of the family now.

"But why don't you want to go to the Pickwick Ball?" Mrs. Lemoyne persisted, eyebrows climbing. (Please turn to page 134)

Keep Him Deluded

or

We Admit It Is Modern; but Is It Furniture?

Words and Pictures by
Milt Gross

ERIC CHIZZLE'S greatest joy in life was his tremendous hate for Ignatz Gooch. All week long Eric toiled in the furniture factory of which he was proprietor, president, general manager and chief worrier. Sundays and holidays he hated Ignatz. Often he would wake up in the middle of the night to enjoy a brief hate, and then sneak back to sleep again. Sometimes in the midst of an important business deal he would excuse himself, steal away to the wash-room for a clandestine Ignatz-hate and after adjusting his necktie and lighting a cigarette, would return smiling to the waiting customers. Not that his hate was a dark secret. He openly bragged about it, just as some people brag about collecting old straw hats or umbrella handles. The world knew of it, and especially did Ignatz.

As to Ignatz, the mere mention of Eric's first name was enough to make him act like a pot of oatmeal cooking in a single boiler—sizzling and spluttering and popping off all over in volcanic explosions. At the mention of the second, he would begin to bite chunks out of iron hydrants and dive through plate-glass windows—if there was a jewelry store handy. Furthermore, Ignatz Gooch was a doctor, and he owned a hospital for the cure of maimed and crippled.

The heavy hate, dating back to the time when Eric and Ignatz were boys together, started either over a girl, or over an argument as to whether or not the eight-ball was froze.

Terrific as they were, however, both hates put together were as a tender cooing love, compared to the hate that J. Snappenbacker Zwiff had for himself.

J. Snappenbacker was a bad insurance risk, who seemed to be having a bit tongue, a hang-nail, a bad case of sunburn, and a blister on the heel all at once. Most of his hours he spent sitting in the spacious window of his Fifth Avenue club, getting laughed at by passing bus-loads of Bronxites. The rest of the time he petted horses, made life a hell on earth for

waiters, and rapped public servants on the head with his cane, a huge odd-looking affair, heavy, gnarled and gold-headed.

On this particular morning, J. Snappenbacker emerged from his club, to be greeted by six-foot-two of beaming numbskullery that stood resplendent in the uniform of the club door-man.

"Nice day," responded Snappy in a voice that sounded like a razor pulling against a tough beard.

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," answered the door-man, "but it did seem to me as how it felt a bit dampish!"

"Oh! So I'm a liar, am I?" roared Snappy as large luscious rain-drops began to splatter the sidewalk.

"But it do feel like rain, sir," responded the door-man, buttoning his collar and stepping under the canopy to avoid the sudden down-pour.

"Oh, no, it don't," sang Snappy, shaking a cute forefinger at him and getting a nice tight grip on the handle of his cane.

"But I beg pardon, sir—"

"I beseech—"

"I implore—"

"I beg—"

Clunk! Down came the cane with such a rap as only a door-man's skull could stand. But no cane could stand it. Snappy's pet walking-stick, his pride and joy, lay upon the sidewalk in more pieces than the B., Z. and P. Restaurant can cut a pumpkin pie into.

It was at this point that Eric Chizzle happened along.

"Aha!" he exclaimed. "Is it a cut-

out puzzle? You'll catch cold!"

"Ow-ow-wooh!" moaned J. Snappenbacker. "What's double pneumonia compared to my grief? Oh, boo-hoo! My poor cane! We were inseparable. Never did I stir a step without my cane! Ten years it took me to have that cane made. I had Professor Schlitz travel around the world of every country. From each one a piece of wood went into its making! And now—I had to go and rap a door-man over the skull with it. Owwwwow!"



All week long Eric Chizzle toiled in the furniture factory of which he was president. Sundays and holidays he hated Ignatz Gooch.



Combination Footrest and Pantry: Also makes an excellent billiard table, corkscrew, can opener, and snow-shovel, and when worn on the vest, becomes as beautiful as well as practical watch fob.



Electric Fan: A new twist in sympathetic harmony with the surroundings. Note the complete absence of floors in the room.

"To Penn. Station and Street." Note absence of chewing gum, hairpins, papers, cigar- and cigarette-butts, banana-peels, matches, and broken bottles, which are all cleverly concealed inside the sparrow.



"The oaf didn't do a thing to them victrolas, chairs, and whatnots!"

"I'll lay you six to five," said Eric, "that Fate steered your mitt on that wallop just so's I can show you what a wow I am! Pick up the pieces and follow me to my furniture factory."

Three hours later he emerged from his workshop. J. Snappenbacker Zwiff sat waiting calmly, like a frog on a hot stove.

"Don't start tearing off your jewelry and throwing it at me yet," said Eric, "until you leap out of the fourteenth-floor window into a pile of bricks with your cane. Then if it comes apart, you don't owe me a nickel."

"My boy," said J. Snappenbacker fervently as he caressed the rehabilitated cane, rubbing his hands lovingly over its new and shining smoothness, "you have put me forever in your debt. I am a power in this town. Judges do my bidding. I control the press and pulpit. Powerful men, men high in office, tremble at the mere mention of my name. I pick Mussolini's hats for him, and some day even clerks will be polite to me. I am yours to command. Speak out! What is your most desired wish?"

"Well," said Eric slowly, "there's a low-down ornery cantankerous varmint in this town entitled Ignatz Gooch. He owns a hospital. I want him ruined!"

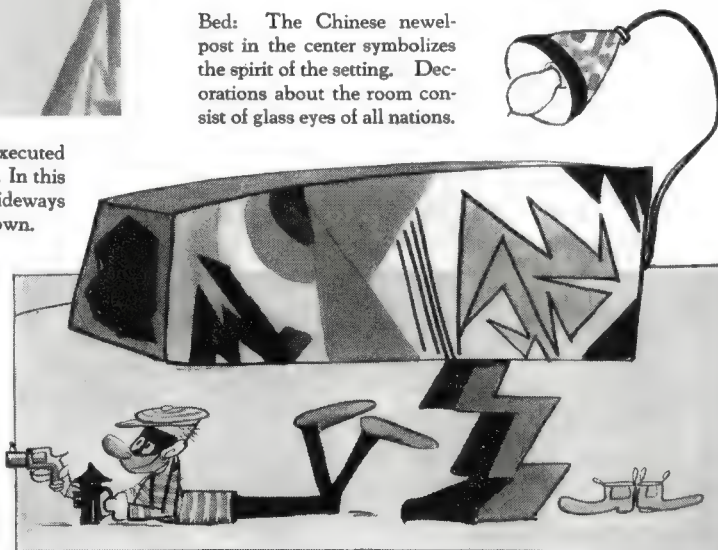
"My boy," said J. Snappenbacker warmly, "consider him as ruined as a Mott Street private bank with fifty thousand lemon-merchants pounding on the door." . . .

"Never at no time," said Dr. Ignatz Gooch to his assistant, Piggy Malloy, as they sat disconsolately in the deserted ward of the Doctor's hospital, "never at no time in my twenty years of experience have I seen such a slump in the maimed and crippled business. I can't figure it out."

"There's something about it," agreed Piggy "that's got me scratching my chin too. Take, now, for example, Captain Muggles over at the Fifth Precinct. He used to throw a lot of his third-degree work our way after they got through with them. Well, I strolled over there today, and the Captain, who usta be sociable-like, has a



Andiron and Radio: Executed in the Bumnuft manner. In this motif the elevators go sideways instead of up and down.



Bed: The Chinese newel-post in the center symbolizes the spirit of the setting. Decorations about the room consist of glass eyes of all nations.



"Step in, gents—it wont cost you a cent!"

funny look in his glim that makes me feel as comfortable as an elbow in a plate of grease. Furthermore, Twanky the turnkey tells me he aint heard a yelp come outa that back room in three months. It aint right nohow."

"There's something about the whole business," answered the Doctor. "Take f'r example the annual social dance of the Brass Knuckle Works. That usta be good for at least forty stretcher cases besides filling every bed in the ward. We usta have every crutch in the place working, and you couldn't get a wheel chair for love nor money! What happens this year? They pull off the shindig and some one slips in wax bottles and rubber blackjacks! I don't like the look of that! No more subway rushes! Bargain sales done away with. Not a banana-peel to be found on the street. I've forgotten how to wire up a skull since the apartments all installed non-slip bathtubs. I'm beginning to get leery! If I hadn't rented two crutches to a photographer for a tripod—"

"How about riding people up and down Fifth Avenue in our wheel chairs like Atlantic City?" suggested Piggy.

"As if I didn't try that," retorted the Doctor disgustedly, "when a big fat guy with a lot of bundles leaps in and yells, 'Penn Station!' About a block from there a gang of taxicab gorillas spot me for a scab! Well sir, it's a good thing I kept cool and ran or I'd have been still cooler by now!"

"Another month of this and we'll both be tying on a bill over our mouth and going out picking worms with the chickens," Piggy was saying when they were interrupted by a knock on the door.

An old lady entered.

"Is this the proper place," she inquired tremulously, "to bring a patient suffering from delusions?"

"My dear lady," effused Doctor Ignatz, climbing out from the shelter of the wastebasket, "this is the Bide-a-Wee Home if you've got a cat with a fever. Where's the patient?"

"He's outside, sir."

"Do you think you can keep him deluded till we get him in?"

"Never fear, sir—he's been that way since childhood," she said, stepping out and returning in a moment leading a six-foot oaf by the hand. He was grinning, and his head shook.

"When he gets his delusions, sir," she began, "he thinks he's a swordfish! You've never seen the like of it, the way he acts up when he's took with them. Nothing will do but for him to tie on a saw and go diving around at the furniture. Why, when he was two years old, our backs wouldn't be turned a minute but what he'd have the legs sawed clean off of the piano. And the night old General Pegleg visited us! Horrors! We had to borrow (Please turn to page 106)

The ENCHANTED

NO one was the least surprised when Candis Moore married Ronald Carlton.

It was, said everyone, just the sort of reckless, ridiculous gesture Candis would make. For, said everyone, Candis had never done the expected thing since her kindergarten days—and not always then.

Of course there were excuses. Her father: He, alone, was excuse enough. A worthless, lovable drunkard, he had been. But there was also, and more tragically, her mother. Everyone had said, when Hilary Moore had brought the exquisite Perella Santès home to staid old Kingscombe as wife, that she would come to no good end. She had. But not until after she had first given to Hilary complete happiness and Candis. Then one morning she was gone,—“I find, my love, that after all these years I am still a swallow—that I can never be a wren,”—and Hilary Moore had never heard from, or of her again. So he drank—he had drunk himself to quick death.

Yes, there were excuses for Candis, though Candis laughingly observed that she felt Ronald himself excuse enough.

“Good looks!” said the town contemptuously. “Good looks won’t feed you, nor charm put clothes on your back, nor a brilliant wit keep a roof over your head, nor an old name and a war-record pay for a baby.”

Candis laughed. Ronnie had a job—well, a sort of job, just the kind he needed after a dose of German mustard gas: foreman of a gang of oil-drillers in a remote dry corner of Texas, and a piece of land there of his own that might some day materialize into a gushing bonanza—when he had saved enough to buy the necessary equipment to drill on it.

Her father’s sister, who was very rich and very mean, said: “Don’t be absurd. Neither of you have, nor will ever have, a penny. But my dear Candis, if you choose to make a fool of yourself, I can’t stop you. Only don’t expect me to support you after marriage as I have before.”

Candis didn’t. Instead, she learned to cook. “When I think of the fun I’ve missed—not learning how to cook,” she told Ronnie. “Look!” He looked, but at her, not at the corn muffins. “Wonderful—beautiful!” said he.

They were married in June.

Ronnie, looking at the shining miracle which was Candis, wondered how he had ever thought of living life without her.

And Candis, looking at the dark splendor which



was Ronnie, begged a remote but tolerant God to help her understand and control this mercurial quantity that would, in another five minutes, be her quite lawful husband.

Afterward, neither of them could remember their honeymoon.

“Perhaps vaguely,” Candis would tell him.

“Oh, vaguely, of course,” he would grin down at her.

A dream—that honeymoon had been.

“That’s why it’s so hard to recall,” Candis would explain very gravely. “Dreams are awfully hard to remember.”

“Awfully,” he’d agree with a matching solemnity.

In love? Absurdly, terribly, tensely so.

“Love like that doesn’t last,” said everyone.

They were wrong.

“Happiness like that doesn’t last,” said everyone.

They were right. . . .

When that dream-month—and Ronnie’s funds—were gone, he took Candis to their future home. It lay, as Candis had had it carefully explained to her before her marriage, about five miles from hell and was once aptly referred to by a drunken but well-read engineer as the eighth circle of Dante’s Inferno. More graphically, its name was Sola, and it crouched in the most desolate corner of the prairie wastes of Texas.

Sola lived in the expectation of a great oil-boom. And if anticipation is sweeter than realization, then Sola should have been the happiest community on earth. However—

August came to Sola. Of course it came to every other corner of the world as well, but in Sola it had a particular significance. It meant, briefly, that the reason Dante Alighieri had not included another depth in his Inferno was merely because he had never lived in Sola during the month of August.

Candis and Ronald had taken a—well, cottage five miles beyond the edge of the town, with the thought of

KINGDOM *By Nevis Shane*

Nevis Shane, though already famous, is young and writes of love with the fire and sacrificial glory of youth.

Illustrated by
Leslie L. Benson

building later—building an English farmhouse, or a Mexican hacienda, or an Italian villa, or a Southern Colonial.

"We do change our minds so," Candis would complain.

"Darling, that's why we're so clean-minded." And he would kiss the wry grimace she made at his quip.

Meanwhile, Candis did her best (she called it "darnedest") with the—well, cottage. Of course, Ronnie hadn't thought of furniture—perhaps a cot and a table and a chair or two, relics left with the postmaster from his bachelor tent existence; but other things— Besides, more materialistically, there wasn't any money.

Candis didn't mind. As she told Ronnie, it was absurd the number of people who bought stupid stereotyped factory furniture, when one considered what miracles one could create from packing-boxes, stray crates, a few bolts of cretonne and a can or two of paint.

Where, demanded Candis, had Ronnie ever seen a more fascinating and complete dish-cabinet than hers made of orange-boxes—or a more intriguing dressing-table than the one fashioned from crating planks and ruffled cretonne—or a more comfortable chair than that barrel which the potatoes had come in?

Nowhere, declared Ronnie; nor ever would, declared he.

And in its way that desolate, sun-scorched shack was a miracle, a miracle of cool white and green paint—of crisp rose-colored organdie pane-curtains, hemmed and stitched and ruffled by hand—of bright-hued pillows and gay little pictures that were originally magazine covers—and lamp shades made from scraps—and cheap white crockery outrageously decorated by Candis with strange orange and blue and vermilion fruits and flowers.

Their days were a series of breathless surprises. Candis had done this, Ronnie had done that. A new recipe that didn't require eggs—a discovered bit of prehistoric pottery.

Sometimes, mostly at night with the hot stinging breeze of the desert rippling the little curtains of the window above their bed, they talked of the future—of that dim, distant time when Ronnie's ship, or more specifically gusher, had come in. He would take her to the farthestmost ends of the world; he would buy her all the beautiful things the world had to sell; he would show her all the marvelous sights the world had to offer.

They called that flamboyant, extravagant future the Enchanted Kingdom—when Ronnie's ship came in, they would embark on it and sail away to that enchanted kingdom.

Meanwhile, Ronnie worked too hard and Candis got too thin, and the waterwells were drier than the oil wells, if such were possible, and even though Christmas came, it was just as hot as August.

That first Christmas! Candis made a Christmas tree—made it out of a bare brown prairie bush, patiently wrapping its prickly stems with green tissue paper and decorating it with modern angels and futuristic Santa Clauses. And the presents! A hand-carved scarlet-painted sewing-box for Candis, a meticulously assembled scrap-book of engineering articles for Ronnie, a silver and turquoise Indian bracelet for Candis, a perfectly *stunning* new dressing-gown for Ronnie.

Wonderful day! Then back to work again—drill, drill, drill, each week seeing the gloated-over increase to the savings that would, eventually, become the first down payment on the barest, necessary equipment to drill Ronnie's own well.

Then in a hot spring, Candis drooped. And Ronnie watched over her with a tense, fearful care. "As if," said the town's wives, "children haven't been born before!"

"Dearest, you mustn't—"

"Darling, be careful—"

Until Candis said laughingly, but tremulously: "Ronnie, don't make me afraid."

After that, he strove to hide his anxiety. And he would let her ex-

Ronnie was silhouetted in the open doorway. . . . Candis flew to him. "Oh, darling, you aren't fooling me!"

pel her nervous energy, until, that energy flagging, she would drop unhappily on her bed. Then he would gather her up into his arms, holding her gently against him, resting her, soothing her with murmured talk till sometimes she fell asleep.

The summer dragged wearily by. In September, Ronnie had to go to Mesa, a day and night's trip away. Company's business. So Candis let him go, with a gay smile though her heart swooned within her with a sudden fear he would return too late. . . .

"Only for a week, darling," he said, trying to give her back that smile. "Only seven days, and Mrs. Hart will be with you—she'll take care of you."

But with three days of his trip still to go, Candis pleaded with Mrs. Hart to go into town and telegraph him.

Mrs. Hart grumbled. These white little things, straight up and down without hips or breasts, like a boy—no wonder they feared the casual functioning of Nature as though it were a cataclysmic phenomenon.

She said: "You've still a full month to go." But the girl looked at her with such deep-shadowed eyes that at last she agreed.

It was late afternoon, and the horizon was a dull blood-red.

Mrs. Hart pointed to it. "A wind-storm—maybe a tornado. And if it is, I couldn't get back tonight. Then what?"

"It doesn't matter. I'm not afraid. Only I want—I must have Ronnie."

When Mrs. Hart had gone, Candis could not remain still. She paced up and down the hot bright kitchen, her small hot hands pressed to her burning face.

Once she stepped outside into the breathless heat of the oncoming night, but so terrific a silence pressed her from the red wall of sky that she hurried back into the less static silence of the house.

An hour later the blackness of the eternal pit clamped down upon the desert, and the demons of that pit were let loose, a stinging, blinding, lashing horde. Crouched on the floor by her bed, Candis prayed. Mrs. Hart—the telegram—nothing mattered now—even tomorrow would be too late.

But even as she crouched there, Ronnie was coming, staggering like a drunken man, across the desert above Sola.

He had rushed everything—a whirlwind of efficiency and decision had been young Ronald Carlton; and he had taken an express that stopped at Weldom, about fifteen miles beyond Sola. He meant to walk those fifteen miles.

He was five miles short of his point when the storm swept down and enveloped him.

He cursed it—cursed it for the delay, rather than the agony it caused him. For deeply, surely, he felt that Candis needed him, was waiting for him—that, left by some unforetold accident alone in that desolate shack, she was calling for him. "Candis—Can-

dis!" he cried against the wind. "Candis—Candis!" the wind flung the name back at him.

Once he lost the trail along the rim of the cañon, but creeping back in his tracks, he found it again. Behind the white-hot band of pain that pressed across his blinded eyes, his brain was cool and quiet. He felt—he *knew* Candis was in danger. It had come to him with almost sickening certainty. Stumbling, falling, crawling, he kept on and on and on—until, when he thought he had



He smiled. "I like quiet; that's why I come to the Lido out of season." His sentences

reached the limit of his endurance, he became aware that there was a horrible quietness all about him: the sandstorm had lashed itself into a motionless corpse. . . . And with the weariness falling from him, Ronnie would have run, but that his knees failed suddenly beneath him. When he got up again, he saw, in the diffused darkness, that he had almost reached Devil's Horn. The cottage lay only a few hundred yards beyond that weird landmark. . . .

Candis saw him bending over her when she opened her eyes. "Ronnie—my dearest! Then it wasn't a dream—your coming?"

But he could only whisper: "Candis—"

And then it was, that looking into his eyes, Candis knew. She turned her face away, against his hard brown hand, and wept. . . .

It was three years after the night Candis' son was still-born, that Ronnie's ship came in.

She was arranging the bright dishes for supper when Ronnie, dripping with the precious dark substance, was silhouetted in the open doorway.

ruffled curtains blowing above Ron's dark head. . . . She looked long at Ronnie, sleeping on his side, his face buried against her heart. She thought: "I must remember him like this. I must remember this little room and all the happiness of these years spent in it."

She kissed him suddenly, passionately. He woke and looked up at her. "Darling, why are you sitting up? It's so early. . . . Love me?"



were like himself—lean and without superfluous padding. An intriguing man—but nothing warned her a dangerous man also.

He said, a queer little catch in his low voice: "Well, Candis, our ship has come into harbor."

And Candis flew to him—was crushed against that pungent stickiness. "Oh, darling, you aren't *fooling* me!"

The months, the years of torturing heat and slavery, of scrimping and saving, of breathless hopes and bitter disappointments, fell away from them like the mists of an obscure dream in sudden morning sunlight. Only their love remained a vivid reality—their love and the thought of their enchanted kingdom.

But on the morning of their last day in the cottage, Candis woke very early. She lay looking about her—the dear bed, too wide for one, too narrow for two; the fastidiously kept dressing-table; the

She didn't answer. The dark head against her heart *was* her heart.

PARIS in the spring.

The beautiful Mrs. Ronald Carlton, wife of the young oil millionaire, walked slowly in the Bois. A shabby but agile old photographer snapped her picture. It would appear later in some fashion magazine, or perhaps American rotogravure—"Mrs. Ronald Carlton, the former Miss Candis Moore, photographed in the Bois. Her costume of gray frisca is an interesting interpretation of early spring chic."

Candis was tired. Not physically— (Please turn to page 170)

The Story So Far:

"THIS is Mrs. Herbert Endicott speaking," she said to the police sergeant who answered her phone-call. "I am worried about Mr. Endicott. I wonder whether you could send some one up to talk it over with me. . . . No, he hasn't disappeared. I know exactly where he has gone, but I have reason to believe that something might happen to him. . . . Yes, it's the Mr. Endicott who has been in the papers recently in connection with Wall Street."

Lieutenant Valcour called in response to this message—found a young and very beautiful woman and a luxurious ménage. She explained to him her reasons for anxiety about her husband—his intrigue with a rather notorious young woman Marge Mylen, the strange and apparently threatening scrap of paper on his desk, "*By Thursday or—*" and some other things. And upon the Lieutenant's suggesting the possibility of further clues in the pockets of Endicott's clothing, Mrs. Endicott directed him to the closet of her husband's room. Valcour opened the door—and found doubled up there on the closet floor the body of the man whom they had been discussing. . . .

Endicott's physician, the medical examiner and various police officials were summoned. No wound was found on the body, and the medical men attempted bringing him back to life by the injection of adrenalin into the heart muscles.

They succeeded—at least to the extent of bringing back breathing and heart action. It was desirable, they decided, that some one close to Endicott be at his bedside when and if he recovered consciousness. Mrs. Endicott was sleeping under a sedative; Valcour questioned the servants—and learned that one Hollander was Endicott's best friend. Over the phone he arranged to have Hollander sit through the night at Endicott's bedside—though he stationed two policemen to keep watch from the adjoining bathroom.

Then Valcour sallied forth—first to call on Marge Mylen. He found only her stepmother at home—a grim old beldame who showed him a note from Marge explaining that she was to have gone with Endicott that evening to a certain hotel for dinner, that Endicott had not appeared, and that she had gone out anyway. She had not returned.

Valcour then called at Hollander's apartment and found there one Jerry Smith, a crook known to the police. Valcour searched the apartment, found an empty dagger-sheath, and was dialing the Endicotts' telephone-number when Smith struck him from behind with a blackjack, knocking him unconscious. . . .

Meanwhile, back at the Endicott house, the insensible man showed such signs of returning consciousness that the nurse hastened upstairs to call Dr. Worth.

Endicott's eyes opened, and he recognized Hollander.

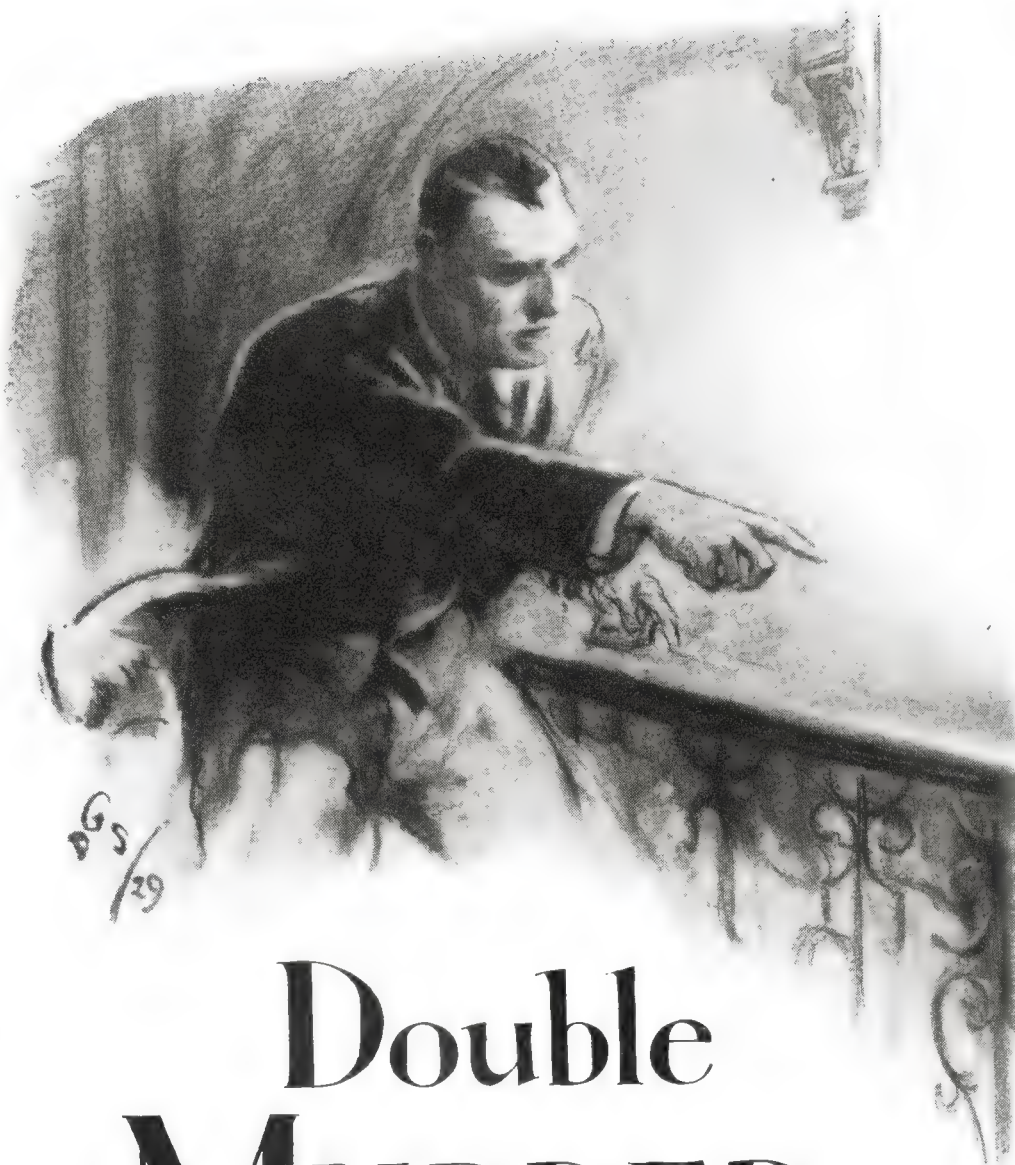
"Damn you," he murmured, "I'm going to call a policeman and—"

"No, you're not, Herb," whispered Hollander. "And you're not going to tell, either."

"Neither you nor all the devils in hell," Endicott whispered faintly, "can stop me from telling."

At that, Hollander slipped a thin poniard from his coat sleeve, raised it to strike.

And then—the watching policemen's revolvers stopped him with



Double MURDER

By Rufus King

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

a broken wrist. But when Dr. Worth and the others burst into the room, they found Endicott dead just the same—a bullet through his chest. A badly aimed police bullet, it was at first supposed. But when Lieutenant Valcour, found in Hollander's flat by fellow-officers and revived, came back to the Endicott house and investigated, he found that the bullet which killed Endicott had not come from a police gun—but had presumably been fired through the window from the balcony outside. Valcour questioned the nurse, and the English maid Roberts—and learned that Mrs. Endicott had not taken the narcotic under which she was supposed to be sleeping. (*The story continues in detail.*)

Chapter Twenty-one—3:51 A. M.

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR felt a distinct shock, and his eyes became predatorily alert. If this astonishing thing were true, and Mrs. Endicott had not taken the narcotic prepared for her by Dr. Worth, then the bypaths along which one might dart were numerous and alarming indeed.

Valcour saw that Cassidy was blocking her way. "Ring up the wagon," he directed, "and have her booked as a material witness."



Promptly on publication of the first chapters of this remarkable mystery, the stage wanted it. Three playwrights asked for it; and one of them is now preparing it for production.

"How do you know, Miss Roberts?" he asked.

"Because when the nurse went downstairs to make that coffee I went over to the bed. I wanted to take a close look at Mrs. Endicott. Have you ever felt that desire of looking closely at something that you hate very much? It's the curiosity of hate, I suppose. I put my hand on the spread, at the edge, so that I could lean down. The spread was damp; something had been poured on it. There wasn't anything that could have been poured on it, except the narcotic. She'd recovered consciousness, you see, when the nurse and Dr. Worth brought her in from here and put her to bed."

"But wouldn't he or the nurse have seen her pour it out?"

"None of us saw it, Lieutenant, because she said, just after the Doctor had handed her the glass, 'There's blood on that dresser.' We all looked at the dresser, of course. Naturally there wasn't any blood on it. The Doctor thought she was delirious. She was just finishing drinking when we turned around."

"Didn't you accuse her—when you felt the damp spot on the spread?"

"What was the use? She never would have admitted it. I believe," Roberts said fiercely, "that I could have stuck pins in her and that she'd have endured the pain rather than admit it. And suddenly I began to feel afraid—not so much of her, as of what she might do to Mr. Endicott. She was playing a trick, and I didn't know just what the purpose of it was. I ran upstairs and got my gun, then came right back."

"She was still in bed?"

"Yes. But the shooting was over, and the room was cold. The room was cold,"—Roberts' voice was very intense as she drove her points home,— "and her skin was cold, and her breathing was heavy from recent exertion. I think I was going to kill her. I *would* have killed her, if the nurse hadn't come in just then."

"Why didn't you tell some one of this at once, Miss Roberts?"

"Would you have? Would anyone have?"

"I don't quite understand."

"There had just been that shooting—and I had a gun. I wanted to get rid of it. By the time I had gotten rid of it, it was too late. I couldn't say anything then without practically accusing myself of a murder I didn't commit."

"You'll stay here in the house, Miss Roberts?"

"Naturally. Since I'm to be accused of having killed Mr. Endicott."

"Not as yet, Miss Roberts."

"It won't bother me." She added bitterly, as she started for the door: "You'll find me a tractable prisoner."

"One minute please, Miss Roberts. How long were you gone from Mrs. Endicott's room when you went upstairs to get the gun?"

"Just long enough to run up and back again. I have no idea, really."

"Where is your room?"

"On the upper floor—the room to the left of the corridor in the front of the house."

"And whereabouts did you keep the gun?"

"In my trunk—where it is now."

"Was the trunk locked?"

"Yes. I keep it locked."

"And the keys for it?"

"In a purse. The purse was in a dresser drawer."

"Then that gives us a pretty good idea of the length of time you must have been gone, doesn't it?"

"I suppose it does. Three or four minutes, probably."

"Nearer, I imagine, to five or six. But we don't require the actual number of minutes. The point we need is rather a comparison of two different operations within the same time limit."

While you were going through the various movements you have described, would Mrs. Endicott have had the time to get out of bed, supply herself with a revolver, open a window and, from the balcony, shoot Mr. Endicott, return to her room, and be in bed again by the time you came down? I think so, don't you?"

"There would have been plenty of time for that."

"You've been with Mrs. Endicott for quite a while. Have you ever noticed whether or not she owns a pistol?"

"I don't think I have. No, I'm sure I've never seen one. That doesn't prove anything, though. There are any number of private places where she may have kept it. It is also possible,"—Roberts seemed desperately earnest in her efforts to strengthen each link in her accusation, for it was an accusation rather than simply being offered as a theory,—“that some one may recently have given her a revolver, isn't it?"

"Everything is possible."

"Mr. Hollander, for example?"

"A very good example."

He said nothing further, and after a while the stillness became almost physically oppressive. Roberts was finished with emotions. "Is that all?" she said, and her voice was colorless.

"I believe so, Miss Roberts—except that I wish you would tell me why, in view of your recent insinuations concerning Mrs. Endicott and Hollander, you ever suggested him as the proper friend to stay with her husband tonight. It's a little inconsistent, don't you think?"

"Very."

"Then why did you do it?"

"I have nothing further to say."

Lieutenant Valcour went abruptly to the door and opened it. Cassidy and Hansen were standing near by in the corridor.

"Hansen," he said, "go with Miss Roberts up to her room. There is a gun in her trunk. She will give it to you. Keep it for me."

"Yes sir."

Roberts went outside.

"Am I to consider myself under arrest, Lieutenant?"

"No, Miss Roberts. But, as I have explained, you are not to leave the house. Cassidy, come inside here with me."

Cassidy came in and closed the door. He watched Lieutenant Valcour draw the sheet up again over Endicott's face.

"What's Dr. Worth doing, Cassidy?"

"He has gone back to bed, sir. Shall I go get him?" Cassidy cast one suspicious look toward the bed.

"No, let him sleep. There's nothing just this instant—I'll want to see him in about a quarter of an hour, though."

Lieutenant Valcour went into the bathroom, opened the window, and went outside onto the balcony. The gray before dawn was in the sky, and a rare clearness vibrant in the fresh, sweet air.

THE outline of the garden down below was quite distinct. There were other gardens belonging to the adjacent houses, too, and to the houses backing them from the rear. It was a street of gardens which bloomed, Lieutenant Valcour reflected, for the express benefit of caretakers in summer, while their owners spent the season at fashionable resorts either in the mountains or on the shore.

Valcour went slowly along the balcony and carefully examined with a flashlight Endicott's window, which had been raised from the bottom when the shot was fired. He played the light upon the surface of its glass. It was quite clean. There was no trace of any pressing noses or of foreheads against its polished surface. Nor, on the stone sill, were there any telltale threads of silk, or any of the various clues that would serve to indicate a woman's presence.

He stared speculatively for a minute at the windows of the room above, where the curiously vindictive Mrs. Siddons was now presumably resting, or else indulging in her blank-eyed game of mental maledictions. No, he couldn't really visualize her as descending to the balcony by a rope or any other kind of ladder. A hundred years ago, perhaps, she might have gone to the extent of shaping a replica of Mr. Endicott in wax and then, with appropriate incantations, proceeding to stick pins in such portions of it as would cabalistically do the most good. But there was no such simple expedient left her in our modern skeptic age.

Even the city could not kill the fair fresh breezes of dawn. He stared at the dimming stars and wondered whether Roberts' extraordinary statement was a lie.

He would have to consult with Dr. Worth, of course, before doing anything drastic.

He made his way slowly toward the windows of Mrs. Endicott's

room, carefully inspecting the balcony and sills with his flashlight as he went along. There were no smudges, no threads, no clues until he reached the last window in the row. And there, on the balcony floor just below its sash, something blazed in the circle of his torch a bright jade green.

It was a woman's slipper.

Chapter Twenty-two—4:14 A. M.

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR picked the slipper up and sighed. It was a distressingly leading and decisive clue, but it did not lead in a direction he cared to follow, nor did it decide things as he thought they ought to be.

On the surface of it, the case seemed blatantly plain: Hollander had come to the house at seven to save Mrs. Endicott from committing murder or suicide, and had shocked Endicott almost to death—and just a short while ago Mrs. Endicott had shot her husband to prevent him from making a statement that would convict Hollander.

Rubbish!

Lieutenant Valcour flatly refused to believe it. And yet one had to believe that Hollander had certainly intended to stab Endicott with that knife; the point was irrefutable. Furthermore, Hollander's motives remained clear enough and beautifully simple: he wanted to protect Mrs. Endicott.

But what about her motives?

And Roberts'?

And as a kernel to the whole perplexing enigma, what had been the object of the search through Endicott's pockets and among the papers in the left-hand upper drawer of his desk?

There was nothing to be gained, however, by standing outside on the balcony and admiring the flushing sky, and breathing in the morning air with the manner of a connoisseur. Lieutenant Valcour returned, via the bathroom window, to Endicott's room.

"The night's almost over, Lieutenant," said Cassidy by way of greeting.

"Almost over, Cassidy."

"And it's been a hell of a night, too, if you don't mind my saying it."

"I don't mind your saying it."

"Especially for him."

Cassidy jerked a muscular thumb toward the bed.

"Least of all for him, Cassidy."

"He may be well out of it, at that."

"He is. There's a lot of beautiful tripe written about how all people kill the things they love. Metaphysically, perhaps. But with a bullet, Cassidy? Not so."

"I don't get you, Lieutenant."

"That isn't strange, Cassidy. So far I haven't even gotten it myself."

Lieutenant Valcour went to the door and opened it. Hansen was standing outside, and in his hand was a gun wrapped in a clean handkerchief.

"Roberts' gun, Hansen?"

"Yes, Lieutenant. It was just where you said it would be, in the trunk. I wrapped it in a handkerchief to keep any prints you might want on it."

"That's right, Hansen. Go upstairs now and wake up Dr. Worth. Ask him if he will please come down here at once."

"Yes, Lieutenant." Hansen hesitated for a minute.

"Well, what is it, Hansen?"

"I understood you all right, didn't I, sir," Hansen said uncomfortably, "when you told me that maid wasn't to be put under arrest?"

"Yes. I don't want to do anything about her as yet. Later on we may book her on a violation of the Sullivan law, and again we may not."

"Yes sir."

Lieutenant Valcour took the gun and went back into the room with it, closing the door. He carefully unfolded enough of the handkerchief so that the barrel was exposed. He sniffed this, and decided that the gun had neither been recently fired nor cleaned. There was just the definite odorlessness which one finds with guns that have not been used or taken care of for a very long time. So far, then, he was inclined to believe that Roberts' story was correct.

"Is that the rod that done the trick, Lieutenant?" said Cassidy, who had been keenly interested in the sniffings.

"No, it isn't, Cassidy. This gun hasn't been fired for years, maybe."



"Well, I wish it was. I'd like to get out of this joint."

"Still nervous, Cassidy?"

"No, I aint nervous, Lieutenant. I'm just uncomfortable. It's like there was something in this case that hasn't broken yet. You know what I mean? Something we aint so much as put a finger on."

Lieutenant Valcour knew very well just exactly what Cassidy meant. He too felt that same indefinable effect of impending "some-things" that were connected with obscure danger. It was an emotion, however, which required official scowlings.

There was a peevish rap on the door.

"Ah, come in, Doctor."

Dr. Worth was just as peevish as his knock. The camel's-hair dressing-gown in which he was still bundled hinted blurringly at indignant muscles that quivered beneath its loose folds. His hair was rumpled-looking and frowzy.

"Really, Lieutenant," he began, "this is getting to be beyond a joke."

"I'm sorry, Doctor, but I had to discuss Mrs. Endicott's condition with you most seriously and at once."

Dr. Worth paled a little at this.

"Nothing's happened to her too, has there?"

"No, Doctor, nothing has. And I don't think that just now I could stand another murder. It's about her physical condition in general. Is her heart all right?"

Dr. Worth's curiosity was beginning to get the upper hand over his grouch.

"Perfectly sound. Why do you ask?"

"Because I want to try an experiment on her."

"You want to what, sir?" Dr. Worth almost shouted it. He was thoroughly awake now.

"Not so loud, please, Doctor. I want you to let me stay in the room along with your patient. You can open the connecting bathroom door a little and watch me through its crack, but I want the nurse out of the way. And I don't want you to make any noise or comments, while you're watching. I don't want Mrs. Endicott to know that you're there."

Dr. Worth looked at Lieutenant Valcour sharply. "This is non-

"She was insane when they found her, trying to die by throwing herself in front of a motor."

sense. She couldn't possibly tell who was or who wasn't there. She's unconscious."

"Perhaps she isn't, Doctor. This is what her maid has just told me." Lieutenant Valcour offered Dr. Worth Roberts' astonishing theory concerning the poured-out narcotic, and Dr. Worth was quite properly astonished. "So you see it's a possibility, Doctor, and the fact of my finding that slipper outside of the window makes it practically a certainty."

"It's the most astounding thing I've ever heard of in my life. If you don't intend to shock her, Lieutenant, I'll agree to anything you say."

"I sha'n't do anything rough, Doctor. I'll call the nurse outside into the corridor and you can tell her not to go back in again until I say so. You might suggest to her that she go down to the kitchen and make some coffee. She seems a little dippy about coffee, or something. Then we'll leave Mrs. Endicott quite alone in her room for a minute or two. If she's really faking, she'll begin to worry about what is going on. Then the door will open again and, instead of the nurse, I'll come in. She'll be pretty certain to suspect that I've found the slipper, but will be all the more careful to keep up her pretense of being under the influence of the narcotic. If she gets away with that, you know, she can always claim that Roberts herself must have dropped the slipper onto the balcony as a plant. The main thing is that Mrs. Endicott won't know just what's up, and when a woman of her temperament can't figure a thing out mentally, it about drives her crazy."

"Then I suppose, Lieutenant, that when you get her into this receptive state you'll speak to her?"

Lieutenant Valcour laughed. "On the contrary, Doctor, I haven't the slightest intention of saying a single word. Shall we go now? After you've arranged things with Nurse Vickers you can come back in here again and start watching from the bathroom."

They went outside and Lieutenant Valcour rapped softly on

Mrs. Endicott's door. It opened a bit and Nurse Vickers looked out. She saw Dr. Worth and came outside, shutting the door behind her.

"You wanted to see me, Doctor?"

"Yes, Miss Vickers. How is Mrs. Endicott?"

"Quite comfortable, Doctor. She's breathing as peacefully as a child."

"There haven't been any signs of restlessness?"

"Oh, no, Doctor. She hasn't budged since I've been watching her."

Dr. Worth mildly raised his eyebrows. "That in itself is rather curious," he said.

"Curious, Doctor?"

"Oh, nothing to be alarmed at, Miss Vickers. You look a little tired. Run downstairs and drink some coffee. The Lieutenant, here, will stay with Mrs. Endicott, and you're not to go back into her room again until he says so."

Dr. Worth, feeling very much like one of those fabulous characters he had read about in Fenimore Cooper when a child, went back into Endicott's room.

Lieutenant Valcour waited another full minute before he opened the door and went inside. He did not look at Mrs. Endicott, but walked softly over to a chair, lifted it, and placed it close beside the bed. He drew the slipper from his pocket and sat down.

There was an utter and complete hush. For three minutes—he timed himself with his wrist-watch—he sat motionless and stared at Mrs. Endicott's closed lids.

Then he began to tap the slipper quite softly, but quite persistently and with a rhythmic regularity, upon an arm of the chair.

Tap—tap—tap—tap—tap—

Mrs. Endicott's face retained the smooth expressionlessness of slumber—

Tap—tap—tap—

Her breathing held the steady depths of sleep—

Tap—tap—tap—tap—

"If you do that much longer," she said quietly, "I shall go insane."

Chapter Twenty-three—4:29 A. M.

"YOU needn't say anything you don't care to, Mrs. Endicott."

"I'm glad you didn't use the stereotyped formula, Lieutenant. It would have disappointed me if you had. Get me a cigarette, please; there are some over there on the dresser."

Lieutenant Valcour stood up. He got the cigarettes and lighted one for Mrs. Endicott, and one for himself.

"You shouldn't have dropped your slipper outside of the window," he said.

"You shouldn't have found it."

Her eyes, now that they were opened, were admirably guarded, and her fingers, as they held the cigarette, showed no trace of nervousness.

"The slipper is of no great consequence, Mrs. Endicott. There are so many other things, too, you see."

"Sort of a wholesale strewing of clues? I never imagined you as bothering very much with clues. It's people you're more interested in: reading their minds."

"Whom were you aiming at when you fired, Mrs. Endicott—at your husband or at Mr. Hollander?"

Mrs. Endicott blew smoke rings elaborately.

"At neither, Lieutenant. I didn't have a gun."

"Then it was just curiosity?"

"What was?"

"Your going out on the balcony."

"I didn't go out on the balcony. I've never been on it in my life."

"I am not stupid, Mrs. Endicott," Lieutenant Valcour remarked.

"Nor very credulous, either."

"No, nor credulous."

"That's the trouble with truth: it often sounds so silly."

"Surely you must realize how things look against you, Mrs. Endicott."

"Black."

"The worst of all is your not having taken the narcotic, and then having pretended to be in a state of unconsciousness."

Her eyes became stupefyingly innocent. "Is it illegal to decide not to take medicine, Lieutenant?"

His respect for her as an adversary began to mount by leaps and bounds. "No, Mrs. Endicott. But in the present case it was purposefully deceptive."

"Why, I simply disliked hurting Dr. Worth's feelings: that was all."



Lieutenant Valcour removed the spread and with a

Lieutenant Valcour pictured her maintaining that attitude—smartly dressed in becomingly plain black, very innocent, very beautiful looking—before the twelve impressionable and normally dumb people one found on juries. He was grudgingly afraid she could get away with it.

"And it isn't illegal either," she went on, "to go to sleep, is it?" Lieutenant Valcour decided that if anything were to be gained from the interview he would have to give a turn to the screw.

"No, Mrs. Endicott, sleeping isn't illegal. Even," he added

negligently, "if your husband has just been killed, and your—well, whatever state of relationship exists between you and Mr. Hollander,—your friend, let us say, is wounded to the point of death."

The cigarette dropped from her fingers to the floor. Lieutenant Valcours crushed it with the sole of his shoe.

"I don't believe you."

Her voice had the same pallid qualities as her skin.

your slipper and not to have bothered to pick it up. Did you throw the gun into the garden, Mrs. Endicott? We're bound to find it, you know."

"Is Mr. Hollander still in the house?"

"No."

"Where have they taken him?"

"To the hospital." He saw her shiver slightly.

"Please ring for my maid and leave the room. I must go to him immediately," she said.

"I'm sorry."

"Will you please leave this room?"

"You don't seem to realize, Mrs. Endicott, that you are under arrest."

The thought stunned her. Her head fell back among the pillows as if it had been thrown there.

"But that's silly—silly, I tell you."

"You admitted yourself, Mrs. Endicott, that the truth is always silly."

"You are actually charging me with the murder of my husband?"

"Arrest was perhaps an injudicious word. I am holding you, Mrs. Endicott, as a material witness, for the present."

Mrs. Endicott had recovered somewhat from the shock.

"I sha'n't be bromidic, Lieutenant, and attempt either tears or bribery. I'm not stupid enough to think that either would deter you in the slightest from the performance of duty. But I should like to appeal to your reason. Just what do you want me to admit?"

"That you were on the balcony."

"But I wasn't."

"Then how did your slipper get there?"

"It fell from my foot."

Lieutenant Valcours stood up abruptly. "You will have to pardon me, Mrs. Endicott," he said, "while I search this room."

"You misunderstand me. I mean exactly what I say. I wasn't on the balcony, and the slipper did fall off my foot. If you must know it, I was straddling the window-sill."

"What stopped you from going out, Mrs. Endicott?"

"The sound of the shooting. It unnerved me. I almost fell back into the room, and closed the window. I knew that I had dropped a slipper outside, but the idea of doing anything further than hurrying back into bed terrified me."

Lieutenant Valcours examined the slipper he still held in his hand. "This is a slipper for the left foot," he said. "And in that case, when you were straddling the window-sill, it is the foot which must have been on the outside. Isn't that so?"

"That's rather elementary, isn't it?"

"Quite." But it serves to prove that at the moment when the shots were fired you could look along the balcony toward the windows of your husband's room. Were you?"

"I imagine so. I'm not quite certain,

really. It was absolutely dark out there."

"On the contrary, there was a glow cast on the balcony from the farthest window, which was open a little, wasn't there?"

"Perhaps. Yes, I think there was."

"And did you see anybody standing at that window when the shots were fired?"

"You mean on the balcony?"

"Yes."

"No, I did not."

(Please turn to page 140)



pencil roughly outlined the spot where the narcotic had been spilled.

"You must have seen for yourself, Mrs. Endicott, that he was pretty badly hurt when he slipped to the floor. There was blood enough smeared around, goodness knows."

"You're trying to trap me."

"Just stating facts, Mrs. Endicott. Of course you may have left the instant after you fired, and so not have seen Mr. Hollander shot down by the police."

"You are being vulgarly brutal—"

"You were certainly in a frantic enough hurry, to have dropped



Elopement Preferred

By Hilda Mauck

"You feel," said I, putting a throb into the old voice, "that he is your—mate?"

A new writer in Kansas City portrays some of the ways of true love, and the other kind, in the wide valley of the Missouri.

Illustrated by Leslie Turner

THE Sultan was the kind of man who could give you a long, burning look across a bridge-table and say, "Your deal, Phyllis," and make you wonder excitedly whether he'd be able to choke back that passionate declaration of love that trembled on his lips.

He could cut in on you at a dance, his face lit up with a touching radiance, and murmur, "Ah—here you are!" as if he'd slain a dragon or two to get there. He could kiss you at exactly the right moment—one throbbing, chaste salute, instead of wanting to maul you—and make you feel that it took every ounce of a strong man's strength to exercise such restraint. In fact, that man could all but make my hair curl just by turning his slumbering-volcano eyes my way.

So you see, I did not object to any other girl—even Lynn—falling in love. What infuriated me was the fact that she was so sobbingly female about it. She was the last friend I had, too, that I'd have expected to go soft on me. And yet there she was, slopping over into the kind of person who believes in fairies and talks in a hushed voice about "the real thing"—meaning love.

One gathered that she thought she had it, though personally I hadn't seen much likely-looking material in the boys she'd been playing around with. My own heart was going like a riveting-machine every time the Sultan hove in sight, and though I certainly didn't intend to go into a swoon over him, something told me that I knew considerably more about love than she did.

"And how," I inquired silkily, "is one to know the real thing when one sees it? Bite it? Ring it on the counter?"

"Don't worry," she said, trying to sound like One Who Has Lived. "You'll know it all right. You can't miss it. You can't dodge it. You want want to."

"You feel," I led her on, "that you and the boy friend—whoever

he is—were created by a kind Providence especially for each other?"

"I do," said she, not batting an eyelash.

"You feel that he alone, out of all the universe, was meant for you?"

"I do."

"You feel," said I, putting a throb into the old voice, "that he is your—mate?"

"And how!" she prayed.

That was really the first hint I'd ever had that the Lynn Marshall I knew was nothing but veneer. It was a good veneer—I'll say that for it—with those high-powered eyes of hers and that flat yellow hair. But underneath it she turned out to be the kind of girl who considers it thrillingly romantic just to darn a man's socks and bear his children. When she fell in love, the strain was too much. The veneer cracked, and the rest of her began to ooze through.

"Of course, darling," I agreed, "we all know that's the line we have to hand out to the men. But must we keep it up among ourselves?"

"Wait!" she said loftily. "You'll find out some day."

No human could have kept still any longer. "It may, possibly, interest you to know," I told her, "that I am at this moment not only in love—but engaged to be married!"

She sat up slowly, her eyes round as saucers. "To the Sultan?"

"None other," said I modestly.

She fell back limply. "An achievement," she admitted with respect. It was. The competition over the Sultan had been cut-throat. For a week I'd been merely one of the palpitating mob.

But at the end of a week I had realized that when a man has his

own technique down to as fine a point as the Sultan's, he requires and deserves a certain amount of really artistic support.

Up to that time, we'd all been treating him like a high-tension wire that we couldn't stay away from. Every time it gave us a thrill or a shock we shrieked with ecstasy, compared sensations, very much aloud, and rushed back for more. We'd been lying awake nights trying to produce a line hot enough to match the smoldering glances he gave us.

Once I saw the light, a moron could have done the rest. I let him find out by gentle, womanly-woman stages what a contrast I was to the twenty-minute eggs who had been stampeding him. Instead of working like a washlady to stay one fast one ahead of him, I made it a point to stay at least three fast ones behind him. You've no idea how restful it was. I let my eyes melt, my eyelashes flutter, my breast heave, and my voice quiver, and instead of yelping a wisecrack whenever he got off something particularly tender, I developed a fluttery little way of saying, "Oh, Vincent!"

In short, I became the background against which he felt like a Great Lover, that being the rôle he and Nature intended him for. At the end of three weeks I had got us engaged by such delicately timed responses that he never quite knew how it happened.

I hadn't told anybody, until that night while Lynn and I were getting ready for a dance—she was spending the summer with us, up at the lake. And I wouldn't have then, if she hadn't been so high-hat about love. Considering that I was all broken out with gooseflesh at that moment, just because I'd be dancing with the Sultan in less than an hour, it seemed to me I was entitled to a trifle more authority on the subject than she was.

It hadn't occurred to me, then, that she might be having gooseflesh of her own.

But that night at the dance the Sultan and I stumbled into two people out on the veranda who were simply blotted into each other. It was too dark to see, but one of them was stammering, "Oh, gosh. Lynn—" in a throaty voice which, though somewhat muffled, would have done credit to the Sultan himself.

I was frantic with curiosity, but the Sultan, being delicately above such crudities as eavesdropping, pulled me back and firmly took me around the other way.

They had looked and sounded to me as if they wouldn't be able to break away the rest of the evening. But at the beginning of the next dance Lynn came inside with Toby Keneap, wearing a face and a pair of starry eyes that were an all but vulgar give-away, even from across the room. Toby is wiry and red-headed and exactly as sober and responsible as a six-months-old pup. Toby, I realized, had probably dashed up and wrenched the lovers apart and said: "Hey, you, I want to dance with your girl!"

Just as they came in, Toby stooped down to tie her slipper. Dutch Davis yelled, "Look, he's proposing!" and called us all over to see how it was done. So Toby and Lynn, having teamed together as the life of every party since they were in kindergarten, put on a little dialogue, with the proper business, that went something like this:

HE (*lighting his own cigarette first*): Listen, baby, you burn me up. Let's put on a party at the parsonage.

SHE (*yawning*): Oh, I don't know.

—I'm pretty well dated up. We'd go in for separate breakfasts, of course?

HE (*gallantly*): Any other kind would give me indigestion.

SHE: What are your prospects? No love in a cottage or any of that rot.

HE: Well, we can always touch the old man for the divorce money, if that's what you mean.

SHE (*brightening*): A Paris divorce?

HE: Any kind to please the little woman.

SHE: I could give you an hour Friday afternoon. Where'll I meet you?

HE: Make it the courthouse steps at McPherson—three o'clock?

SHE: I'm lunching with a new man. Make it four.

HE: Attagirl! See you Friday.

They took their bows and the crowd laughed and broke up. As we started to dance again I realized that the same thought had hit the Sultan and me at the same time. We already had a date for about four o'clock Friday afternoon. Why not make it McPherson? Toby and Lynn were only putting on a show, of course, but what a gorgeous idea it would be for us to do it just that way—meet at McPherson, and then dash right on down the highway.

"We could get to Minneapolis by midnight—" said the Sultan.

"And wire the family from there," I agreed excitedly.

He looked down at me with orange-blossoms floating in his eyes and whispered: "Shall we, darling?"

I fluttered my eyelashes and whispered back: "Oh, Vincent!" And that's how the wedding date was set.

About an hour after I got home that night, Lynn came floating in on a private little cloud of her own. When I asked her whom she was with just before her dance with Toby, she looked blank as a wall and said she couldn't remember. I finally gave up pumping her. But just as I was ready to drop off to sleep,

She: "What are your prospects? No love in a cottage or any of that rot."
He: "Well, we can always touch the old man for the divorce money."



she said dreamily: "Phyl, what does it mean when one of your boy friends says, 'Let's put on a party at the parsonage'?"

I turned over and stared at her. As if he "meant" anything! "Well," said I, "it depends on the boy friend. In some cases, he might be singing a new song you haven't heard yet. Or it might be his own little way of saying there's a beautiful moon. In this case, of course, Toby being Toby, undoubtedly it means that he's yearning for the laughter of little children around a fire-side. . . . Golden-haired little darlings, with noses that need to be wiped."

And it was then, absolutely out of a clear sky, that she dissolved. There's no other word for it. The Lynn I knew simply melted away before my eyes, pajamas and all, and then ran together again into a Portrait of a Lady in Love. It made my flesh crawl just to look at her.

"I want four," she said, all dewy-eyed and flushed and quivering, staring out across the lake. "But not right away. I think it's nicer to wait two or three years, don't you?"

I was shocked. "I trust," I gasped, "that you aren't basing all these hopes for a family on Toby Keneap—on the little show you and Toby put on tonight?"

It was dawning on me that my heavy sarcasm about Toby hadn't even registered as such. It was not only what she actually thought he had meant, but what she wanted him to mean! *Toby!*

Of course Toby was a darned good egg and all that, but there certainly weren't any orange-blossoms floating in *his* eyes. He'd been tagging around after Lynn ever since he first let her play in his sandpile—but only a mother could see anything romantic in the way he looked at her, or at any other girl. He'd simply been part of the scenery ever since we could remember.

When I got my breath she was floating off into space again and saying: "I'd been out on the porch—you saw us, you know; and he'd been—"

I thought I saw what an ass I'd been, and laughed.

"And he'd been holding your hand," I prompted delicately.

"Let it go at that," she agreed. "I thought at the time he was holding it a little more—well, thoroughly—than—"

"Than what?"

"Than usual, if you must know."

"Lynn," said I, "tell me all. How long have you been cheapening yourself by these vulgar practices?"

She told me to hire a hall in a young ladies' seminary, and went on. "Then inside, when we finished the 'act' and started to dance—"

"Just a minute," I interrupted. "Who was it held your hand?"

She stared. "Toby, of course! You should know. You nearly stepped on us!"

Well, I was clawing the air by that time. Kissing Toby would be like kissing your brother. Instead of a throbbing, chaste salute he was apt to give you a friendly cuff on the ear and tell you for gosh sakes to go put some powder on your nose. Oh, he was a grand old sidekick, all right, but he certainly wasn't the kind I'd have picked out as the inspiration of that new-born, dewy-eyed look Lynn had unveiled before me.

"When we started to dance again," she was saying, "he stopped and looked down at me— Oh, Phyl, you don't *know* how he looked at me—"

"I don't!" I agreed.

"—And whispered, 'Oh, Lynn, will you? Friday?'"

Apparently the idea had been contagious.

"What did you say to that?" I inquired, still a little groggy.



"That was your cue to match eyes with him, look for look, and murmur a tremulous 'I will' into his collar."

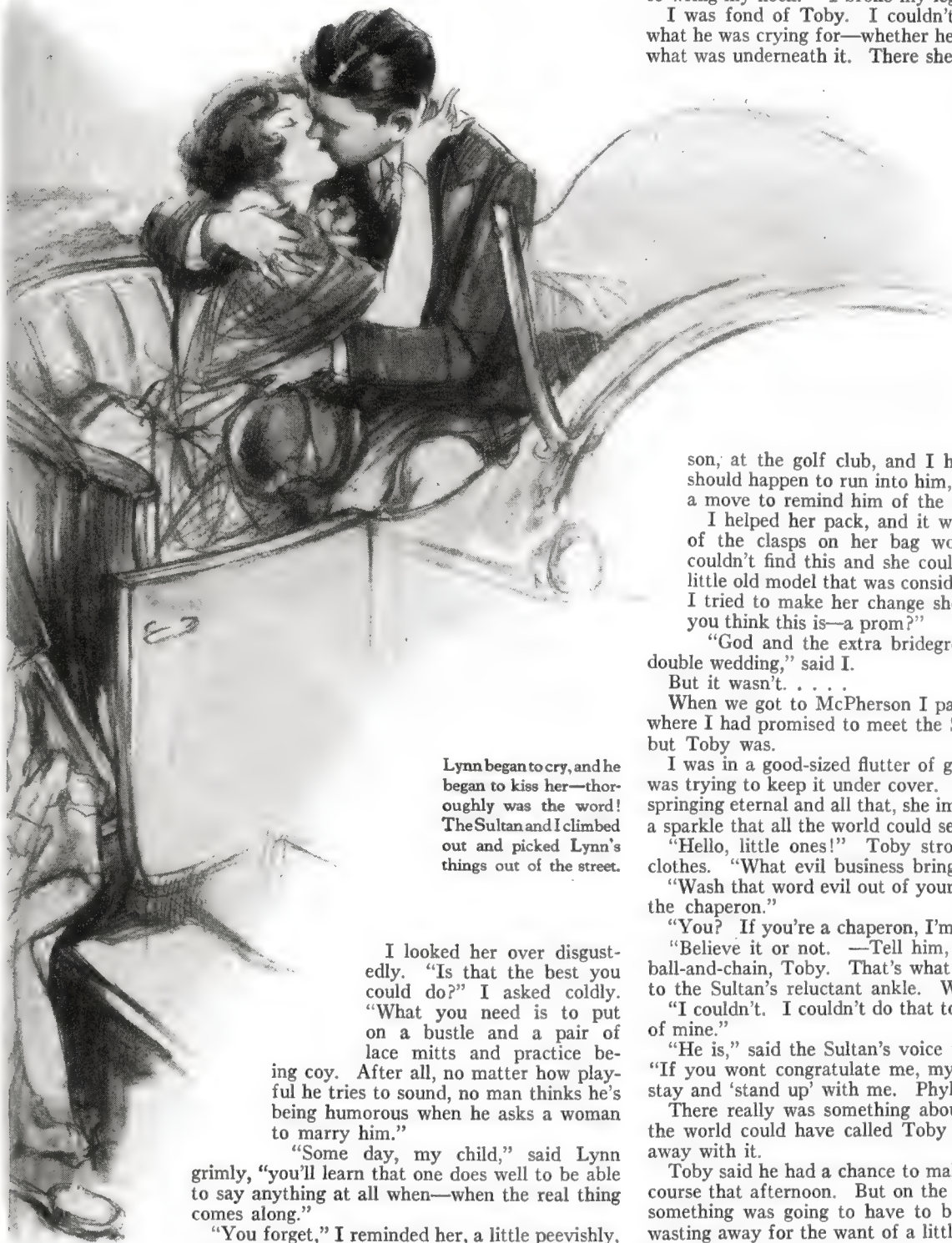
"I didn't dare, Phyl," she said, dissolving again, and with a little quiver in her voice that I had to admit was better than the kind I used on the Sultan. "How could I be sure that he wasn't still pretending?"

And there she was, going hot and cold and all but talking to herself, because she couldn't tell whether she'd been proposed to or not—and hoped she had!

For the first time I felt a glimmer of sympathy. It's positively social suicide to be caught taking anything seriously that isn't meant that way. And so few things are!

"Well?" I insisted.

She began to look guilty. "Dutch Davis cut in before I had time to say anything, so I just laughed, and said, 'Oh, Dutch, page the audience. We're giving an encore.'"



Lynn began to cry, and he began to kiss her—thoroughly was the word! The Sultan and I climbed out and picked Lynn's things out of the street.

I looked her over disgustingly. "Is that the best you could do?" I asked coldly. "What you need is to put on a bustle and a pair of lace mitts and practice being coy. After all, no matter how playful he tries to sound, no man thinks he's being humorous when he asks a woman to marry him."

"Some day, my child," said Lynn grimly, "you'll learn that one does well to be able to say anything at all when—the real thing comes along."

"You forget," I reminded her, a little peevishly, "that I know as much about what you call the real thing as you do."

There was another dance Thursday evening, and she devoted herself exclusively to Dutch Davis, with a zeal that under other circumstances would have made me tremble for the boy's freedom. You'd have thought all other men meant less to her than the cracks of the floor she danced on. Dutch himself was evidently a little overwhelmed by his sudden climb to favor.

I suspected the reason for all that, and when the evening was

half over, I found him. He was standing alone on the veranda, looking in, smoking cigarettes furiously at the rate of about two puffs each. Instantly I knew what he didn't—that Lynn had seen him there.

"Hello," I said, "what's gnawing at your vitals?"

"Gnawing's a strong word," he objected. "Say nibbling, rather. Rotten party, isn't it?"

"No, only soured for some people," I cooed. "Why aren't you dancing, Toby darling?"

He looked at me over a lighted match with a too-obvious desire to wring my neck. "I broke my leg," he snapped.

I was fond of Toby. I couldn't help wondering if he realized what he was crying for—whether he knew about Lynn's veneer and what was underneath it. There she was, looking and sounding like

a 1935 model without any brakes—when as a matter of fact she was apt to get positively runny at a moment's notice.

I had asked Lynn to drive down to McPherson with me, because the Sultan and I were going separately, and I'd need somebody to drive the car back home. And at the last minute I persuaded her to pack a bag and take it along—just in case. Toby spent a good deal of time down at McPherson;

at the golf club, and I had to swear to her that if we should happen to run into him, I wouldn't say a word or make a move to remind him of the episode at the dance.

I helped her pack, and it was an awful undertaking. One of the clasps on her bag wouldn't stay fastened, and she couldn't find this and she couldn't find that. She'd put on a little old model that was considerably past its zenith, and when I tried to make her change she snapped violently: "What do you think this is—a prom?"

"God and the extra bridegroom willing, it's going to be a double wedding," said I.

But it wasn't. . . .

When we got to McPherson I parked on the courthouse square, where I had promised to meet the Sultan. He wasn't in sight yet, but Toby was.

I was in a good-sized flutter of girlish excitement, myself, but I was trying to keep it under cover. But Lynn wasn't proud. Hope springing eternal and all that, she immediately went into a glow and a sparkle that all the world could see.

"Hello, little ones!" Toby strolled up to the car, in his golf clothes. "What evil business brings you here?"

"Wash that word evil out of your mouth," said Lynn. "Me, I'm the chaperon."

"You? If you're a chaperon, I'm a missionary."

"Believe it or not. —Tell him, Phyl? Meet the Sultan's new ball-and-chain, Toby. That's what I'm here for, to help anchor it to the Sultan's reluctant ankle. Want to help?"

"I couldn't. I couldn't do that to poor old Vince. He's a friend of mine."

"He is," said the Sultan's voice from the other side of the car. "If you wont congratulate me, my dear chap, you might at least stay and 'stand up' with me. Phyllis has Lynn, you see."

There really was something about the Sultan. Nobody else in the world could have called Toby Keneap his dear chap and got away with it.

Toby said he had a chance to make some real money on the golf course that afternoon. But on the other hand, it was obvious that something was going to have to be done—everybody was simply wasting away for the want of a little excitement. And he, for one, was willing to admit that nothing put a summer on its feet like a good snappy elopement.

Was he, Lynn wanted to know, a dreamer or a man of action? There was his chance to put on a personally conducted elopement—get in on the ground floor of a drive for bigger and better ones.

"Personally conducted," was the proper phrase. They piloted us over to the courthouse and found the license bureau for us, led the way in Toby's car around to the minister's, and made an appointment for us—the minister was away (*Please turn to page 126*)

Where There's a Will



Photo by Apeda

CLAIRE CARVALHO

There's a Way to Prove It Spurious or Genuine

As was demonstrated in sensational instances by David N. Carvalho! This extraordinary man, who was the great handwriting expert, gave the deciding testimony in the great trials when wills involving fortunes were in dispute. His private papers, with personal comment explaining his method of work, are now given out for the first time by his daughter.

By Claire Carvalho and Boyden Sparkes

WE had been to a play, my father and I, and sat before an open fire in the house he then occupied on Tenth Street, close to Fifth Avenue. The melodrama, which was concerned with a missing will, had not been satisfactory to him. He sipped some ancient brandy and scowled at the flames, weaving orange and blue fabrics out of the wood of broken old whalers that he used to get in barrels shipped from Cape Cod.

"My life has been one unceasing third act," he burst forth after a long silence. "Just think how many times I have been made to walk on the stage of other people's troubles, point out the villain and then vanish into the wings. I never see the start of these real dramas; but I have ended more of them than I can count."

I suspected that he wanted to talk. The brandy had loosened his tongue. When he had lighted a fresh cigar, he spoke again.

"The Wilkins case," he said, "had all the elements of a play except a happy ending. Unhappy endings, however, are sometimes appropriate. Do you remember the trouble that Wilkins got into?"

I shook my head.

Reaching behind him to a drawer in his desk, he hauled out a scrapbook of newspaper clippings and thumbed the pages until he found what he wanted. Then he handed the heavy book of clippings to me. As I read the headlines, much of the affair revived in my memory. At first it was the story of a raid by burglars on the home of a Long Beach physician.

Dr. Walter Keane Wilkins and his wife Julia had been noteworthy in the eyes of their neighbors because of their extraordinary passion for pets. They had a house in town but spent much of their time at the Long Beach place. They would spend hours strolling along the beach sand, watching the breakers transform themselves from sculptured scrolls of green into white lace that disappeared after a magic second of graceful existence.

Often they were accompanied on their walks by two handsome collies that frisked along the sand leaving the pattern of their gambols as footprints on the glistening slope that was constantly being renewed by the curling waves. Sometimes Mrs. Duisberg, a neighbor, observed with admiration the behavior of the largest collie, Duke, when Dr. Wilkins would make an elaborate pretense of striking Mrs. Wilkins. No matter how often the white-bearded old physician tested the faithful creature, it always responded with shrill barks of protest. If he persisted in the pantomime, the dog would become almost hysterical and seek to crowd itself between them. It was a game that pleased Mrs. Wilkins as much as the Doctor. Often she would sink down on the sand and gather the slender head of Duke in her arms and soothe and flatter the creature as if it were a child.

White tufts of hair clung to the sides of Dr. Wilkins' bald head, which usually was protected from the wintry blasts by a derby hat. Habitually he dressed as if he were going to call on fashionable patients, but that was just the result of a habit of years. Dr. Wilkins had explained to some of the neighbors that advancing

years and the possession of a competence had persuaded him to give up his practice. He had confided to a few of them that his only object in going to the city on occasions was to look after investments.

If Dr. Wilkins was well dressed, his appearance merely served to heighten the contrast between his own condition and the home in which he lived. Mrs. Wilkins was a careless housekeeper, judged by the exacting standards of Mrs. Duisberg, and besides, there were those other pets. In addition to the collies, the Wilkinses kept a monkey and a parrot. The parrot made strident clamor from the moment its cage was uncovered in the morning until the cover was replaced at night. The bird kept up its interest in life and maintained its health by eating sunflower seeds and performing amazing calisthenics on its perches and swings.

At the other end of the sun-parlor the monkey, tethered by a dog-collar fastened about its lean abdomen, swung from a rafter among the greenery of oleanders and rubber plants in painted tubs. Mrs. Duisberg could rationalize the parrot, a sort of companion in spite of the mess it made; she could understand the dogs, faithful guardians; but she could not for the life of her see how normal people could eat and sleep under the same roof that sheltered a red-haired ape.

"We have no children in the house," said Mrs. Wilkins on one occasion. "The Doctor does not like to have company about, so the animals keep us from getting lonesome."

The neighbors of the Wilkinses knew little more about them than this little—and that is a good deal more than is known by their neighbors about most couples who reside in New York, or its environs. We see people as you see masks in the window of a theatrical costumer, unchanging, without background, mere faces. It is the one big difference that marks apart the lives of those who dwell in small communities and those who stay in big cities.

One night in February, 1919, Mrs. Duisberg was aroused by a frantic pounding on her front door. She opened it cautiously to the narrow limit of a chain-bolt and looked out into the face of Dr. Wilkins.

"Burglars," he said. "My wife—"

Mrs. Duisberg took the chain off the door, and after calling the police and sending for an ambulance from the Nassau County hospital, went with the old man back to his house. When a police sergeant arrived, nothing had been changed. The first unusual objects his electric torch picked out of the blackness were a woman's purple velvet hat lying on the brick walk in the side yard, a hammer and a section of lead pipe. Just beyond these, lying on her back, was a woman, breathing stertorously. It was Mrs. Wilkins. Bending over her were the Doctor and Mrs. Duisberg. As the sergeant approached, his foot slipped in something fluid that was spreading widely from the supine woman's head. Blood!

Afar off the three conscious people in the darkness of that side yard heard a shrill and pulsating cry. It was the hospital ambu-



SENATOR FAIR

bequest
bequest
bequest

Above is a specimen of Fair's genuine writing.

bequeath
bequeath
bequeath
bequeath

The word "bequeath" with its betraying "q" from the forged will.



MRS. NETTIE CRAVEN

lance racing along the asphalt boulevard sending ahead twin beams from its headlights.

An emergency operation accomplished little for Mrs. Wilkins. Her skull had been badly fractured, and she died within two hours after being received at the hospital. The police sergeant was reluctant to break the news to the old man who sat with his face buried in his hands. Still, it had to be done and the policeman had to get from him a connected story of the night's events.

There were two victims of the tragedy. The collie, Duke, had been stabbed in the throat so that he had died silently, unable to bark an alarm. There were glasses on the dining-room table that had contained whisky. The Doctor said he had returned home late with his wife, and had been alarmed by shadows that moved across the front windows between them and the light in the hallway. He said he told his wife to summon help, and that he opened the door and entered the house to confront the person who had made the shadow.

The Doctor explained that almost immediately after he crossed his threshold, he was struck a

San Francisco Cal.
May 23 1892.
I Take Nettie R Craven to be my lawful wife.
James G Fair

I take for my lawful husband James G Fair
Nettie R Craven

The forged marriage "contract."

Theres d a Fair
Theresa A. Fair

The name above is from the forged will; the lower was really written by Fair.

James G Fair
James G Fair

Genuine signatures of Senator Fair.

James G Fair James G Fair

Signature to will, a forgery.

Signature to Mission Street deed, a forgery.

staggering blow on the head with, he guessed, a piece of lead pipe. All that saved him from a broken skull, he said, was the stoutness of the felt structure of his square-crowned derby. Fumbling in his pockets, the old physician made an uncertain inventory of his loss. His stickpin was gone from his tie; his watch was gone, and likewise forty dollars. At times he wept. He drank a great deal of water and frequently dosed himself with white pills.

"How's that for a second act?" asked my father when I had read the clippings.

"A better first act," I insisted. "Suit yourself about it," he said, "but now listen to the rest."

"Old Wilkins was a convincing figure at his wife's funeral, a decent mourner in correct clothes. He knew how to behave on such occasions, because this was the second wife he had buried. The first of three had divorced him. Those white pills on which he had relied to keep his nerves in shape on that terrible night when his wife was beaten to death contained, the district attorney of Nassau County had ascertained, a considerable amount of morphia. There was some evidence that

both the Doctor and his wife had been rather constant users of this drug.

"No determined effort had been made to shake his story. It was entirely credible, considering the hosts of thieves that find shelter in New York. Burglars fear the scream of a woman more than any weapon a householder may raise against them. Still, there were two circumstances decidedly suspicious. These points were considered after the funeral.

"One was the fact that only the dog Duke had been killed. Why had the murderer, or murderers, ignored Duke's mate? When the butcher's boy, the iceman and other trades-people invaded the yard, both dogs had been loud in their protests. Why had the murderer discriminated?

"The other circumstance was the condition of Dr. Wilkins' bald scalp. In spite of the blow that had crushed his derby, his thin, pinkish skin glowed in a state of unblemished health. If he had been hit hard enough to render him unconscious, the blow surely might have been expected to leave a discolored bruise where it had landed. There was no bruise. Still, it is not a crime, even though it is a cause for shame, if a husband does not behave valiantly while burglars are about. It seemed entirely possible that the old Doctor had added the part about being beaten himself merely to give himself a more heroic place in the eyes of his neighbors than he was entitled to be given.

"The district attorney did point out to the old man that he might reasonably regard himself as an object of suspicion; but Wilkins did not resent his statement. He was intelligent enough to have anticipated it. In his mild way he reminded the district attorney that he was dependent on his wife for support. It was his wife, he said, who had induced him to give up his practice and take care of her real-estate and other investments.

"When he was told that detectives were going to make a search of the Wilkins' town house in Sixty-fifth Street, the old man swallowed a few more pills and nodded acquiescence. He was not told that the search already had been made and that a paper found there had been brought to David N. Carvalho for study."

My father often spoke of himself as if David N. Carvalho were just a man with whom he was well acquainted. For his own skill as a handwriting expert and for his reputation as an authority on disputed documents he had a respect that he somehow was reluctant to share with his opinion of himself as a person. He did not, I think, wish to be thought conceited, and yet he felt obligated to respect his own talents, to gauge them as they deserved. Certainly he did not believe anyone else in the world in his limited profession was in a class with David N. Carvalho.

The document that was brought to him was a will of the dead woman. It had been found in a trunk in the town house. It made the physician the chief beneficiary of his wife's estate, which amounted to more than seventy-five thousand dollars.

Mr. Weeks, the district attorney of Nassau County, with a considerable skill in dealing with murder, invited the old physician to come and talk with him about the will. He came to the conference accompanied by a lawyer, and denied positively that he ever had seen the will. He stalked out of the district attorney's office mildly indignant—and disappeared.

For some days the old man was missing. He had lost his nerve! Afterward it was learned that he had gone to Baltimore and stayed at a hotel there, smooth-shaven, while the police were hunting for a man with a white beard. He might have gotten away for all time then, because a man of sixty-seven does not need to hide so very long to escape the police forever. A few years, and Wilkins' self-imposed exile would have been ended by an involuntary and everlasting one. But he could not remain away. Some unfinished business in his tangled life brought him back to New York. He was arrested in a telephone-booth into which he had gone, presumably in order to communicate with his lawyer.

DR. WILKINS was tried and convicted of the murder of his wife. It was established to the satisfaction of the jury that the hammer with which her skull had been crushed had been wielded by that gentle old fellow who had been her companion on so many walks along the beach. He had been forced to kill the collie Duke, to keep the animal from raising an alarm.

My father testified that the date on the will, a day in the year 1915, had been written by Dr. Wilkins. With chemicals he showed that the date had been written on the document with an ink different from that with which the text itself was written. Probably the will had been prepared by Mrs. Wilkins shortly after their marriage, but quarrels and a realization of other obligations had caused her to threaten to make another in which she purposed to treat her husband much less generously. What became of that other

will which existed only by inference? It may have been destroyed by Wilkins. An earlier will dated 1903 was found after many searches. This one provided for other relatives of the dead woman. That one was accepted by the State as her last will.

During the trial Dr. Wilkins sat sucking one of his fingers in the manner of a very small boy. The disengaged hand roved nervously here and there among the law-books from which his attorneys were trying to extract support for a weak defense. A braid-edged cut-away morning coat, striped trousers and carefully polished shoes covered the frightened body of the drug-addict. He seemed unmoved when the jury reported that it had found him guilty—a jury he had helped select, elderly married men for the most part. It had taken them twenty-two hours and twenty ballots to agree.

A day or so before he was to have been taken to Sing Sing, where the electric chair is housed, Dr. Wilkins hanged himself in the bathroom of the Nassau County jail.

MY father devoted a great deal of his time to a consideration of disputed wills. It is a curious trait, and a common one, that impels so many persons to defer the making of such an important document until a realization that they are on their death-bed hurries them into action that is not always well considered. Others have bequeathed trouble as well as an estate to their heirs by hiding their wills in some queer cache in which it is quite certain they would not think of concealing even a small amount of money.

"The plot of that play we saw the other night turned on a will," he reminded me a few days after we had discussed the Wilkins case. "I wonder if you have ever thought why it is that a will is such a likable instrument in the sight of a playwright."

I told him I had not.

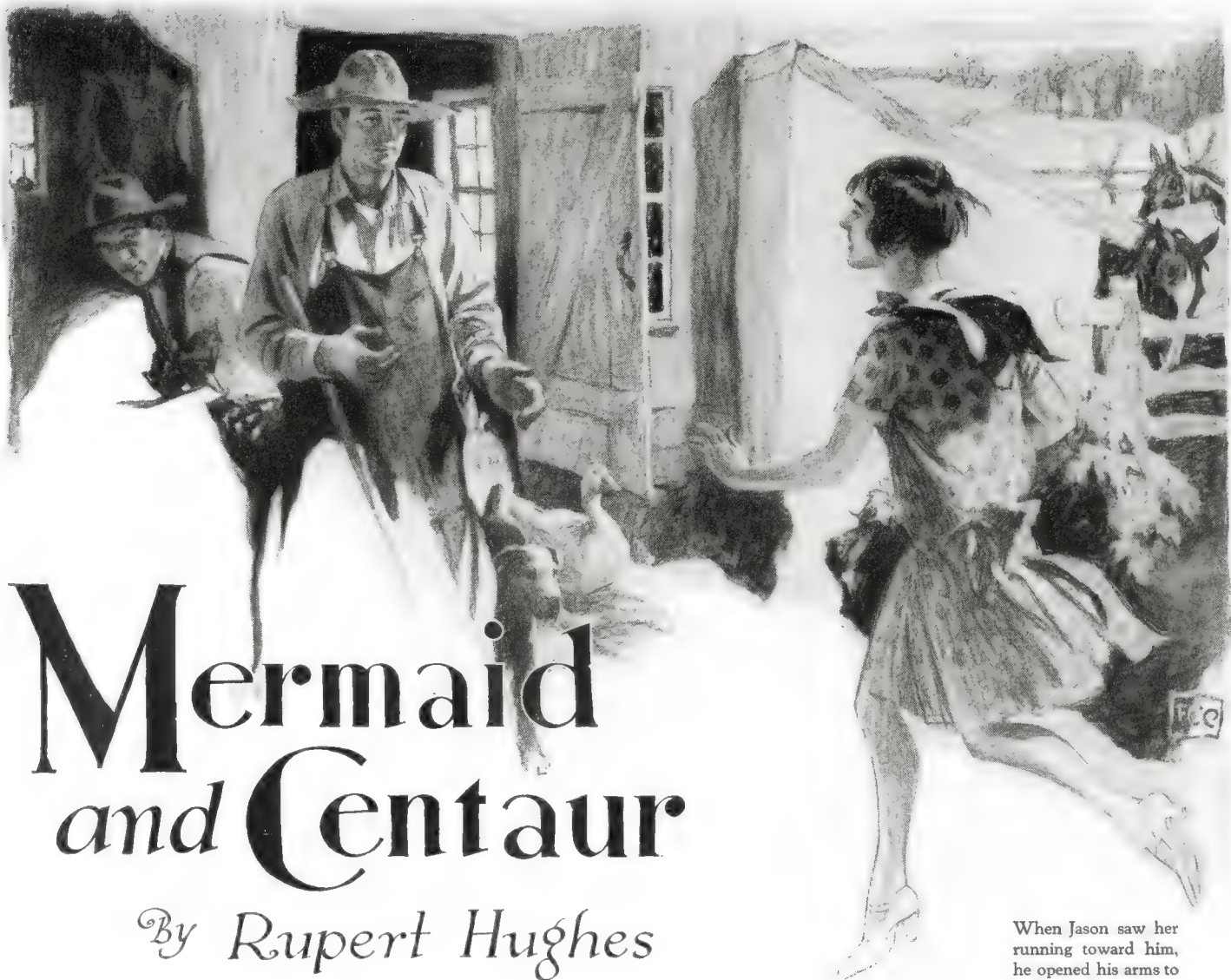
"Wills," he said, "are the voices of the dead. Sometimes they speak with malice, but most often only with kindness. The reason, though, that dramatists make such frequent use of them is that they are compact symbols of great wealth. A man signs his name to a paper and thereby prepares to divest himself of all his wealth; with a paragraph he enriches another man or a woman. There is as much magic in them as in the wand of Cinderella's godmother. More often than you might suspect, envious, avaricious people by simulating these utterances from the grave try to thwart the desires of the dead. Do you remember the Fair will case? You should, for it was with the fees I earned in that case that we built the home on Breezy Point."

Fair was an Irishman, born in Clogher, County Tyrone, 1831. His parents brought him to America when he was a lad of twelve and proceeded to Chicago. He was a stripling of eighteen when the country was inflamed by news of the finding of gold in California. He went West and stayed around San Francisco until 1860. He knew the gamblers of the time, the saloon-keepers, the bartenders, the bad men and the other adventurers good and bad who formed a part of that whiskered pageant. Fair had ability and judgment. He was not interested in merely getting a sack full of gold; he wanted great riches.

About the time Lincoln was inaugurated, Fair was on his way to Nevada. He was interested in the silver mines that had been opened there. For five years he prospected and worked in the mines. He showed skill as a manager of mining properties and became one of the owners of the Comstock lode, the mother lode which was so rich in ore that the tunnels that were driven into it became known as the Big Bonanza Mine. Cartloads of silver ore passed out of that mine in such a steady stream that within three years Fair and his associates were among the very richest in America. The group of mines controlled by the Fair crowd paid one hundred million dollars in dividends in three years; and in 1869 James Graham Fair, aged thirty-eight, returned to San Francisco for the purpose of planting his riches in investments, so that he might never suffer poverty. He invested as shrewdly as he had garnered. When he promoted any enterprise, it prospered. In 1878 he built the Southern Pacific Coast Railway and Ferry System. Eight years later he sold this property to the Southern Pacific Railroad. His profit was one million dollars, comparatively small change on the Fair ledger in that year.

In 1880, a time tax assessments generally were far below actual values, Fair was assessed on forty-two million dollars in California. How much more wealth he had, none today can say; nor is it possible to estimate the value of his property in Nevada.

A rich man, but not happy, Fair went from Nevada to the United States Senate in 1881 and served until 1886. Mrs. Fair divorced him, and he lived in rooms at the Lick House in San Francisco. His health was failing. Mining-camp cooking had ruined his stomach. Asthma harassed him, as if the bony (Please turn to page 120)



Mermaid and Centaur

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by Forrest C. Crooks

A diving-girl, from a carnival, fell in love with a farmer—the Mermaid and the Centaur. Mr. Hughes, with his great talent, tells how love beat at the barriers between their souls.

The Story So Far:

THE carnival diving girl Zarna and the farmer Jason Brafford—two people whose natures were as antagonistic as centaur and mermaid—had fallen in love with each other.

Jason had refrained from marriage because he had under his care his pitiful sister Rita, who from birth had been a bedridden cripple. He left Rita perforce at home while with his farmhands and their womenfolk he went to a carnival showing in the neighboring town. He was fascinated and stirred by the advertisement and the show of Zarna, the diving belle, and her trained seal Susanne. Intrigued by Zarna's beauty and determined to give poor Rita at least a glimpse of the carnival, he sought out Zarna after the performance and offered to pay her to visit his home.

"Captain" Querl, an acrobat, accused Jason of another motive. Perhaps Jason himself did not know how he had come under the spell of Zarna. The men quarreled, but Jason obtained Zarna's promise to visit his farm.

And next morning Jason drove Zarna and the seal in his car out to the farm—while Captain Querl sulked scowling in his tent like another Achilles; and while the fantastically named Two Cents Tanner, a comely neighbor girl who had been a somewhat special friend of Jason's, watched them with anxious perplexity as they passed.

Zarna was delighted with the farm; and the farmers—particularly poor Rita—were enthralled with Zarna and Susanne. . . .

When Jason saw her running toward him, he opened his arms to her to dive into, but the fool Moe was with him.

Jason went to the carnival again and again; Zarna revisited the farm—and among the orchard apple-blossoms Jason kissed her. . . . It was on Jason's next visit to the carnival afterward that Querl's jealousy of Jason flamed out in a furious attack and the men fought savagely. It was a drawn battle, and both men were badly battered before Zarna contrived to stop it. . . . Later, while Zarna was dressing Jason's wounds, she led him to propose marriage. A few days later the diving girl left the circus and Jason brought his wife home to Rita. (*The story continues in detail:*)

"WHAT do I call you now, Miss Zarna, now that you're family?" Rita asked.

"Jason made up the name Millie. How do you like that?"

"It's fine for him to call you, but it sounds kind of familiar for me. You're so grand and all."

"Oh, my little baby, I'm the farthest thing from grand that anybody ever was."

"Well, you're grand to me—a princess or something. But what are you really? A sister-in-law, I suppose. I could call you my grandsister. But that's kind of uppity."

"What do you want me to be, honey, a mother or a—a what?"

"I never had a mother. That is, I had a very sweet one, they tell me. But—well, I'd like a mother mighty much."

"Let me be one to you."

"But I never had a sister, either."

"Let me be both—anything to make you happy."

"Oh, I'm happy! Never was I so happy! And Jason—I never saw Jason like that. Oh, it's beautiful to have you here. Poor Jason, he's had such a sad life with only me."

"Hush, you little saint."

That was so overwhelming that Rita dodged the glory and asked:

"Aren't you goin' to take off your hat and stay awhile? Jason, you stupid, show the poor thing her room. She doesn't know her own home yet."

It was an immense embarrassment to Jason to lead a wife away from the presence of a sister, but he guided Zarna to his own room, and studied her to see how she would like her new quarters.

She exclaimed upon the furniture, the wallpaper, the crimson hollyhocks standing sentinel outside the window—everything.

"That's the bed I was born in," said Jason.

"It looks big enough even for that," said Zarna.

"My father and mother slept there all their lives."

"Was Rita born there too?" He nodded.

She went on: "Why did the poor child say she'd never had a mother?"

His face grew old with old woe:

"Because mamma died of—of having Rita."

"Oh, I'm sorry I asked you. I didn't know. Your poor mother! Poor Rita! I tell you, I have my faults and I've made my mistakes, God knows, but there's one crime I'm never goin' to commit. I promise you I'll never bring any poor babies into the world. No sir. Not me! Ump-umm!"

Jason could not speak. He stared aghast. She saw the blow she had dealt, but she was too fixed in her views to soften it:

"Remember I been travelin' with a side-show. All those dwarfs, those giants, the dog-faced boy, all had nice normal mothers. And so did the crooks and the sots and the idiots."

"This motherhood business—it's just a racket, Jason. It's just a gamblin' wheel. And it's rigged so's you can't win. They have the big prizes on the shelf, and the spieler says: 'Take a chance. Try your skill! Trust your luck! You may get Napoleon or a Lincoln for a baby!' He don't say, 'On the other hand, you're more likely to draw a blank or a little murderer. And even if you should draw a prize, a fine noble man, why, the first thing he does to prove he's great is to go away from home. If you draw a nice girl out of the grab-bag, as soon as she's grown she ups and marries—usually some terrible skate."

"Any way you work it, the mothers lose. I've thought it all out for years, and there's no changin' me, Jason. I had a right to 'a' warned you, but the subjeck never came up. There's so many things we don't know about each other that we got to find out. I guess all marriages are only trial marriages these days."

He was still so speechless that she said:

"I thought you and me loved each other for just you and me. I never even stopped to think you might be lookin' so far ahead. It's your duty, I guess, and you got every right to a family. But I'm not the one to get it from. I'm sorry, and it aint too late to change—I hope."

He could not speak or arrange his thoughts. He loved her, and had not given a definite thought to the children that might be born; yet when by a kind of negative murder she wiped out all his posterity, he was thunderstruck.

He clung to her the tighter for the uncertainty that shook the unsubstantial ground under them.

There was a timid knock at the door. It was Delia, and she stammered:

"Is they anything I can do for—for Miz Brafford? Sorry I was out when you drove in."

"This is Delia, Zar—Millie. Delia, this is Mrs. Brafford."

"How do you do?" said Zarna.

"How-da-do?" said Delia. She started to put out her hand but drew it back just as Zarna started to put out her hand, then drew it back.

It looked to Jason like two fighters feinting. The resemblance was ominous, and he wondered why women always had to start something.

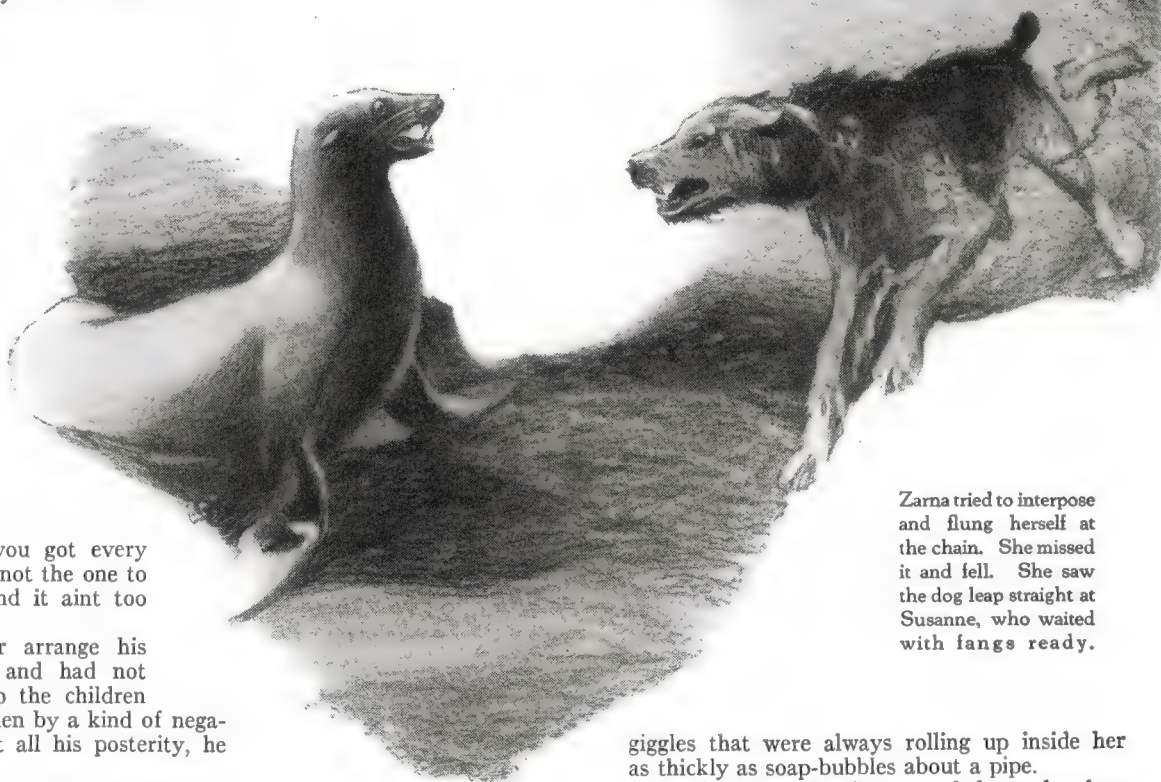
After a silence of sullen befuddlement, Delia said:

"Is they anything you want me to do?"

Jason wanted to say, "Yes, get out and stay out till you're called," but he locked his thoughts behind tight lips. Zarna had to swallow a temptation to burst out with a string of highly amusing thoughts, but she forced her smile into one of graciousness and said:

"Nothing, thank you."

Delia liked the laughter she saw back of Zarna's eyes and wanted to let fly some of those



Zarna tried to interpose and flung herself at the chain. She missed it and fell. She saw the dog leap straight at Susanne, who waited with fangs ready.

giggles that were always rolling up inside her as thickly as soap-bubbles about a pipe.

She had gone hardly a yard from the door before she had to throw her apron over her face and dart for the kitchen, where Mrs. Gumbert and Moe waited.

"What's she like now that she's got the boss?" said Moe.

"Oh, she's awful nice and full of fun. Whyn't you go make her welcome, Miz G.?"

"If she wants to see me, she can come to the dining-room and call me in there. I'll thank her to keep out of my kitchen."

Zarna did not visit the dining-room. She and Jason had their supper with Rita. Zarna was drawn toward the child for two reasons: she could expend on Rita the mother-love that flinched from



fierce and brutal onsets of passion, he was going to turn out a dismal bore. And, she asked herself, what greater tragedy could confront a bride than the knowledge that her husband is dull? To love a man who is a bore—to be bored and yet to love!

Rita she found captivating, witty, full of odd quirks of thought, a glutton for laughter, an audience that multiplied her solitary self with the quickness and the warmth of her enthusiasm. Yet Rita was a ceaseless drain on Zarna's sympathy. The merrier Rita was, the more pitiful she was. She and Jason were closer kin in this than in any other of their emotions.

It was pleasant after supper on this bland Sunday evening to sit about and talk and not to be unpacking for tomorrow's carnival. When Rita's drowsy eyelids began to droop, Zarna held her close for a long while before she could say good-night, and in the grip of those frail arms she felt that she had done well to marry Jason, that there was some good she could do on earth, and that she was glad to be here.

It was wonderful, too, to walk with Jason for a while under the stars, in the country hush with never a tent or a flare in sight, and the trees the only people to be seen. Her restlessness was assuaged by the one ruddy window in the dark farmhouse, by the breathing stars that were neither near nor far, by the nobility of the wind sauntering the night, and stroking the grass and the leaves. There was a mood of vast peacefulness, and it was enough to breathe pure air and move calmly toward slumber.

In the morning she was wakened by the sun prying her clenched eyelids apart. Jason was up and gone. She could hear his voice and the voices of the hired men, the cattle, the pigs, chickens, geese, ducks, wagons.

She peered through the palms of translucent hollyhocks outside her window and saw her lord and master in his working clothes. He had not bathed or shaved, and he looked almost as disheveled as he had been after he fought Harry Querl.

Damn it, she wished she could keep Harry Querl out of her thoughts! She caught sight of a clock. It was only six. She had five hours more of sleep coming to her, and Lord, but she did need it!

She dived into her bed but not into sleep. She had a feeling that Jason would expect her to be up and about her tasks. What were her tasks? . . . It was good of him to steal out without waking her, but since she could not sleep, she might as well get up.

When she was dressed, she went into Rita's room and found her twiddling her fingers in the sunbeams, for lack of anything else to do. Zarna was a visiting angel, and Rita called her one.

She solved a problem that was worrying Zarna—how to get breakfast in this strange hotel. Rita rang a little hand-bell she kept by her, and when Delia appeared tried to be very magnificent but

stumbled: "Bring Mrs. Breakfast her brafford in here."

At that Delia went into convulsions, and Rita shrieked till the tears blinded her, while Zarna, after the first smile at a slip of the tongue, stared and pondered how much laughter the poor farmers got—and had to get—out of nothing at all. A slip of the tongue, a slip of the hand, a slip of the foot—life was just one banana-peel after another. And no other source of fun.

When the hilarity had died down enough for Delia to find the door, and Rita had laughed herself out, the child was suddenly struck with a thought that disturbed her. After long consideration she faltered with heavily veiled slyness:

"I—forgot to ask about Captain Querl. He didn't come along this time."

Zarna could see that Rita was famished for a sight, or even for talk of her hero, but she pretended not to understand. She said: "No, the Captain couldn't join us. Jason felt that marrying me and Susanne was all he could afford just now."

"How—how was he—the Captain?"

"He was fine and dandy. He sent his love to you. He thinks you're great."

earning a child of its own, and she found a refuge there from Jason's exhausting devotion.

He had none of Querl's wit, none of Querl's reminiscences, none of Querl's willingness to invent adventures to supply the dull stretches in his life. Jason's mirth was merely a symptom of contentment. When he was cheerful he laughed at anything or nothing. His reminiscences were of weathers, crops, pests, prices, dull people saying dull things. Zarna tried to banish her remembrance of Harry Querl's ability to make a comic epic out of nothing.

One of his favorite stories concerned the Reub who had set his heart on seeing a balloon ascension, only to catch a cold and get a stiff neck before the great event. Querl would spend half an hour describing the poor simpleton's five-mile walk to the fairgrounds, his eager questions during the filling of the gas-bag, his emotions at the cheers he heard, and his tragic remark: "Has the balloon went up?" "Yep." "Great! Let's go home!"

Jason had stalked blind and deaf through great sorrows and heroic comedies, resisting equally the surrender to grief and the surrender to delight. Zarna loved him, but her love was already growing somber with the dreadful realization that except for his

Scarlet swept Rita's white face; then the white came back. Rita had taken it from the air about Jason that he did not love the Captain. If he had liked him, he would have mentioned him. Rita was grieved that her adored brother for some reason abominated the man she worshiped. Her only chance to learn of him must be when she was alone with Zarna.

Zarna could feel that Rita wanted to talk of Querl, and she felt that it would be best for everybody if Rita's illusions were dispelled as soon as possible.

Rita began a shy question: "The Captain—"

"The what?" Zarna broke in.

"Captain Querl. How did he become a captain? Was he in the war?"

"Oh, yes, he was in the war," Zarna laughed. "It's about the only thing he ever was in. But he's no more a captain than I am."

Rita tried to save her hero's face:

"Maybe they called him a captain because he was a deep-sea diver."

"Him? He's a deep-sea liar!" Zarna sniffed.

But when she saw what a blow she had dealt to a cherished idol, she made a nimble recovery:

"All seamen are liars, but only for fun. When I said he wasn't a captain, I meant he wasn't an army captain. Of course he had his boat—the boat he used for dredging pearls and fighting pirates and cannibals. And of course that made him a captain—a sea-captain."

It was like saving Rita's life. She was able to speak up proudly now:

"Well, I think a sea-captain is much bigger than a land-captain."

"Well, I suppose he is, at that."

"A land-captain only has to walk around and carry a sword and say 'Halt!' and his men halt. But a sea-captain has to know all about winds and sails and storms. When there's a terrible tempest, he can't just say 'Halt!' to the waves, for they won't halt for anybody—except God, of course. A sea-captain has to know how to whip the storms and save the ship and the passengers, and furl the sails and know how much the anchor weighs and say, 'Avast there!' And he has to know how to shiver timbers. What are timbers, and how do you shiver them?"

"You can search me, dearie. I never shivered one in my life. I've often wondered how they did it."

"It must be wonderful to sail the sea. I've never seen the sea! I bet Captain Querl could tell you a lot about oceans. He fought pirates on 'em, you say, and cannibals! And he hunted pearls! That's India, I think, where they dive for pearls. I suppose he sailed the seven seas."

"Seventeen, my dear! He's sailed all the seas there are, including the Arctic, the Antarctic and the Uncle Arctic."

"Did he bring you Susanne off an iceberg?"

"Well, not Susanne. I bought her off a man in Santa Barbara. But I suppose she was born on an iceberg, at that, and just swam to California on her own steam."

"But where is my darling Susanne all this time?"

"She's comin' down in the baggage-car. She was kind of jealous of Jason and she refused to ride with a bridal couple. So she's comin' down in a baggage-car. She ought to be in town now. I'll run ask Jason this minute, if you'll 'scuse me."

When Jason saw her running toward him, he stood fast to watch her. She ran so well, not like the lurching, hip-swinging cowwomen he had seen run. She was very beautiful to him in the forenoon sun, and it made him glad to think that she could be so eager to see him.

He opened his arms to her to dive into, but the fool Moe was with him, and she stopped short at a little distance. This hesita-

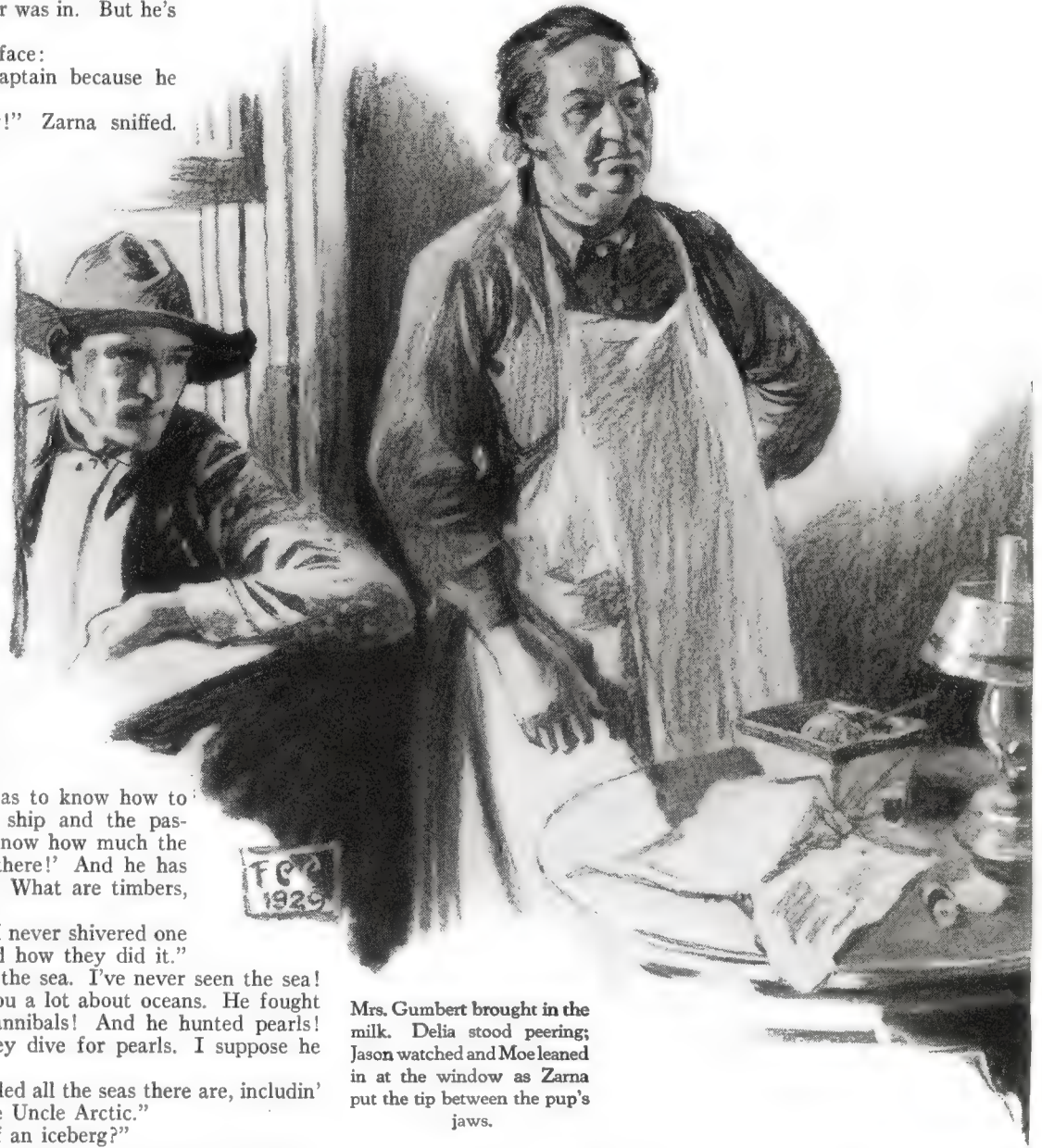
tion aroused Rip's suspicions and he ran at her, growling so viciously that Jason yelled at him and ran at him to strike him with a hoe he carried.

Rip fell away, but he charged it against Zarna in his ledgers that she had caused him to be rebuked and struck at by his deity. She interceded for him:

"Don't scold him on my account. Come here, Rip. Nice Rip!"

But Rip would not be cajoled. Furthermore, he believed that this woman had some association with that odious seal.

The zest of Jason's greeting was gone. He introduced Moe, and Moe pulled off his hat and made a wheel of it between his thumbs and fingers. Then Jason sent him on an awkwardly imagined



Mrs. Gumbert brought in the milk. Delia stood peering; Jason watched and Moe leaned in at the window as Zarna put the tip between the pup's jaws.

errand and turned on Zarna all the fervor of his eyes. He thought poetry of the highest glamour, but he said:

"Well, so you got up at last, did you?"

"At last? Lord, it's the earliest I ever been up except when I had to catch a train. And speakin' of trains—"

"I want to show you round the farm," Jason interrupted. "I want you should see all your possessions."

"I'm dying to," said Zarna carelessly, "but first we must see about Susanne. She'll be at the station."

"All right, we'll look her up later. Let's walk round the farm once."

"But I've been round it once."

This was an amazing answer to Jason, who knew that the farm was never the same farm any two days in succession, and who

could have gone round and round it forever, finding always something new, something growing or not growing, some cause for pride, or anxiety. He could not understand Zarna's indifference. He tried to laugh:

"Well, you haven't seen it since it belonged to you."

"No, and I haven't seen Susanne for ages. She'll be frantic at being separated from me."

The idea of worrying over an animal's impatience was a startler to Jason. He laughed it to scorn:

She had her way, and Jason drove wretchedly into town, through the staring people to the station. At the sound of Zarna's voice, Susanne imitated all the watchmen's rattles in the world and nearly rocked her box off the pile of Zarna's trunks, where it had been stowed.

While Jason paid the freight, Zarna released Susanne and gave the increasing crowd a free show. Susanne had to be fondled and reassured that the recent outrageous separation had been unavoidable, deeply regrettable, and could never occur again. Jason felt like a fool at being involved in such noisy nonsense, and when he tried to break in on it, Susanne recognized at once that he was to blame for the criminal disappearance of Zarna and chased him off the platform, to the vast amusement of the onlookers. When Zarna followed closely and smacked Susanne in the face, this endeared Jason to the seal as much as Jason's attack on Rip endeared Zarna to that sensitive retainer.

Complicated arrangements had to be made about keeping the box until Moe came for Zarna's trunks. Worse yet, a deal had to be made with the marketman to deliver to the farm regularly an appalling amount of sea fish. Susanne was plainly going to be that terrible thing known to farmers as "an expense."

On the way home, Zarna could not sit with Jason as a wife should, but had to stick back with her "baby" and vie with her in endless moanings over the recent frightful happenings.

Every time Zarna called Susanne "baby," it triply offended Jason; first, for her using such a silly word for a damned reptile; second, for devoting to it a word that had given Jason such bliss when it was applied to him; third, for reducing Jason to such a state of imbecility that he should care what she called the slimy beast. He was so furious that even the townspeople who stared forbore to laugh.

When they reached the farm, Rip behaved like a mad dog, or a canine Horatius. He would not let the seal cross the boundary line. When Jason ordered him away, he would not go. When Jason got out and chased him off, he came back. When Jason got out and called him, he would not come.

Moe had to be sent for to help capture Rip and drag him away to the harness-room, while Susanne actually leaped from Zarna's arms and pursued the unwillingly retreating Rip. Rip flung and snarled and tried to bite Moe and was bundled into his cell just in time. With the dog and the seal curdling the air, Jason and Moe shouting and Zarna screaming, and all the other animals braying, squawking, bleating, mooing and honking, there was a pastoral symphony for anybody's money.

When Rip was muffled behind doors, Susanne triumphantly consented to accept Zarna's advice, though she had a good deal more to say about dogs. And now Rita's voice could be heard. So far as she knew, the world might be coming to an end out there.

Everything was explained by the tumultuous arrival of Susanne, who came over into the cradle with a perilous violence and a frightful cordiality. She had to tell Rita all about everything and would pay no heed whatever to Zarna's remonstrances.

As soon as Jason was convinced that Rita had not been entirely destroyed, he vanished to swear the matter over with Moe. They agreed that the farm was not big enough for both the dog and the seal. There was no question of which had the priority. Rip had it in point of time, and so had Jason; but Rip was only the master's dog, and the master was only the husband of the seal's mistress. It cost Jason a heavy price of self-respect and of affection to betray his devoted friend. But he had to say:

"Moe, when you go in town for the (Please turn to page 164)



"When we come back from makin' the rounds, I'll telephone the depot and see if the lady is in."

"Please telephone first," Zarna urged. "I'm really very anxious about her."

"Oh, all right."

She noted that he did not yield too graciously, and jotted it down that the seal was already a rival for Zarna's attention. When he telephoned, he was disappointed to learn that Susanne was at the station. "And raisin' hell," the station-master said. "For the Lord's sake, come take the lizard off my hands, before I go crazy."

Jason wanted to send Moe in with the farm wagon, but Zarna insisted on going herself.

IN TUNE WITH

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

TAMARA GEVA

devised, directed and danced by herself the Modernistic Ballet in Black which is one of the sauciest and most sophisticated moments in Eddie Cantor's "Whoopee."

Miss Geva, whose picture appears at the right, at the age of twelve, was introduced to the Revolution in her native Russia, and its ensuing bread-lines. She won a dancing contest that admitted her to the Petrograd ballet and a sure living for herself and her family. Thence this alluring "little hooper of the Soviets" stepped into a London musical comedy, into UFA films and finally came to America last year with Balieff in the "Chauve-Souris," where Ziegfeld discovered her.

She is young, tremendously alive and, as she says of herself, "completely of today."



RUDOLPH FRIML

When you hear an especially spirited light opera, it is likely you are listening to the music of a Bohemian (an actual, not synthetic, Bohemian) now residing in New York.

Mr. Friml (his picture appears below) was born in Prague and studied at the Prague Conservatory. After touring with Kubelik, he settled in New York in 1906.

"The Firefly," "Kalinka" and "Rose Marie" are his; when Dennis King electrified audiences with "The Song of the Vagabonds," he was merely a vicar for Mr. Friml; and again he scored with "The Three Musketeers."



Photo by Apeda

HERBERT LIPPMANN

is one of the first of a new profession—that of *ensamblier*, which means roughly both architect and designer of furniture; for the new idea requires the same creator to conceive both the dwelling and the things it contains.

Mr. Lippman, whose photograph appears at the left, is credited with the most Modernist apartment hotel in New York City, designed in conjunction with Henry Churchill; and he also writes on Modern Design.

(Milt Gross also has written—in different tenor—about modern furniture. We publish Mr. Gross' comment upon another page.)



Photo by Wide World Studios

OUR TIMES

NEVIS SHANE

was born in America but was educated in Europe and is quite as familiar with Paris and London and Rome as with New York.

Almost as soon as she could write words, she began to arrange them in records and comments. Her first "story" was sold when she was eight—her governess having sent it (unknown to the child) to the children's page of a newspaper.

So Miss Shane, though very young, as her picture at the right suggests, has a rich experience behind her—which helps explain the unusual quality of "The Enchanted Kingdom," which begins upon another page.



ACHMED ABDULLAH

"A good many years ago," writes Mr. Abdullah, "I was living in Paris and had grown so ultra-French of a sort that I wore a monocle and ran around with a gang of aristocratic young ruffians. . . . Quite suddenly and unreasonably I became conscious of a sharp sensation of homesickness, of bitter-sweet imaginings about the Central Asia of my youth.

"I remembered the towering mountains . . . towns with cruel, rapacious hearts. So I went home. To Afghanistan."

And in this spirit Mr. Abdullah, whose picture appears below, collected and translated the poems of Central Asia which have appeared under the title "Lute and Scimitar;" and also he wrote the stories of "Mehmet the Red"—soon to appear in this magazine.



FRANCES MAY MADDUX

is a radiant twenty-four-year-old California girl who arrived in New York a year ago with a repertory of songs composed, accompanied and sung by herself. Very soon Miss Maddux, whose picture appears at the left, won an active life appearing at social-register parties from Long Island to Palm Beach.

In between engagements, she sings over a broadcasting chain and has played with the Philharmonic Orchestra in Los Angeles, in concert and in vaudeville; but her peculiar talent seems to be the intimate and most exacting drawing-room entertainment.

Photo by De Barron



Photo by Nickolas Muray

The Night Club

Illustrated by
C. D. Williams



BARTLE was fat for forty-five, and liked his own voice. He talked into the mirror of the hotel and at Vane.

"I say, there always has been two kinds of women. And always will be. I aint meanin' morals, either. As matter of fact, you can divide men same way: the careless—and the careful. Some folks think life is a bright-winged bee. Chase it, and get honey. Others are born with a natural respect for a wasp."

Since leaving the convention hall that afternoon, Bartle had been smiled at by three young modern things on State Street. He was moralizing. But he had been pleased.

Cary Vane was not particularly keen on Bartle, or Bartle's lore. Tying his tie at the same mirror, for nine conventions had crowded the hotels that week, he was thinking of Marjorie.

Marjorie was home—in Helmville. He was attending the annual convention of high and not-so-high motor sales-managers. He was six months engaged to Marjorie Wood, who had walnut-brown hair and topaz-brown eyes.

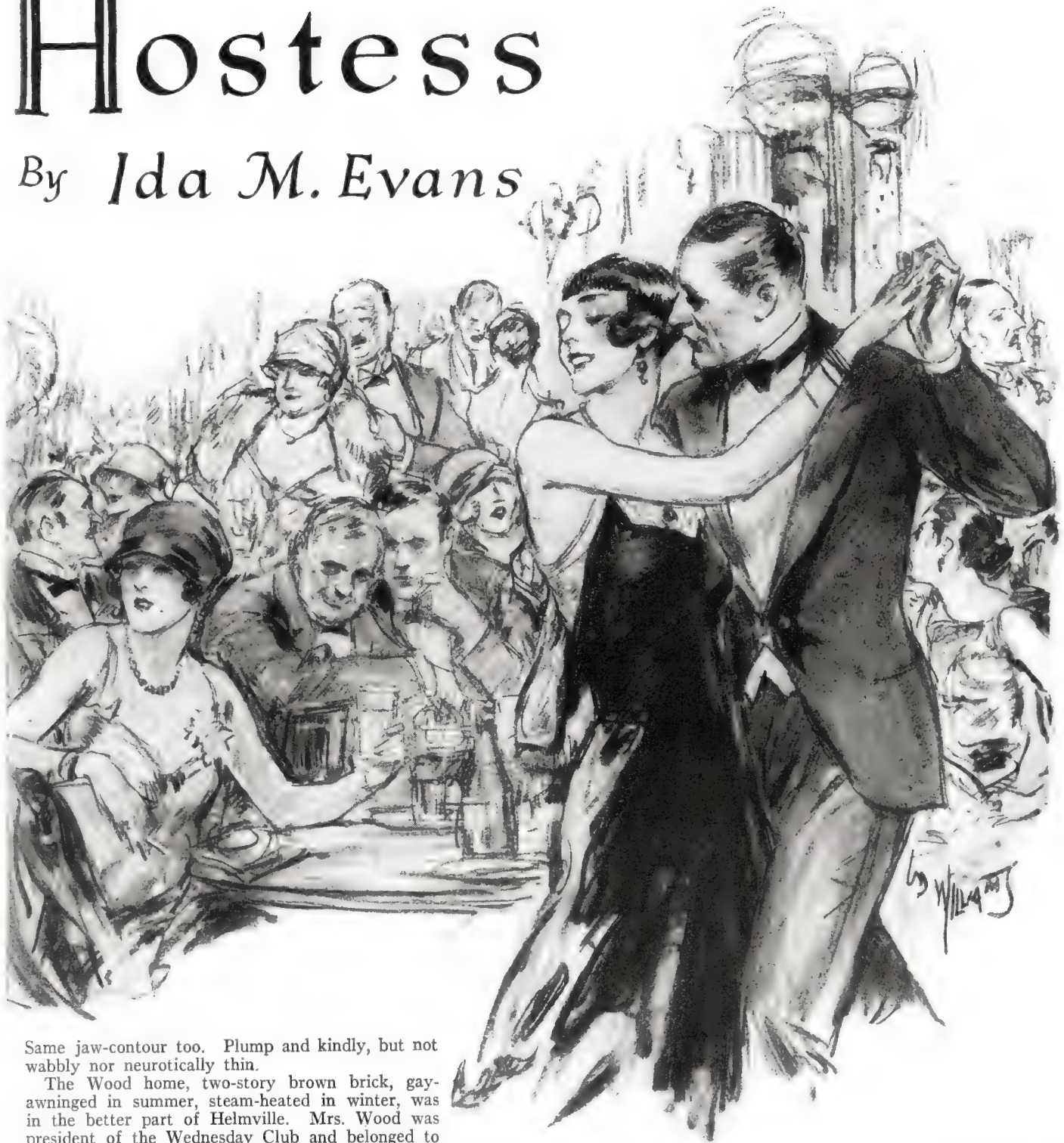
Therefore, in spite of what the conventions-trained Bartle had promised for the evening, Cary was inattentive. He was not

"Listen, Lorna! Last month you certainly steered some baby doll to me! Baby doll likell!"

only deeply in love with the girl, born and reared in his own town, but when Cary looked at Mrs. Wallace Wood, his mother-in-law-to-be, he felt that he'd a mighty good squint on his own future. From her mother came Marjorie's lovely laughing eyes.

Hostess

By *Ida M. Evans*



Same jaw-contour too. Plump and kindly, but not wabbly nor neurotically thin.

The Wood home, two-story brown brick, gay-awned in summer, steam-heated in winter, was in the better part of Helmville. Mrs. Wood was president of the Wednesday Club and belonged to the Club Women's League for Better Movies. She had kept the same maid for sixteen years. Helmville was a small city, rather than a large town—sixteen thousand. It was connected with Chicago by motor, chain-stores, bootleggers and some other bonds.

Cary was assistant manager of the Helmville branch of a mammoth automobile company which "sales-chained" the Middle West. Scoburg, the manager, that week had the grippe. Cary came in his stead to the rather important convention.

For his thirty-one years, Cary Vane had not done ill. He was actually the leading young business man of his home town. He was twelve years older than Marjorie. She was just emerging from the high-school crowd.

But when Cary was nineteen, Helmville was less than half its present size. Almost as much as its schoolgirls, it had grown. Like the rest of the world, it had been gasolined and radioed and "personal-noted" into expansion. With a weather eye on his future, Cary squinted as comfortably at his town as at his prospective mother-in-law.

On this trip the Woodses would have come along, but Mrs. Wood had out-of-town relatives as visitors.

It was early April. At every flower-stand on Michigan Boulevard Cary regretted that he couldn't buy a purple bunch to pin on Marjorie's dyed squirrel coat that matched her sleek hair.

At the gorgeous State Street windows, he mooned. Such satins and chiffons! Intimate garments—orchid, apple green, pale gold, mauve as alluring as Mona Lisa's smile. (In the Wood hall hung a very good print of the Mona Lisa.) Marjorie could wear any color. She had that kind of young skin.

Thus it may be seen in what a perfectly correct and respectable state was Cary Vane's mind.

So it had been with reluctance that he harkened to Bartle's plan, including Cary, to hie out at a suitable hour after their dinner and take in a good night-club.

Partly it was the expense. Night-clubs are not run as an act of charity to the tired butter-and-egg men. If a diner, not to say a winer, gets off with, say, forty dollars in less than two

hours, he is lucky—or, to any sane waiter's mind, a horribly low person.

Cary was not pinched for cents or dollars, but he felt he could put 'em to better use—say, on orchid chiffon for his family.

On the other hand, he didn't really care to sit alone in a hotel room, nor alone take in a show.

Bartle was a harmless night-clubber—merely a husband briefly away from home who made no bones about wishing to stretch his eyesight on gay sights. Bartle was from Helmsville, but transferred six years ago to a downstate branch.

He coaxed Vane plaintively.

"Aw, c'mon, you bunch of respectability! Darn it, if you think I'm puttin' anything over Mel,"—Mel being Mrs. Bartle, and at home,—"you're dead wrong. She knows me. She says she can always tell how far I went by how much soda I have to take the next week."

He added, benevolently like a Santa Claus:

"This Gold Kettle joint, out on Michigan Avenue, is a new one. And I was told confidentially that the liquor there can be trusted not to stone-blind you before you lamp the bottom of your first glass."

Even at that, Cary hesitated in distaste. Bartle added: "By gosh, forgot to tell you something else. 'Member the Tweeddale girls? Pretty, weren't they? Forget just what they looked like. Two or three of 'em? Anyhow, one of 'em, Gusbach was telling me, is a hostess at this Gold Kettle."

The heavy-citizen side of Bartle came to the fore in the press-down of his longish upper lip.

"Some career, hey, for a nice girl from Helmsville?"

He added with a would-be-tolerant shrug of heavy shoulders: "At that, though, I s'pose it's better than standin' on her sore feet all day in a State Street basement."

What neither good Scotch nor better Charleston had done, this news effected. "Good Lord!" said Cary with interest.

Of course he remembered the two Tweeddale girls, and the big white Tweeddale house. It had been chief gathering place for the high-school crowd. Mrs. Tweeddale was a semi-invalid, and the two laughing, light-haired girls ran all over their easy-going father. They'd had a wide unkempt tennis court and a piano. They liked to give candy-pulls. Both girls had large, happy mouths and blue eyes.

"Wonder if it is Lorna?" he questioned Bartle.

Through four years of high-school, he and Lorna had been pretty thick. A little mushy—as far as laughing, racquet-swinging Lorna would allow.

"Search me. But thought you'd be interested. Your age, aint they?"

"Yes—six months between me and Lorna."

Bartle telephoned for the reservation of a table.

"Up-to-date joint, swell orchestra. They tell me people are turned away every night."

Later, Cary agreed with Bartle.

The place was up-to-date—even dated ahead. The glass floor was laid in huge black and white checkers.

Shoulders of prosperous persons rubbed like sardines in a can de luxe. The black painted tables were crowded. The jazz orchestra was a black-and-white regiment of impassive-faced young men who knew more about modern sins than the Recording Angel would admit guessing, and who could breathe unearthly melody from their horns manufactured from precious metal.

Flasks twinkled continually in the air, like stars in an over-studded sky. Waiters with trays of food and liquid ran about like Jasons for unending fleece.

Cary tried to recall what year the Tweeddale grocery store failed and Henry Tweeddale died. Twelve or fourteen years back? The mother had died before. The girls had left town; Lorna did not finish high-school. Didn't they go to live with relatives somewhere? Hadn't word drifted back about Stella marrying an oil man and going West?

He was familiar enough with such clubs to pick the professional hostesses from the women patrons, for all the similarity of soft bare backs, expensive gowns and scented sleek heads.

He thought Bartle must have been misinformed.

A tall blonde with Louise Glaum earrings, inhaling cigarette-smoke above a butter-and-egg table, was not Lorna or Stella. Wrong nationality. Nor a little Lithuanian hard-boiled egg with purple-lidded eyes. Nor a slim, ebullient red-head with cold green eyes and warm strawberry mouth.

There were several others, but all had dark hair. He could not associate any with his schooldays—until one smiled widely down at the cloak-and-suit table which she passed.

A white hand shot from her flat, silver-cloth side.

"Mr. Budwall! It's certainly good to see you again. Where've you been the last two centuries? And—hello, Jake! When did you blow into town?"

It was Lorna. No mistaking that familiar cordial smile.

But why the black thatch? Not because she had grayed. He knew how old Lorna was, to the month.

The cloak-and-suit Budwall beamed up at her. The fur-and-coats Jake boomed: "H'llo, Lorna! How's the girl?" Their two companions grinned, and proffered liquor to her.

She was four tables away from Cary and Bartle. Not the best distance to inspect an old friend. Cary was glad of the space. Good Lord, poor old Lorna! He wished he had not come.

Out of past years, one vacation afternoon in particular leaped to his mind: A lazy hot July day; the Tweeddale lawn needed mowing; the tennis-net sagged where one post slumped. But a pretty, care-free girl in a pink dress sat on the top step of the old wide porch, thrumming a ukulele and howling with force: "But don't turn my-y picture to the wa-all! Don't turn my-y—" "Oh, shut up, Lorna," some one had screamed. "Let it turn!"

Now—a different Lorna.

Of course the dark hair changed her a lot. And she was no longer a shouting schoolgirl,



To indicate sympathy, what can you do to a woman, but pat her shoulder and kiss her?



"Oh, look!" Marjorie turned an excited head. "That woman in beautiful black! Is she an actress?"

but a fashionably emaciated woman in a daring cloth-of-silver gown which showed most of her torso.

She was rather pearly. Five strings around her throat, three of them falling to her—"Well, you wouldn't call it waist," mused Bartle, judiciously. "You know, Cary, Mel's got her faults. But damn it, here's one middle-aged husband who'll never be tempted from home and oatmeal by any skinny vamp."

Cary wished that Bartle would shut up.

He decided not to make himself known to her. Bartle was acting, however. He had motioned a busboy.

"Hey! Come here! We'll tell her who we are right away, Cary. She may be good to old townsmen, and tell the waiter not to clean us for cover charge."

The busboy was unnecessary. She approached them.

"Alone, gentlemen? Too bad. But I'll get you partners to dance—"

"Hello, Lorna," said Cary, soberly.

He tried to speak lightly. He failed.

Lorna Tweedale's nude spine stiffened visibly, as if she were not keen on old acquaintances. But at once she was all cordiality.

"Cary Vane! Of all men! And this is—oh, yes, Ed Bartle

that used to be in the hardware store? How's the old town? How jolly to meet you both in my own tepee, so to speak."

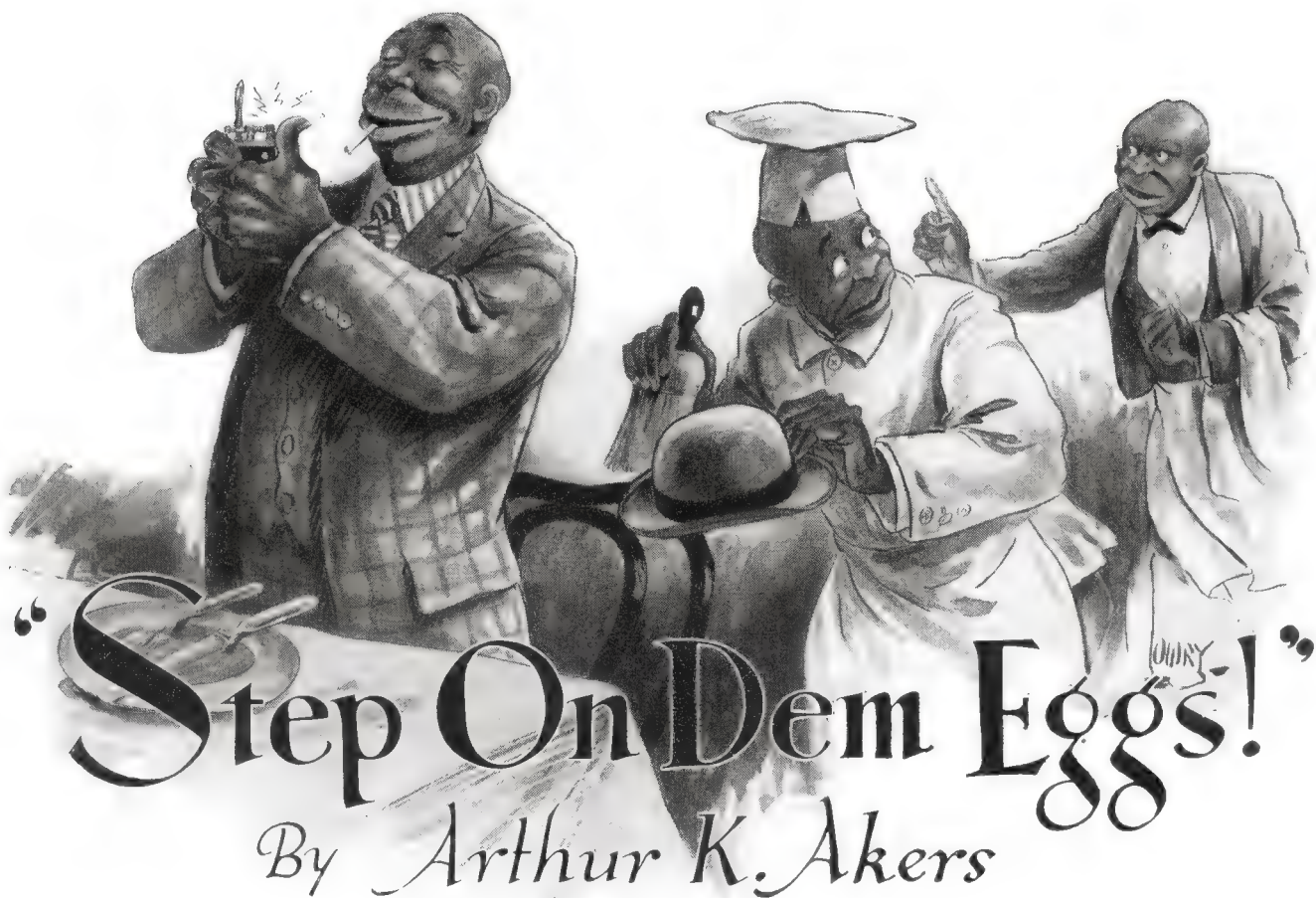
She had the affected throaty voice of her times and environment. (After Barrymore.) She sat down beside them, asking news and smiling.

Thorna Smith had three babies? How frightfully nice—but, poor old Thorna, how did she manage? Amy Wursell had died—how frightfully sad! Clarence Williams had gone to Europe to train his voice? How terribly interesting!

Herself? Oh, she'd been hostess at the Cliro. Last year. And when this new place opened—"Isn't it a wow? And the best people are turned away every night."

She glided away, returning later with two girls. Bartle danced off readily with a tiny coal-eyed teaser. Cary bought the other girl liquid refreshments but would not dance, and so she went her way. He watched Lorna saunter gracefully from table to table, gushing over various patrons, occasionally whispering to waiters.

Once, with uncontrollable laughter, she patted the chunky shoulder of a protesting black-haired man four tables away. "Behave! I don't believe a word." "Listen, Lorna! All I'm trying to tell you is that last month (Please turn to page 110)



If laughter is one of the large endowments, Mr. Akers lives in the richest section of the United States.

Illustrated by Everett Lowry

IPECAC INGALLS, colored, was being given a kitchen shower by his wife Susie. More tinware was coming his way than he could well dodge. Ipecac rubbed the resulting contusions and hastily withdrew the personal opposition to entering the restaurant business that had occasioned the outbreak.

"Why aint you say dat in de first place, 'stead of lettin' me dent up all dem good pans?" demanded the belligerent Susie.

"Been too busy to git my mouth open," muttered her small husband warily.

"Well, don't *leave* hit open! Whut day de month dis?"

"Friday—"

"Jes' r'member, den, dat yestiddy wuz de las' *Thursday* you ever loafed round de pool-room all day an' never brung home nothin' but a app'tite!"

"Aint no luck in stahtin' nothin' on Friday."

"Aint no luck in gittin' bu'ied on Sunday, neither—like you gwine be if you opens yo' face round heah 'gain!"

"All right! *All right!* I aint had no luck to lose nohow since you gits dat d'vo'cement from dat Enoch nigger. Whar at dis rest'rant you rents?"

"Fifteenth Street, close to Av'nue F, whar de Tittisville niggers all got to pass by to git to town. . . . An' you wants say *Mister Enoch* 'bout yo' betters!"

"Never seed him. You means you rents Big Boy's rest'rant?" Ipecac stuck to the main issue.

"Naw, de li'l one nex' do' to hit. You manages hit fo' me."

Ipecac shrank deeper into his too-large clothes. "Craves me a black suit, wid a white dickey an' a black necktie," he began with apparent irrelevance. "An' not no flowers: put de money in 'nother band, playin' close up to de hearse—"

"Whut you talkin' 'bout, Lost Ball?"

"Talkin' 'bout whut li'ble happen to nigger whut try to manage rest'rant nex' do' to dat Big Boy Dunn. He *bad*. Done put out word all over Tittisville how he gwine have less rest'rants or mo' fun'rals on Fifteenth Street. If dat whut you done rent fo' me to run, pick yo'se'f up some mo' pans."

"Listen, li'l nigger! Nex' pan I grabs up gwine be a iron one. Be dents 'stead of knots on yo' haid when I lays dat one 'cross hit. An' dat aint all—"

"Cain't git no wuss," declared Ipecac gloomily.

"Somebody gwine be in dar wid you an' see you aint waste no time. My brother Willie gwine be de haid-waiter."

If possible Ipecac looked and felt worse. To a dismal picture was being added further darkening in the shape of his brother-in-law, "Cash-money" Willie Thomas. Mr. Ingalls groaned carefully, but could detect no resultant signs of sympathy or softening.

Rather, "Heah de key," Susie instructed sharply. "You lope over dar an' git dat place swep' out. I done awder de groc'ries an' fittin's an' pays fo' 'em. Ev'y night, come quittin'-time, you shows me de cash or de cans. Is you bust a' egg, show me de shell. Whut you knocks down on me *dat way* aint gwine be 'nough to keep a' ant in cigarette-papers. If you thinks you gwine hold out no profits on me, go dust off yo' vest—dey's worm feathers on hit! An' speakin' of knockin', don't let me heah you say nothin' mo' 'bout Enoch. I has to marry *you* to find out how well off I wuz wid him. Sho wuz fine man. Ol' *mule* couldn't pass out a bigger kick in de face dan Enoch used hand me. Now you git gwine!"

Ipecac couldn't see any way to avoid following instructions. The march to the scaffold began, up Twenty-fifth Street and over Avenue F to where the colored business district on Fifteenth Street began to darken the land. Ipecac started slow, and kept getting slower. He was going to be in good and regular standing with Big Boy until—and only until—he put that key in the little restaurant's door. After that he was liable to become merely the late deceased.

So he shuffled and shivered. Every step was bringing him that much nearer to making a murderer out of Big Boy. It wasn't right, but it couldn't be helped. When Susie said it with skillets, there were other and less painful deaths than the home-made kind. . . . And Enoch must have been *some* man!

Fifteenth Street looked deceptively peaceful and safe. Street-cars ground briskly up and down it. Dusky loafers lined its curbs and watched the rest of the world go by. Mr. Ingalls looked at them enviously, then chilled as he remembered that they were likely to be watching *him* go by soon, riding horizontally.

Gloomily he fitted the key to the rusted lock, unused since the

swift departure of the last unfortunate who had tried to compete with Big Boy. A fly buzzed futilely against the inside of a window-pane and couldn't find its way out. Ipecac saw a similarity between the fly's fix and his.

Gingerly he picked up a half-worn broom in the corner and started to work, using the cardboard FOR RENT sign which he had removed from the front window as a dustpan. Dust and industry began to distinguish the restaurant-to-be—so much so that Ipecac temporarily failed to notice a sudden darkening of the door, a blotting out, so to speak, of his light and liberty. He looked up—and wished he hadn't.

"Whut you fixin' open up, Ip'cac? Shoe-shine?" questioned the visitor.

Ipecac prolonged his life by stuttering: "N-n-naw, Big Boy, a-a-aint no shoe-shine."

"Well, 'taint bad fo' pool-room, dat's a fac'," amended Big Boy. "Heap my cust'mers ma'ied an' aint got no place to go 'tween meals now, neither. Hit be handy fo' dem."

Ipecac wriggled wretchedly, then glimpsed the final straw: Cash-money Willie Thomas was arriving, as his assistant!

"Better load dat junk back on de truck while you still got de use of all yo' hands an' feet," Big Boy terminated his remarks. "Mess wid me, nigger, an' I kills you quicker'n anything in de drug-sto'es will." And with a menacing glare, he stalked out.

Willie intensified a bad impression by his choice of a subject for conversation. "Susie say fo' me come round an' see how you gittin' on wid yo' work," he opened their new business relationship. "Say let her know if you gittin' slack."

"Who gwine be haid-waiter heah, she say?" demanded Ipecac, ignoring the slur upon his industry. He knew his mistress' voice, even secondhand.

"I is," Willie confirmed the worst.

Ipecac thought of Big Boy and quailed. Then he thought of Susie; and, "Le's get dis heah stuff inside befo' Big Boy come back," he suggested hurriedly.

Willie did his first work in weeks. Ipecac worked and worried



A truck backing up at the curb outside saved Ipecac further lies. But its load spoke more loudly than words. For from it began to be deposited upon the sidewalk that of which Susie had spoken—second- and third-hand tables, chairs, boxes, a gasoline stove, a coffee urn. And with each new indication of Ipecac's real purpose in Fifteenth Street, Big Boy Dunn darkened in wrath and complexion and expanded in size and dangerousness. Ipecac investigated quietly but hurriedly—and found that some one had nailed the back door shut.

"Look heah, ha'f-po'tion of shrimp!" rumbled Big Boy as Ipecac hastily hoisted the white flag. "Is you got de nerve to move in heah an' start rest'r'ant right nex' do' to me? Right spang under my nose?"

"A-a-aint got de nerve *not* to," mumbled Ipecac miserably. "Susie own de rest'r'ant. All I does is run hit."

"All you gwine do is *run*, you means," supplied Big Boy ominously. "Las' nigger dat stahts rest'r'ant on dis block aint quit travelin' yit. You come openin' up in he place, an' I fix yo' face so you cain't use hit fo' a face no mo'!"

Ipecac looked more miserable than seven starving orphans. The dryman kept on unloading. The Law strolled past and added, if possible, to his troubles.

"Get that stuff inside! You're blocking the sidewalk," was the mouthful he directed at Mr. Ingalls. Then to Big Boy, pleasantly: "Looks like you're fixing to have competition, Big Boy!"

"Yes suh, Cap'n—fo' couple of days," assented Big Boy with assumed cheeriness. "Look like niggers cain't last long on dis block."

"Chicago, I's comin'! Tennessee, stand back and lemme th'ough! Don't let him git me, Lawd!"

too. In an hour, stove, urn, kitchen screen and tables were in place; dishes were set out, groceries binned, and the can-opener hung handy. Which shortly brought on more talk. Something important had been overlooked.

"Who gwine do de cookin'?" queried Cash-money, who had all the unpleasant ideas.

Ipecac scratched his head without adequate results.

"Got all I c'n do 'tendin' to de haid-waitin'," continued Willie positively.

"Dat aint leave nobody but me, den," mused Ipecac. "An' *dat* mean any cust'mer whut aint crave fried eggs is out of luck."

"Out of luck or he aint come in heah nohow," Willie muttered. Then, aloud: "Cust'mer Number One, us greets you!"

"Frisco Johnson, railroad man," the newly entered one introduced himself. "Dat big bum nex' do' th'owed me out las' week when I needs credit. Eats wid you hencefo'th. Craves eggs—six of 'em—sunny side up!"

"Sho is all busted out wid luck," murmured Ipecac as he received the order from Cash-money, behind his screen. "Straight up's de only way I knows how to cook 'em."

"Step on dem eggs, chef!" high-hatted Cash-money as he polished the stranger's plate with his sleeve.

"Eggs comin' up!" echoed Ipecac, and the restaurant was formally opened.

"How's business?" questioned the patron before he was half through.

"Aint no good twel after de election," Willie delivered himself of a chance-heard remark that he had been waiting years for an opportunity to repeat.

"Ought do fine, wid cook like you got back dar," volunteered Frisco. "Location's good, too."

The strain of listening was too great for the small black Ipecac. "Too dawggone good!" he hurled himself in apron and apprehension from behind the screen and into the discussion. Frying eggs gave a boy time to worry with his mind. "Location's de bigges' trouble us got. 'Bleeged to git me one dese heah razuh-proof vests, is I stay round heah much longer."

"Who make all de trouble?"

"Big Boy Dunn, nex' do', is I stay in business: my wife Susie, is I quit it."

The customer looked thoughtfully at his sixth egg, and grew reminiscent. "Susie?" he ruminated. "Sound like lady I used know. Is she kinder large an' dahk-complected, wid a long reach an' a fas' tongue?"

"You said hit!" corroborated Ipecac. "'Specially dat las'. Us ma'ied."

"If she de one I used know, she used be ma'ied nigger in D'mop'lis, name Enoch."

"Wish she'd stayed ma'ied to him!" mourned her current husband.

"Susie aint; she git d'vo'cement from him 'count him bein' in de jail-house. An' she de one whut git him dar—tellin' po-lice 'bout him peddlin' licker. Dat whut make him so sore. Enoch been lookin' fo' her 'bout dat ever since he git out. Dat hucome she had to come to Buminham."

"I aint never had no luck," Ipecac added to the subject in hand.

"Frisco my name," continued the customer, "but down in D'mop'lis dey aint call me dat—all time call me Fixer. All time fixin' somep'n fo' somebody. An', like I say, I aint keer no mo' fo' dat big nigger nex' do' dan I does fo' tacks in my cawn-braid. . . . Maybe I fix up yo' business fo' you."

Ipecac, who had once worked in a barber-shop, brought out a whisk-broom in sheer gratitude at this. Only a stern glance from his head-waiting brother-in-law deterred him from giving the pleasing newcomer a thorough brushing off, over a cupped palm. Cooks got doggoned few tips, anyway!

Willie meantime was fussing around with the customer's hat. The check was verbal and forty cents.

"Aims to eat heah reg'lar now," Frisco further delivered himself. "Big Boy lose my trade when he th'ow me out. . . . An' jes' you charge de check fo' dese heah vittles to me."

Gracefully he stepped outside and was gone. Ipecac looked at Cash-money, and Cash-money looked at Ipecac—which proved a non-profit enterprise for both. "Us done business, but whar at de money?" Ipecac repeated the Cry of the Stockholder. Cash-money contributed exactly nothing to the solution of the problem.

"Susie gwine ax, 'Whar at dem six eggs—or de money?' when she check up tonight," persisted Ipecac. "Whut us gwine tell her?"

"She aint gwine be lookin' at me when she ax hit," Willie side-stepped. "Maybe you better give her de fawty cents."

"Nigger, is I got fawty cents, I aint runnin' no rest'rant next do' to Big Boy. Wuz I git me bite of eatin'-vittles my own se'f, maybe I c'd think up some way to raise hit. Susie aint say nothin' 'bout creditin' nobody."

"She aint say nothin' 'bout you eatin' heah free, neither—'cep'n dat you aint to do hit."

Ipecac saw another good idea gone wrong. But after fifteen minutes' deep thought, mind grew triumphant over misery. "Susie aint countin' nothin' but de vittles an' de cash," he elaborated. "Gimme some dem knives an' fawks. I comes back wid fawty cents on 'em, or I aint come back 'tall."

Pawning the family silver took longer than Ipecac had thought. Yet absence had its advantages. For, "Big Boy in heah while you gawn," explained a palpitating Willie, "an' put back up dat 'Fo' Rent' sign in ouah winder. Say does us take hit down 'gain, dey gwine be boom in tombstones whar us lives."

"Tell me somep'n new," returned Mr. Ingalls weakly, tightening his clutch on the four dimes that alone stood between him and an aggravated case of cruelty to husbands. . . .

"Le's see de cash firs'," Susie started her check of her restaurant that evening. Manager Ipecac Ingalls achieved a balance by a nose.

"Two cases canned goods, fo' loaves braid—an' shawt six eggs. Whar at de shells? An' fawty cents cash money done took in," she summarized sternly. "Whut you needs is cust'mers. You do business or I runs you so fur off dat cain't nobody heah from you 'cept wid a ouija boad! You heah me, nigger?"

"Big Boy say he gwine mess up my face wid rock, is I keep on rest'rantin' in heah," protested Ipecac weakly.

"Dat yo' worries. Any change dat nigger make in yo' face bound to he'p hit. 'Sides, you aint no man. Nobody never mess up Enoch's face wid no rock!"

Ipecac swallowed and kept his thoughts strictly to himself. If Susie craved cave-men, Ipecac had a whole flock of fresh knots on his head to prove his disqualification in that class. Enoch had Susie buffaloed—Ipecac hadn't.

Morning found the two newly made restaurateurs in anxious conference before a fresh sign. It was over Big Boy's door and read: MAIN ENTRANCE — BOTH RESTRANTS.

"Dat big nigger sho b'lieve in signs," worried Willie, en-

compassing with his mournful gaze the continuance of the FOR RENT sign in their own window also.

"Us aint need no signs—us needs cust'mers," quoted Ipecac from his instructions. "Aint no money in not feedin' nobody."

They entered and proceeded feebly into a hopeless future. A moment later the door opened suddenly. Ipecac strove violently at the barred back door before he remembered to look around and see who was entering. What he saw calmed but did not enrich him.

"Lies 'wake late an' most miss my breakfas' 'count figurin' out way to he'p you out yo' jam wid Big Boy," explained the just-entering Frisco, closing the door behind him.

"Don't never wake yo'se'f up on ouah 'count," muttered Willie ungraciously under his breath. Then: "How you gwine have yo' eggs?"

"Shirred, dis mawnin'—not too done."

Cash-money's large feet flapped toward the screen that sheltered Ipecac's professional activities from the public eye. Then they flapped back.

"Chef say you gits yo' eggs straight-up dis mawnin'," he explained firmly. "Say he done stepped on de shirrer an' ruind hit."

"Suits me, jes' so dey fraish," agreed Frisco.



"All you gwine do is run!" supplied Big Boy. "Last nigger dat stahts rest'rant on dis block aint quit runnin' yit."



Children especially need soup rich in healthful vegetable foods!

Why are school children everywhere being taught to "eat their vegetables"? Because in vegetables nature stores the iron, the calcium and other minerals required to build sturdy, active bodies.

When you cook vegetables in water and then throw it away, you lose a valuable amount of the minerals which the water has absorbed. But in soup most of this is saved!

So you see why a well-made vegetable soup is so beneficial for the children. In Campbell's

Vegetable Soup they receive the full strength of all the leading garden vegetables — fifteen of them in the one soup.

In addition to this, they enjoy the invigorating qualities of piping-hot soup, which acts as a wholesome stimulant to the appetite and digestion. It's a wise mother who gives her children Campbell's Vegetable Soup regularly and often.

And how they love this soup! No trouble to get them to eat

their vegetables this way! It tastes so good that it disappears almost in the wink of an eye! And you know what a comfort that is. For their luncheon or supper here is just the thing—it contains so much real food of the right kind.

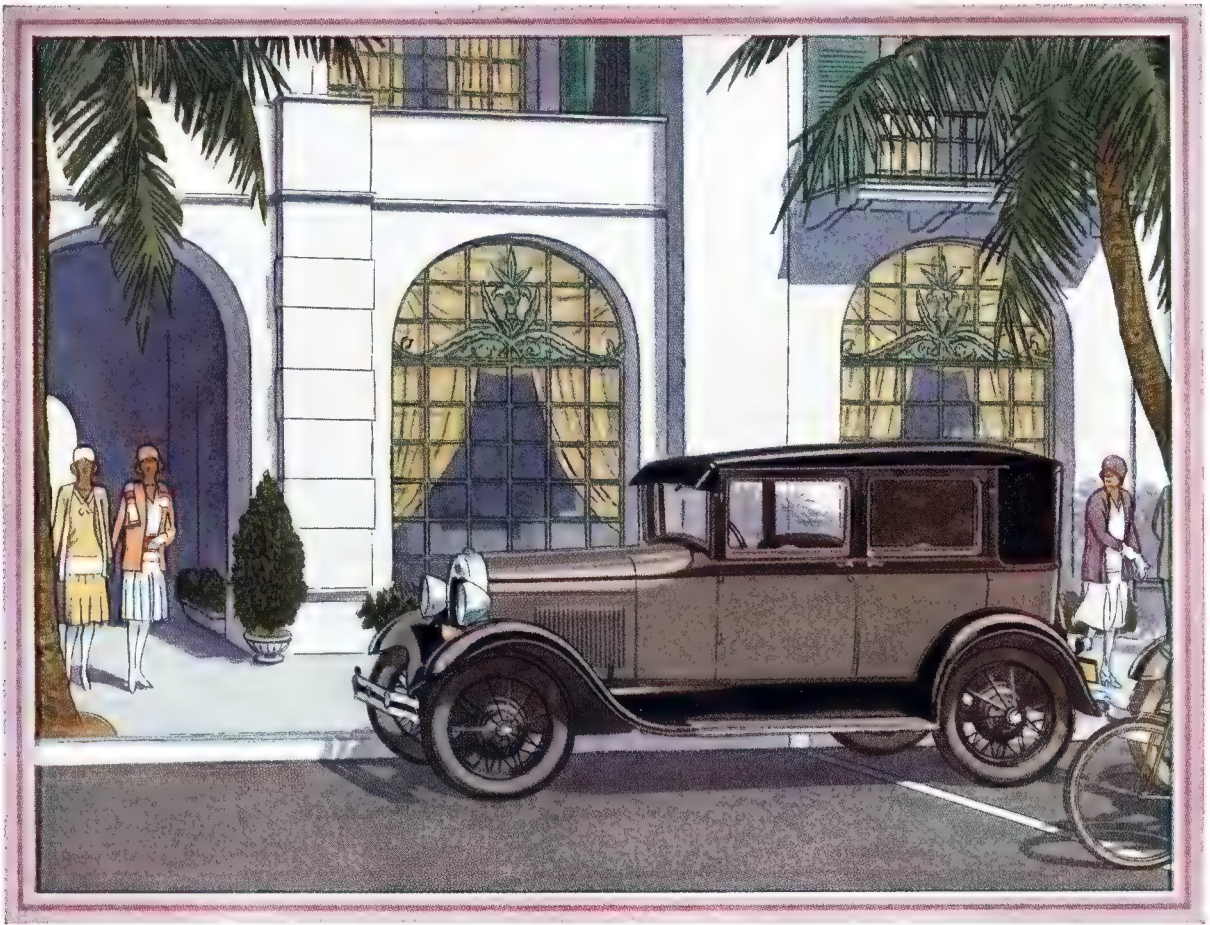
Add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. Then it's all ready for the eager young appetites! 12 cents a can.

Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON

DINNER

SUPPER



Fuel system of the new Ford has been designed for reliability and long service

THE practical value of Ford simplicity of design is especially apparent in the fuel system. The whole purpose is to give you many thousands of miles of use without trouble of any kind.

The very location of the gasoline tank is an example of this careful planning. It has been built integral with the cowl to permit the use of a gravity feed without any intermediate step—the simplest and most effective way of supplying gasoline to the carburetor without variations in pressure.

Because of the central location of the gasoline tank in the new Ford, there is no need of a long fuel line with its multiplied possibilities of trouble. The Ford fuel line, as a matter of fact, is only eighteen inches long and is easily accessible all the way.

The tank itself is made of heavy pressed steel, electrically welded, and is tinned plated to prevent rust or corrosion.

The carburetor in the new Ford

also has many interesting features. It is unusually reliable in action because there are no moving parts in any way affecting the mixture.

All adjustments are fixed except the needle valve and idler, so there is practically nothing to get out of order. "Keep it clean" and "don't tinker" are the two principal things to remember in the care of the Ford carburetor.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

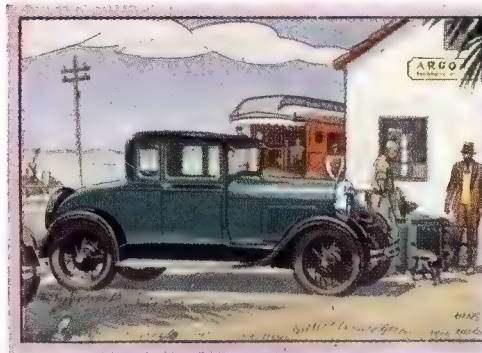
The choke on the dash of the new Ford acts not only as a primer, but likewise provides a convenient way for you to regulate the gasoline mixture and thereby increase gasoline mileage.

Throughout, the fuel system of the new Ford is so simple in design and so carefully made that it requires very little attention.

There are only three things to do, at 1000 to 2000 miles. (1) Clean the sediment bulb. (2) Remove the carburetor screen and wash it in gasoline. (3) Take out the drain plug at the bottom of the carburetor and drain the carburetor.

Make it a point to have your Ford dealer look after these little details for you when you take the car to him for oiling and greasing.

A periodic checking-up costs little, but it has a great deal to do with long life and continuously good performance.



The new Ford is distinguished by the trim, graceful simplicity of its lines and the beauty of its colors. Shown here is the new Ford Coupe—a splendid all-weather car

"Eggs aint git time to git ol' round you," mumbled Cash-money, thinking about the check.

Further consultation ensued behind the screen. "Le's me be de waiter when time come fo' de payin' off," came the urgent whisper of Ipecac. "I's ma'ied to de woman whut own de rest'rant: I got to git de money!"

Thus as Frisco the Fixer polished off the final egg of his feast, Ipecac advanced. "Hit's fawty cents," he stated boldly.

"Dat all?" returned Frisco heartily. "Aint mind payin' fo' vittles when de chef do he cheffin' like you do. Jes' charge hit—"

Ipecac gulped in a futile effort to reorganize his shattered collection system. Frisco again got his mouth open first.

"Down in D'mop'lis," he continued, "dey calls me Fixer 'stead of Frisco. All time fixin' somep'n fo' somebody. Las' night I sees somebody an' gits pow'ful close to way to fix you up fine. Big Boy have hunt hisse'f wid magnifyin'-glass when I gits th'ough fixin' yo' business fo' you."

With which, the charge customer again was gone.

"Laugh dat one off!" jeered Cash-money, emerging from Ipecac's normal domain. "Dat nigger stringin' you fo' a yeah's free board, is all. Eatin' an' promisin', dat all he good fo'."

"Promisin' whut he do sho sound pow'ful good."

"Yeah—so does whut Susie say 'bout Enoch—now. Dat wuz de only nigger she ever ma'ied to whut she couldn't whup. Enoch kep' her tame wid a bed-slat."

Ipecac's imagination staggered and quit like a dog under the strain imposed upon it by Willie's last sentence. Then chance customers drifted in, and his business and health prospects brightened—until they gave their orders. They came to eat various things, and remained to eat eggs—or go out hungry.

Ipecac perspired over his skillet and did mental calculations in hen-fruit that dizzied him. Reducing everything to terms of eggs rocked a boy to the core. And a heap of things were accumulating on Ipecac besides egg-shells—such as Big Boy walking right through his kitchen with a rental prospect, discussing loudly with him the exact day of the following week in which the prospect could open up a clothes-pressing shop where Ipecac's restaurant now was. "All de trash be out of heah by den," he stated significantly.

Ipecac broke another egg into the over-worked skillet and thought of Susie and the better brands of bandages.

THEN lunch-time and a dreaded yet hoped-for event. "Dat credit-nigger out front ag'in," stated Head-waiter Willie impersonally over the screen top.

"A-a-ax him how he crave he eggs," stutered Ipecac.

"You ax him. Gittin' so I crows ev'y time I opens my mouth," demurred Cash-money sullenly. "Soon's I stahts flyin' up on fences, I's gwine quit."

Ipecac shuffled forth.

"Heah come de chef hisse'f!" Frisco greeted him. "Bout three days mo', an' dey aint gwine be but one rest'rant in dis block—"

"Dat whut Big Boy say now," mumbled Ipecac.

"Fixer," dat whut dey calls me," continued Frisco gayly. "Sho is in'sted in yo' case. Got to build up my strength to pull hit, dat's all. Right now aims to wrop up 'bout a six-egg om'lette, wid French fry 'taters an' li'l fried fish an' cawffee. Been tellin' ev'ybody whut pow'ful cook you is. Dat gwine he'p you befo' long."

"So's hawse liniment," gloomed Ipecac. He swapped feet indecisively and finally issued a statement:

"Om'letter done loaned out las' night—aint got hit back yit. 'Taters is out. Us got a fish, but I aint been rec'mmendin' hit to no-

body cep'n strangers dese heah las' few days. Got some pow'ful fine eggs, straight up."

Mr. Johnson gagged slightly. "Eggs hit is," he acquiesced. "But I gits 'xamined to-morrer fo' pin-feathers."

Again behind the screen there was further discussion in the firm. "When dat nigger gwine pay off?" demanded Cash-money. "One mo' cust'mer like dat an' us gwine run out of somep'n to pawn. Cain't check up wid Susie tonight now twel you soaks de cawffee-urn."

Ipecac's heart fluttered feebly. It was bad enough, having to cook by ear this way, without being bothered by problems of credit and finance.

"You ax him fo' whut he owe us," he urged Willie. "Vittles runnin' shawt an' cain't buy no mo' 'count takin' all ouah money ev'y night to settle wid Susie an' keep down acc'dents."

"I aint ma'ied to her," Willie reminded him.

So again it was Ipecac who presented the subject of the check to his customer. And again he shuffled behind his screen, penniless, with instructions: "Cool off dat urn, nigger, so I c'n carry hit widout gittin' bu'nt."

"You's bu'nt now," Willie alluded mockingly to the credit situation, and Ipecac had no answer for him.

IPECAC could think of but one way out. He broached that to Susie when the check-up came that evening. Excellent as the idea appeared to Ipecac, it seemed to hit Susie exactly wrong. Radio was unnecessary for those within a radius of two blocks while she discussed his notion with him. A delighted audience gathered from as far off as Thirteenth and Seventeenth streets.

"Sell dis rest'rant?" howled Susie. "Only place I ever seed you workin' since de white folks had you on de slag-pile fo' drivin' drunk an' widout brakes! Nigger, you staht sell dis rest'rant to anybody, an' I stahts in takin' you 'part an' losin' de pieces! Come out from under dat stove, nigger! Come out from under, I says!"

Like a race-horse, Ipecac passed the next two days under wraps and bandages. The third day was distinguished by an addition to his clientele—a guest of Frisco's, distressingly.

"Mist' Ingalls, meet Mist' Edmans," Frisco elegantly introduced them. "Jes' been braggin' to Mist' Edmans 'bout whut fine rest'rant you runs heah."

Mr. Edmans resembled a truck in build and a horse in appetite—which put new notions in Ipecac's battered head about the duration of the dwindling egg-supply. And again the check was charged—for two instead of one this time, both of them big eaters.

All of which but hastened the inevitable end, an end signaled by nothing more novel than Cash-money flat-footing dejectedly behind Ipecac's screen a day later to announce as usual: "Nigger out dar craves small steak wid green peas."

The appalling novelty was Ipecac's change in formula. Instead of "Tell him he gits eggs," Mr. Ingalls stated simply: "Us aint got no mo' eggs."

"Heah whar us stahts ridin' home from work in amb'lances," pronounced Willie dully.

"Ridin' 'way from home, you means," corrected Ipecac. "Big Boy aint have to bother wid puttin' us out business now. Us is flat. An' Susie wont let me sell out, neither. I done ax her. —Whut us gwine tell her 'bout all dem knives an' fawks an' dishes an' cawffee-urn us aint got now?"

Willie's impersonation of the Thinker lacked conviction—and also thought. Right when brainwork alone would save them, Willie was scoring a blank a minute above the ears. Which made it no time for new calamities. Yet one seemed to be walking right in the front door now, in the shape of the truck-sized gentleman with the hearty appetite. Ipecac cringed and waited for him to order eggs.

But the big newcomer's actions were unexpectedly different—and worse. Without explanation or apparent understanding of the gravity of his offense, he seized upon the sacred FOR RENT sign in the window.

Ipecac and Willie gasped.

Oblivious of their consternation, Mr. Edmans read the sign again, and frowned. It didn't seem to suit him. Then, before the low despairing cries of Ipecac and Willie could reach or stay him, he stepped out into the night with it!

"Dey feeds you good in dem hawsipitals," observed Cash-money optimistically.

"Yeah, but heap times you so cripple' you cain't relish hit," Ipecac presented the other and darker side of the picture. "An' you heah Big Boy say leave dat sign in ouah winder, aint you?"

Willie could deny nothing.

Matters were distinctly unimproved, too, by the opening of the front door. It swung inward to admit Frisco, whom the pair were seeing too much of anyway. "You're too late," croaked Ipecac.

Frisco had something more important than tardiness on his mind, it seemed. "Is dat big nigger I feeds dat dinner to been back yit?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Dat big-eatin' nigger dat us feeds, you means," grumbled Mr. Ingalls. "Yeah, he done come. Whut us talkin' 'bout, he done went, too. Done took de 'Fo' Rent' sign wid him."

But the awful portent of Ipecac's last sentence seemed to fail to sink in upon Frisco. Rather, he was cheerful about it. "I done fix you up right," he proclaimed happily.

"So is de und'taker—soon's he call by fo' us," contributed Willie, wall-eyed.

"I done sell yo' rest'rant fo' you. Buyer r'arin' to git hit—" Frisco dropped the further bomb within their camp.

Ipecac's spiritual elevator fell nineteen stories, with Ipecac in it. And every word and motion of Susie's in this matter came back to him while he was falling.

Frisco held up a bouquet of greenbacks in substantiation of his statement, and Ipecac's palms began itching like a bad case of poison ivy. The sounds he emitted caused Willie to withdraw his head from the correct imitation of an ostrich in the sand that he had been giving, with the oven for the sand.

MR. INGALLS reached for the bank-notes while the reaching was good. But Frisco yet demurred. "Le' me git me my c'mmission out first fo' sellin' hit," he explained.

"Don't fo'git de bill he owe us!" hissed Willie from the stove.

"Fawty per cents of thirty dollars," continued Frisco, "dat's whut I sell hit fo'—dat's twelve dollars. I owes you fo' dollars fawty cents fo' all dem eggs—"

"Aint hit so!" rang Willie's ardent corroboration.

"—Dat leaves twenty-two fawty comin' to you, in big money."

"Sho c'n git a swell band back of de hearse fo' dat," calculated Willie tactlessly.

Ipecac tried to figure and failed. Twenty-two forty looked bigger than it sounded. With it he could redeem the urn, dishes and silverware. Numbly, dumbly, he took the money—and the deal was closed!

Knowing the alternatives that confronted Ipecac, Willie's eyes passed the size of saucers and went on toward that of dinner-plates. Ipecac was sunk! Sunk with Susie, for he had sold her restaurant! Sunk with Big Boy, for he had permitted the FOR RENT sign to be removed and had sold his place to continue as a restaurant in competition with Mr. Dunn.

But Willie couldn't keep his mind on the calamity for the new sounds that now arose next door—ominous and inexplicable sounds of battle, characterized by the thud of falling bodies and the scraping and splintering of furniture.

"Dat's *Susie*," Ipecac cleared the mystery. "Sho sounds like her!" admitted Willie without enthusiasm.

An inspiration seized upon Ipecac. "I can't leave *now*," he instructed, "but while ev'ybody watchin' de fight, you slip over to Mist' Slipinski's pawnin'-place an' bail out all dem dishes and de urn. Heah's 'nough money fo' dat—I keeps de rest. Git back befo' *Susie* finish in dar: hit might he'p us."

WILLIE welcomed with both feet an absence from impending domestic scenes. But he was scarcely gone when the sounds changed abruptly, from the crash of furniture to the crash and tinkle of shattered glass. In the front window of Big Boy's restaurant, scene of battle, suddenly appeared a man-sized hole. And forth through it issued Big Boy in person, sprinting wildly through the air until he got down to where he could reach the ground with his feet.

"Dat's *Susie*," breathed Ipecac.

Half a second later Ipecac's opinion and the yawning aperture were both revised. The hole, indeed, was distinctly enlarged—to accommodate not *Susie* but the truck-sized Mr. Edmans, outbound!

Ipecac's eyelids fluttered in perplexity until he began to overhear things—"Dat *biggest* nigger—de one behind—come in wid dat '*Fo' Rent*' sign in he hand," one frog-eyed spectator was explaining to a late-comer. "Big Boy ax who de hell say he c'd take dat sign down—an' th'ow a chair at him befo' he look good at how big he wuz. *Biggest* nigger say he done buy Ip'cac's rest'r'ant an' aint need no sign. Right aft' dat de rookus staht."

Again Ipecac had information that didn't do him any good. *Susie* didn't care who bought her restaurant. What tractors and locomotives wouldn't even hudge her mind from, was the fact that Ipecac had sold it. In the absence of a bed, Ipecac sought a chair. Mind, heart and legs were all failing him.

He had just achieved a seat when *Susie* crashed the door. Apparently a lot was going on that *Susie* was determined to get to the bottom of. She riveted her gaze on the remaining money in Ipecac's palsied hand, and her face set. So did Ipecac's star of hope. *Susie* rolled up her sleeves. Ipecac's eyes moved correspondingly toward heaven. Just here a lot of hammering started outside. Ipecac flinched at it.

But *Susie* took his mind off the pounding. "Gimme dat money, runt!" she demanded. "An' den *tell* me whut I thinks a'ready!"

Ipecac practically had to advertise for his voice. And even when he got it back it didn't sound like the right one.

"S-s-sells de rest'r'ant," he managed to whisper weakly. And saying it simply made it sound worse. The Big Boy horn of his dilemma might be gone, but the other or domestic one remained, sharper than ever. *Susie* started swelling. Her husband knew the signs and developed symptoms entitling him to treatment for St. Vitus dance.

"Cl'ar out, you niggers, an' gimme plenty room!" she addressed the bystanders. "Dis heah li'l *business* nigger I ma'ies done sell my rest'r'ant—after I tells him not to! An' 'sides, dis heah place got to lookin' pow'ful bar' heah lately. Is I find out he been sellin' off de fu'n'ture an' fixin's too, den some buryin'-s'ciety gwine pay out mo' money on him tomorrer dan he wuth!"

Then, over her shoulder, and through the milling of the mob preparing for flight, Ipecac glimpsed what he sinkingly identified as the last straw—the twin gleams in the darkness of Willie's eyeballs and the redeemed coffee-urn! Willie was blundering back. And in his arms was the evidence that would complete the case. . . . In lieu of anesthetics, the shuddering Ipecac shut his eyes.

And after that the dark! But a dark broken puzzlingly by things which Ipecac's whirling brain could not fathom. For a surprised squawk like something never heard

before on land or sea was succeeded by a rush and a flutter in his direction that set him cowering for the blow. Then the room rocked with some mighty impact, a cold draft blew upon him through the hitherto nailed-shut back door, and voices snapped him bewilderingly back to life—and liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The first voice was hoarse, horrified—and tamed. Yet unmistakably it was *Susie*'s.

"Oh, my Lawd!" she cried aloud, above the sounds of her crashing a back fence in her flight. "Chicago, I's comin'! Tennessee, stand back an' lemme th'ough! Don't let him git me, Lawd! *Don't let him git me ag'in!*"

A faint glow started in Ipecac's chilled but ample feet and spread upward toward his brain. But the mystery of the sudden terror developed by the attacking Amazon gnawed at him.

Then the voice of Frisco:

"I jes' come from nailin' up dem signs," he elucidated the hammering. "*'Fo' Rent'* over Big Boy's place, an' '*Main Entrance to Both Restrants*' over dis one."

IPECAC stumbled and fumbled in mental darkness. "Yeah, but whut ail *Susie*?" he persisted stupidly, the while her terrified squalls still reverberated from the north.

"Ign'ant! She jes' seen in de front do' heah who *bought* dis rest'r'ant from me an' you." Frisco strove to make clear how Fifteenth Street had been made safe for Ipecac. But Mr. Ingalls continued to swallow dumbly, to remain atrophied behind his furrowed brow—until Frisco's final words illumined for him in all its depth and brilliance the strategy of Mr. Johnson. Frisco had merely used past knowledge to present advantage. It mattered greatly to whom one sold a restaurant, it seemed. For, "You see, *Susie* reckernized Mist' Edmans," Frisco concluded patiently. "Aint nobody tell you Mist' Edmans' front name wuz—*Enoch*?"

YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR FATE

(Continued from page 59)

KEY NUMBER 12

not match, you think of yourself as easily satisfied, while all the time you are seething with a "divine discontent" which makes more trouble in domestic life than petty flare-ups. Men of this type are reformers who may change the destiny of nations, but they are wretched lovers. The women are whizzes at friendships with men, and if they marry are chosen by men seeking pals rather than wives. If you would change your fate—and you are fully capable of doing so if you want to—the essential thing is that you release yourself from your own inhibitions. Set aside your fear of your emotions and see what happens. It will not be easy.

KEY NUMBER 5

You probably said when you began to read this article, "Well, I guess I have changed my fate!" You have—more than once, very likely. Yet it is quite possible that in spite of all these changes you are not yet completely satisfied. You are like the man who married his fiancée and then lamented that he had no place to spend his evenings. The only thing that is absolutely satisfactory is your daydreams. Since no human being can make his life as delightful as his dreams, start at the other end and dream dreams that can be translated into realities. Be constructive. Work out each step and take the first one. Here are practical examples: A bachelor who had dreamed for years of a perfect family life finally got busy and bought himself the ideal house, and the next thing he knew, the house had drawn toward him the perfect wife. In another case a woman, deprived of a college education, entered the cultured circle which attracted her, by making herself an authority on pottery.

You insist on being happy. Maybe that is why people describe you as unusual. It is almost certain that you have already chosen a pleasant fate. You have a way of getting what you want without hurting anybody, even when others try to wet-blanket your plans. A certain New Yorker of your type was a connoisseur in sophisticated foods, but was too poor to patronize expensive restaurants continually. He used the war as a springboard from which he leaped into a Paris ménage with a chic Parisian wife and a French cuisine. He found the only way to combine perfect cooking with a small income. A young woman who had the curious desire to marry a Greek poet brought it about by refusing to study anything but Greek in Greece. No matter how queer your taste, a person like you can get what he wants.

KEY NUMBER 13

Your type is likely to tell its sorrows with a trickle of laughter running through the story. Your pride won't let you appeal directly for sympathy, yet you have a feeling that all is not right with you. You have a loving heart and a dependent nature and are never happy unless the people around you approve of you. These are beautiful qualities. But if you are not contented, it is yourself and not others you must change. Settle the conflict which rages within you by deciding which side of your nature you will develop. The trouble lies right here: if you want to be a clinging vine you have to creep over to the oak and stay where the oak stands. The vine cannot move the oak. If you wish to satisfy the other side of your

nature which craves independence, learn to depend more on your own strength. Stop taking your pleasure exclusively in watching other people have a good time; get onto the dance-floor yourself.

KEY NUMBER 14

The women of this type stay respectable and the men go respectable, although it is a struggle. If by chance they ever do step out, they step right back in. They are not comfortable unless they are in line. Women of this kind can carry irresponsible husbands provided the irresponsible ones admire them. Number 14 men are apt to end up with sensible wives—sometimes after trying the other kind. You are not a drifter, but have your hand on the helm. "Onward, ever onward," is your feeling. If your first port disappoints you, you steer for another. You have your own plans and would not thank us for interfering with them.

KEY NUMBER 15

Individuals as definitely differentiated from the common run of humanity as you, are bound to have great unhappiness unless they use their intelligence as well as their emotions in planning their lives. You are not like the common herd. Do not attempt to change the herd to suit you, for you can't do it. Rather, plan a life which will be completely independent but not too solitary. You have in yourself a completeness which many people strive to attain. It is not, however, conducive to a happy marriage along the usual lines. If you are married and think matters could be improved, arrange intervals of solitude. A traveling salesman, for instance, is

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not annoyed by the trivialities of home life; nor is an actor on the road. Temperaments like yours are frequently found among great musicians, writers, poets, dramatists, and painters. If your personal relations are going badly just now, try writing out a list of the good qualities belonging to the persons who are getting on your nerves and reading it every night before you go to bed.

KEY NUMBER 23

If you are moderately comfortable, do not try to change your fate, because: (1), you probably couldn't; (2), you are philosophical about not having what you want; (3), you might change for the worse. It is harder for you to change than it is for the average person. You have to be terribly, terribly uncomfortable before you will exert yourself, and when you do you will probably leave the place that is making you unhappy rather than try to change the situation. You are more likely to endure the ill you know than to fly to unknown ones. You have a pleasant nature. You are the kind who says, "I know I ought to get ahead, but somehow I let it go from day to day." People are fond of you; you enjoy life more than most folks; so why worry? "I don't," you reply.

KEY NUMBER 24

You are the salt of the earth, but a little difficult to live up to. You actually are superior to the average—this is not irony but truth—and much of your unhappiness comes from the fact that you expect other people to live up to your high standards. It is a horrid shock to you to hear one you love tell a lie. You are in danger from your own noble qualities. You may become a prig, and a prig is very lonely. Remember that it is no credit to you that you are so admirable a character; you were born and raised that way and couldn't go wrong if you tried. Develop your play instinct. Take up play in a serious way if you can't yield to the temptation easily. Stop developing your virtues—which are already above par—and frolic more. The reason you don't like parties better is because on these occasions utterly worthless characters show off better than you do! Commit one frivolity a day.

KEY NUMBER 25

Spread the butter of your love more evenly; too much love on a few gives indigestion, while too thin a spread is niggardly. Get over the delusion that strangers dislike you; for this is simply a reflection of your own shy antagonism. You have everything to make people like you when they come in close contact with you. Study how to make those contacts. A woman who had no need of money surmounted this obstacle by going into the real-estate business in the suburb in which she lived. A man who started out to be an artist found it so lonely a profession for one of his retiring nature that he changed to the advertising business, where his knowledge of art made him general adviser to many people. It is very important for men and women belonging to Group 25 to express in words deep appreciation of anything that is done for them.

Frank R. Adams

The author of "Help Yourself to Happiness," and also of "The Drive-away" in this number, has a delightful and very light-hearted love-story in an early issue—

"The Moon and Muffins"

KEY NUMBER 34

You will be either very happy or very unhappy in your love-affairs. Your kindness, tenderness, and intuitive understanding of others are likely to be your undoing, for you will instinctively turn to a dominating, aggressive mate. This is true whether you are a man or a woman. If you are a woman, you are not so badly off, for women's rôle in life is to be bullied. If you are a man you are likely to be eaten as the male spider is eaten by the female, as the mantis is devoured by the female of the species. You get your happiness from making others happy and your one hope of developing the sterner virtues lies in remembering that allowing others their own way does not always benefit them. You are incapable of seeking your own advantage if it annoys others. If you would escape from being eaten, associate yourself only with just and kindly people. You can change your fate if you want to—but you won't want to.

KEY NUMBER 35

Your present tendency is to give up your heart's desire if some one tells you that you don't really want that but something quite different. Now do you think this points to a satisfactory fate? Satisfactory to those who boss you, perhaps, but not to the bossed. You are likely to ask the advice of three persons and then be in bad with two because you can follow only one course. The worst of it all is that you are full of resentment because you do what you are told to do. How about your going somewhere where you will necessarily be dependent on your own judgment? The other side of the world or the other side of town. If that isn't practicable, start in making minor decisions for yourself before other folks know there is any decision to be made. If you make a mistake, at least you have made it for yourself. Or if this doesn't appeal to you, go for advice to people who have no earthly interest in the matter beyond a desire to see you successful and happy. Lawyers are grandly impersonal and so are doctors. Ministers are fine except that they have to keep on good terms with the persons you may have to annoy. The best advice-givers are those who have made a good thing of their own lives.

KEY NUMBER 45

Your loves and your hates are very clearly divided, and as you grow older you must be on your guard against growing more and more set in your ways. If you are a man, do you think that women run after men? Are you on the alert to escape capture? If so, remember that women are not a danger unless they are a temptation. Women-haters are passionate lovers who have somehow got faced the wrong way. Often a man of this type uses one unfortunate love-affair as an excuse for evading the responsibility of marriage. Women of this sort get along better than men do because they find relief through their maternal instincts. If you are a man we advise you to cultivate interest in the arts or to collect something—unless you are willing and able to break up your crystalized habits. If you are a woman without children we have no hesitation in advising you to adopt as many as you can afford.

KEY NUMBER 123

Men and women belonging to the 123 group are likely to be overdependent on those they love. This is not serious if the loved one is wise and kind. Indeed if the loved one is a devil it is not serious either, because the 123's have nothing against breaking engagements or getting divorces. You will come out all right in the end in any case, but you can avoid heartache for yourself and others—as well as the expense of

alimony—if you do not commit yourself the instant your loving heart goes out. Every human being needs to have his ego fed, but most people learn to get along on a balanced ration of admiration, while you are like a lusty infant continually demanding more. Whenever you are hungry for praise give praise to another. Whenever you think you are being neglected—go and play by yourself without resentment. You will change your fate by becoming emotionally mature.

KEY NUMBER 124

You use your desire for admiration as an incentive to hard work. You like to be praised, but you also like to deserve the praise. Your urge for power is combined with a loving heart; you could not be a tyrant if you tried. The probabilities are that you do not need to change your fate—that it is a good one. You are in some danger of trying to go in too many directions at one time. Do not attempt to pull down the stars in handfuls from the sky. Let "one star at a time" be your motto.

KEY NUMBER 125

Have you ever said to yourself, "The whole trouble is that I haven't money enough"? The normal human being, like the normal animal, sustains life adequately. The hankering for more money than you have is a symptom of something wrong in your adjustment to life. There is real poverty and fantasy poverty. If it is real poverty, work on its fundamental causes, which may be ill-health, lack of training, incompetence or some other lack on the part of the wage-earner. Fantasy poverty is often not really a desire for money or what money buys. Under the apparent discontent may be hidden a longing for admiration, power, love or escape. If it is fantasy poverty which bothers you, find out what you really want, and try to get that.

KEY NUMBER 134

You are always facing crises, because you do not take steps in time to prevent them. You dread the pain of change. You stay in an unpleasant situation, because somehow or other you are unable to let go of what you do not want. Decide now if you cannot, by accepting a little immediate suffering, avoid serious trouble in the future. You are such a nice person that we dare say right out, that you must give up priding yourself on your faults. Let go of your favorite lost cause. It will be a good exercise for you to be for once on the side that is sure to win. You have a tendency to identify with the under-dog regardless of whether he is right or wrong. Try identifying with the victor.

KEY NUMBER 135

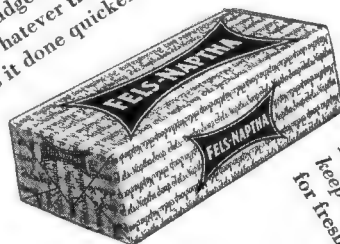
You must learn coöperation because you are not a lone eagle. Unless you are willing to fly by yourself you will have to put up with the idiosyncrasies, willfulness and selfishness of the flock. The next time you are annoyed by another's fault, consider whether it is not because you know you ought to correct that same fault in yourself. We cannot tell which of two futures you will choose; in one you show your love by constantly fighting your beloved; in the other you identify with your mate and have a good time. Make the most of your charming characteristics at all times. Live on the sunny side of your nature.

KEY NUMBER 145

More than most people you are thwarted in your endeavor to get what you want. This is because you will not make necessary concessions. You want what you want on your own terms. You are going to be disappointed all your life unless you learn to

This bar goes downstairs...

You want Fels-Naptha's extra help downstairs—most certainly! Its safe, dirt-loosening suds speed every soap-and-water task from washing out the dish towels to cleaning the linoleum. You'll like the way it erases finger-marks and smudges from every painted surface. Windows glitter at its touch. Whatever the cleaning task, Fels-Naptha gives extra help that gets it done quicker and easier.



This bar goes upstairs...

Of course you want the extra help of Fels-Naptha upstairs. Fels-Naptha is expert at freeing bathroom fixtures and tiling from that cloudy look—making them bright and shining and keeping them that way. Just try it in the bedrooms, too!—for freshening woodwork and brightening painted furniture.



and this bar stays *here*
to give you
Extra Help
with the wash...

WITH the weekly wash—that's where you appreciate most the *extra help* this golden bar gives you! *Extra help* you could hardly expect from any other washing product, regardless of form, color or price.

For Fels-Naptha is more than just soap. It is good golden soap—combined, by the special Fels-Naptha process, with plenty of naptha. You can tell there's plenty of naptha. You can smell it!...and naptha, as you know, is the safe, gentle dirt-loosener used in dry-cleaning.

So, by using Fels-Naptha Soap, you get the *extra help* of two cleaners instead of one. Naptha, the dirt-loosener, and soap, the dirt-remover, working together! Joining hands in a washing partnership to make less work for you—a partnership that gets your clothes

clean through and through, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is mild—gentle both to clothes and to hands. It does its work excellently in machine or tub—in water of any temperature—hot, cool or lukewarm, or when clothes are soaked or boiled. However you use it, the fresh sweet fragrance of homewashed clothes will tell you what millions already know—that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!"

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get some today...the ten-bar carton is particularly convenient...and be sure of its *extra help* upstairs, downstairs and, most of all, with your weekly wash! Fels & Company, Philadelphia.



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP
—THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN
NAPTHA ODOR



**If you remove
cold cream..right**
*a clear, radiant skin
will reward you*

BENEATH the first layer of dirt and dust that your skin collects is a fine mesh of germs, oil, rouge, powder that must be searched out and removed, every single day, if you hope to keep a lovely complexion.

Germs thrive and multiply unless they are effectively destroyed. Blackheads, pimples, follow. To clean your skin, you should use absolutely hygienic facial tissues.

Kleenex comes in ample handkerchief size tissues.

It rubs the cold cream off, instead of in. It gets down into the pores and rubs away beauty-destroying germs. Cheaper than high laundry bills, softer than old pieces of cloth, safer than any other method.

Kleenex
Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

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Name.....

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City.....State.....

make allowances—unless you are willing to take the bitter with the sweet. Those who demand too much are likely to get too little. Some individuals reform in this respect. Confirmed bachelors suffering from loneliness frequently come to the point where they are willing to assume the responsibilities which go with marriage in order to enjoy a comfortable home. Girls who have wished to marry riches, social position, or an Adonis, wake up to the fact that they have nothing to attract such men, and they begin to look with favor on men no more desirable than they are themselves. In brief, survey your situation with intelligence rather than with emotion; make the minor sacrifices which are necessary to achieve what you most want.

KEY NUMBER 234

You have a fine, strong character, but two of your virtues may easily slip over into faults if you over-emphasize them. You are in danger of absorbing too much of the beloved's attention and you sometimes make mountains out of molehills. Held in restraint, these traits are unselfish interest in others and an earnest attitude toward duties. When a man carries them too far he becomes a benevolent tyrant. A woman of the extreme type is likely to greet a friend with the reproachful words, "Well, I should think it was about time you came to see me!" To guard against this, say over and over to yourself: "It will not matter when I have been dead a hundred years." When you resist the temptation to keep your mate, kinsfolk or friends from making the mistakes they wish to make, console yourself with the thought that after they have got themselves into trouble, you can get them out.

KEY NUMBER 235

The reason you do not get everything you want is because you want contradictory things. You have conflicts in your own heart. You want to be free and yet you want to stay in your rut. You are not completely contented with your friends and family and yet you shrink from the unfamiliar. You want to go up the street and down the street at the same moment, as it were, and the result is that you only stand still, which is not at all what you wish. The time may come when one of the conflicting emotions gets so much stronger than the other that you will burst from your cell with a yell. If you wish to save yourself and others great suffering, first reconcile your conflicting wishes or choose one and abandon the other. Then make haste more slowly. It is not necessary to burn down the house to roast the pig. Use two quarts of intelligence to every pint of emotion, for your emotions are strong enough to set the whole mixture to working even when added in small quantities.

KEY NUMBER 245

Ease up! Take life more lightly. If you are middle-aged you are carrying a lot of burdens which should be on other folks' shoulders. "Bear ye one another's burdens" did not mean that one person should hog all the burdens in sight. Maybe you have undertaken to reform the world by making everyone eat meat or not eat meat, or deciding what they shall drink or not drink, or how property shall be taxed, or which is the best religion. Men and women like you are the ones who change the world for the better, restraining the predatory and bringing succor to the weak—but, oh, you are hard to live with! Still, you do get things done. A girl numbered 245 rebelled against the family she was born into, adopted a baby and set up housekeeping by herself, saying frankly that she didn't want any man in her house. To support the baby she settled down to a humdrum job she had formerly refused. Next

she decided that the baby would be better off if she lived with it in her parents' big comfortable house. Finally she married a nice young man of whom everybody approved, set up housekeeping with him and added homemade babies to the nursery. She is just where she would have been if she had followed the beaten path—only she had too much kick in her legs to trudge with the herd. The moral is: the goal is more important than the route.

KEY NUMBER 345

You can change your destiny if you follow the dictates of your own common sense, but your lack of self-confidence inclines you to take advice from anyone who talks loud enough or long enough. If you follow your own instincts and are willing to pay the price in hard work, the probabilities are that you will get what you want. For you do know very clearly what you want to do. A man of your type gave up office work to become a teacher, against the outraged howls of his well-wishers. He has never regretted the step. Another man gave up teaching to work in a business office with equal success. We would not give this counsel to one less serious-minded than you, but to you we say, go right ahead and act as you wish.

KEY NUMBER 1234

If you have had a succession of failures in love, in work, or in friendship, look for a feature common to each. A certain bachelor realizes that each of his disappointing love-affairs began with indifference on his part and marked interest on the part of the woman. In each case she kept after him until he responded with his whole heart; whereupon she dropped him. He now sees that it has been the huntress type that has attracted him, and no man ever married Diana. If intimates all disappoint you, study yourself. You must change the character of your demands. If jobs never come up to your expectations, may it be that your attitude toward them is too intense? You are capable of great love—be sure that you bestow it on one who has the capacity for receiving devotion, and not on one who is irked by adoration. For generously as you give, you desire a return. Maybe your longing for approval is as overstrong; only a very young child can command complete approbation from hypnotized parents. An adult must travel on a leaner mixture.

KEY NUMBER 1235

Some individuals can leave an unsatisfactory situation and through intelligence, perseverance and common sense build a new environment. It is not entirely clear whether you expect your dreams to come true through another's agency. Do not waste your precious energy in futile disagreements with people who will not cooperate. It will draw lines in your face if you are a man and put an edge on your voice if you are a woman. Don't call yourself a "golf widow" if your husband spends Saturday afternoons on the green, but be your own entertainment committee. Don't argue that your wife's literary club diverts her attention from housework, if you are simply peeved that her attention is turned away from you. Go your own way in serenity and do not mind if others refuse to follow, for the less you ask them to follow, the more they will.

KEY NUMBER 1245

"I'll try anything once," you say. Look back over the love-affairs which have punctuated your life. Have you made a fresh mistake each time or have you repeated the same mistake? If the latter, you have tried the same thing again and again, under a slightly different guise. One woman thought she was cursed by Fate because three succes-

DR. HILL is a prominent New York physician and abdominal surgeon; Managing Director and Chief of Staff, John E. Berwind Maternity Clinic; Consultant, Booth Memorial Hospital; Associate, Woman's Hospital and Flower Hospital, all of New York. Dr. Hill has been director of the Berwind Clinic since its inception. His practice is in the fashionable Park Avenue section of New York.



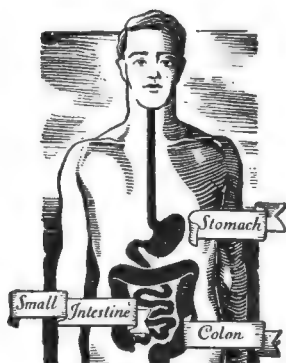
"I know of nothing better than Yeast to combat constipation"

—DR. IRA L. HILL of New York

Brilliant abdominal surgeon

"It is generally recognized that skin eruptions frequently come from sluggishness of the bowels. It is quite as true, that more important general disorders often are due to the same cause. I know of nothing better than fresh yeast, taken regularly, to combat constipation and its associated ailments."

Dr. Hill



The Food Canal

FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Here 90% of ailments start, as poisons from clogged intestines spread and attack you in your weakest spot. But here yeast works to insure elimination, purify the system. Keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast.

YEARS of specialization in the field of abdominal surgery give unusual weight to the above statement by one of New York's most brilliant medical men.

Dr. Hill is actively connected with four of New York's important hospitals and clinics. From his experience he warns: not only skin disorders but even more dangerous ills result from unhealthy clogging of the intestines.

"To combat constipation and its associated ailments," he says, "I know of nothing better than fresh yeast, taken regularly."

In a recent survey covering the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and related ills.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a drug

but a food—as fresh as any garden vegetable. Unlike dried or killed yeast, every cake contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass through your intestine daily they combat harmful poisons, purify the whole system. The skin clears, eyes brighten. Bad breath and headaches go. You are less subject to colds and sore throat.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, one before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or hot (not scalding). To benefit fully you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Start now.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. M-63, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
for HEALTH



CHEW IT



Feen-a-mint is made like chewing-gum purposely. For by chewing you relieve constipation quickly, surely and pleasantly . . . This is the secret of its world-wide use today . . .

A NEW laxative? No—a new *method* of correcting constipation: a method to which the whole civilized world is turning today.

Feen-a-mint. Apparently a bit of mint chewing gum. Yet it contains one of the most remarkable laxatives known.

And because you *chew* Feen-a-mint, this tasteless laxative is carried into the intestines *gradually*. No griping—no poisoning of the system, either. For this laxative is not absorbed like ordinary laxatives—it passes unchanged from the body after its work is done.

In a few hours—or overnight if you chew it at bedtime—it banishes constipation. Yet there are no weakening or habit-forming after effects. Feen-a-mint will not leave your system weak and shaken, or enslave you to dangerous drugs.

Ask your doctor about Feen-a-mint. Over a million Feen-a-mints are bought each day by ex-users of pills and salts.

Children love it, naturally. Buy it for the family. On sale at every drug store in the United States and Canada.

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing Laxative

Health Products Corporation
113 N. 13th St., Newark, N. J.

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Please send free samples and free booklet on correcting constipation.

Name _____

Address _____

sive fiancés went bad on her hands. A psychologist pointed out to her that she had chosen, or allowed herself to be chosen by, men who were too queer to accommodate themselves to life. She had a "pattern" for queer men, for her father whom she loved went to an insane hospital and her favorite brother committed suicide; she just naturally loved where trouble was waiting. Strong, able men and women like you, accustomed to molding life to suit themselves, are likely to overestimate their ability to change others. If you have not yet chosen your mate, select one who can be molded by you without hating you for it. If you are already mated, try changing yourself to fit your situation. You are strong enough to do that; few have your ability to substitute patience for irritability, tact for frankness, and praise for criticism. "Happiness lies within" may be a cliché, but it is also a truth.

KEY NUMBER 1345

An unusually sensitive nature up against the harshness of the world may seek relief in drink, or some other futile means of escaping from severities it cannot fight. You can change your hampering character traits by looking back into your childhood and figuring out their origin. Sometimes just the comprehension of why one finds it difficult to deal with life makes the job easier, provided you really wish to change and are not merely welcoming an opportunity of thinking about what a queer nut you are. The 1345 type almost uniformly choose good mates who are loyal and generous. When you feel critical toward your mate consider whether it is not because you are feeling annoyed at yourself. You have the sterling virtues, but you will be happier if you cultivate the play spirit. Take time off this week for play. We give you your choice among tennis, parchesi, bridge, dancing, hiking, making candy, or something equally devilish.

KEEP HIM DELUDED

(Continued from page 65)

a rolling-pin for him to go home on." She wiped her eyes. The oaf merely grinned.

"Tell me," said the Doctor, turning to him, "is this true—that you have a mania for sawing up all the furniture you can lay your hands on?"

"Ha-ha!" gurgled the oaf. "Who told you?"

"Madam," said Doctor Ignatz joyfully, "a kind Providence has sent you to us! Not only will I take the case, but it sha'n't cost you a penny. Leave the oaf. Good night!"

Eric Chizzle took a gulp of coffee and gloated. Over the rim of the saucer his roving eye gleamed upon an item in the newspaper, propped against the sugar-bowl, that brought joy to his heart. It read:

BANKRUPTCY NOTES

Sheriff's sale and foreclosure at 10 A. M. today, of the property and effects of the Hospital for Maimed and Crippled. Dr. Ignatz Gooch, Prop.

Eric rubbed his hands in glee and departed for his furniture-factory. Arrived there, he turned the key in the lock and opened the door. Then he emitted a blood-chilling yowl like a hyena's and fell to the floor in a dead faint.

Out of drifts of sawdust on the floor, weird and horrible shapes rose up. Mangled remains of what had once been chairs, tables, pianos, sofas and sideboards now pierced the atmosphere in wild, jagged zig-zagging outlines and in crazy grotesque curves and angles. Queer points and corners shot madly out from mutilated objects. Nothing was spared—not even an ash-tray.

They poured cold water on Eric. Upon reviving, he yelled loudly for his friend and benefactor, J. Snappenbacker Zwiff.

Snappenbacker arrived. He took one look.

KEY NUMBER 2345

It is awful to gamble if you are not willing to lose. This is the reason that women are not allowed to buy stocks on a margin. Brokers assert that they go into hysterics when the stocks don't go the right way. We are not endorsing this sentiment, but we merely warn you that if you are going to take chances in changing your fate, you must be game if it doesn't come out the way you dream. You can't always win at either cards or love. Only an infantile personality expects special concessions. If you want to alter your destiny, you must first decide whether you are willing to give up the fairly comfortable chair you have in order to go for the better one which some one else may get to first. If you accept the very worst that can happen, anything else is a pleasant surprise. Having read this—no, go ahead and carry out that wild plan that tempts you.

KEY NUMBER 12345

If you can change yourself a little you will change your fate a great deal. 12345's usually live in others and get a great kick out of managing their lives. You are in danger of being the father who wants his artist son to come into the family shoe factory, or the mother who can't let her son's wife alone. If you are disappointed even when your protégés turn out well, it may be because it is the managing and not the result you enjoy. Do not let your interest in others divert your attention so much from your own career. You are yourself as interesting as any of these to whom you give so much time, and you have a claim on yourself. The very first time after reading this that you find yourself worrying about somebody else, turn your attention forcibly to some interest of your own, even if it be only subscribing to a technical magazine or buying a hat.

"Superb!" he cried. "*Magnifique!* The last word! The critics will rave. At last! The new note in Modern Furniture!"

Eric fell again. This time he stayed out.

Some few weeks later in the balm of a Union Square afternoon two Burlington Berties sat draped over a park bench. Long since had they ceased to become indignant at a rap on the soles from a cop's club.

"Well, cheerio, Doc," said Piggy, for they were none other than Ignatz Gooch and his assistant. "We may be a couple of Bumdom's best, but anyway we fixed Eric Chizzle's gondola for him, didn't we? Ha-ha! I've slept like a baby since the night we hoisted the oaf and his swordfish complexes down the chimney of Chizzle's Furniture Factory. Ha-ha! He didn't do a thing to them phonographs, chairs and whatnots! Nor to our best saw, either, but it was worth it! Wow! Ha-ha! No sir, I'll say it wasn't exactly Santy Claus that dropped the oaf and the saw down Eric's chimney!"

"Wasn't it?" retorted the Doctor. "I didn't want to spoil your dinner for you, but being as the keeper in the bird-house spotted us just as we had the flamingo halfway out of the cage, we don't eat, anyway. So read this." Producing a magazine from under his vest, he passed it over. Piggy read:

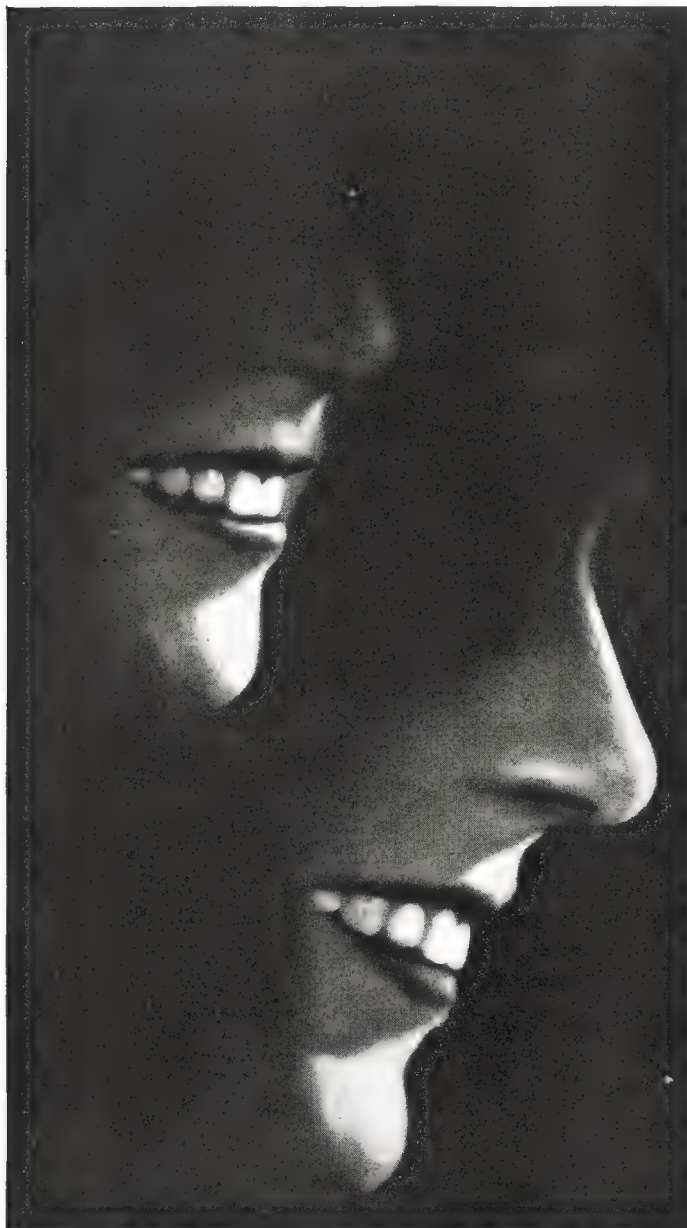
SUCCESS OF THE IMPRESSIONISTIC VOGUE IN FURNITURE

ERIC CHIZZLE STRIKES NEW NOTE IN MODERN INTERIOR DECORATION

"Some fine examples of the new modern trend in furniture design are strikingly illustrated in the exhibit now being held at

Why this penetrating foam

CLEANS WHERE TOOTHBRUSH CANNOT REACH



In a dramatic way science now proves what millions of people know—that Colgate's cleans teeth better.

A scientist recently made an important experiment with toothpastes.

He measured their power to penetrate the thousands of tiny crevices which are found in normal, healthy teeth and gums.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surfaces of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices.

*Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.**

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach; where ordinary toothpastes do not go.

Colgate's penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent.

When brushed, this cleansing agent instantly bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that surges over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low surface-tension) which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay may start. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, sweeping away these impurities in a detergent wave.

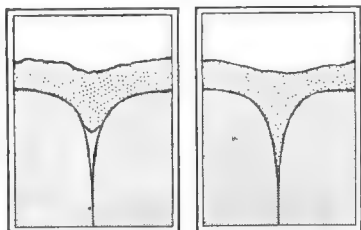
In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder—a polishing agent prescribed by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

If you have never used Colgate's, please try it. Mail the coupon below for a generous free tube.

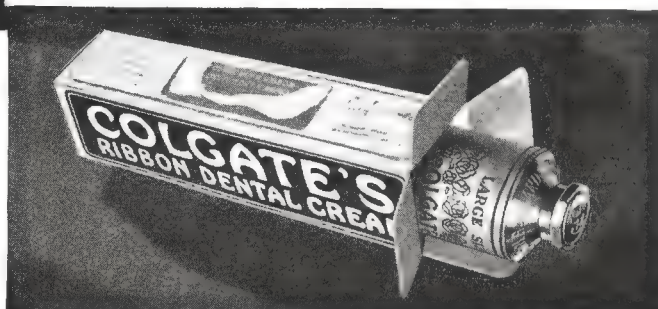
* How Colgate's cleans where toothbrush cannot reach

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high surface-tension) fails to penetrate down where decay may start.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low surface-tension) penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

The function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can correct an acid condition of the saliva; no dentifrice can firm the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is false and misleading. The highest dental authorities support this statement.



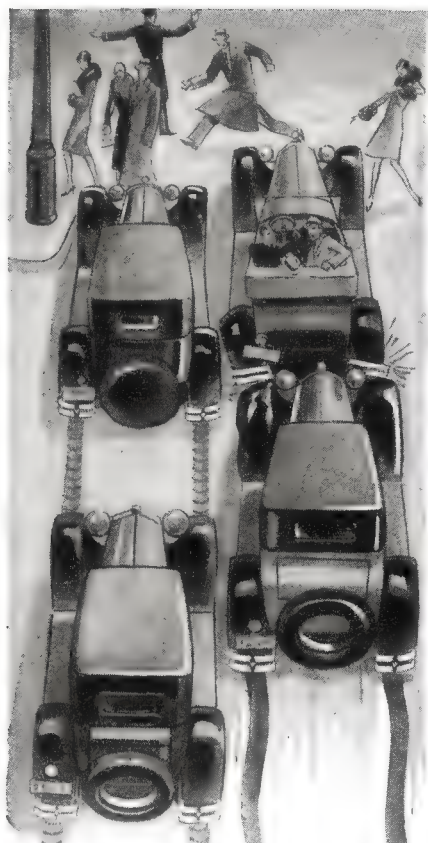
COLGATE, Dept. B-1639, 595 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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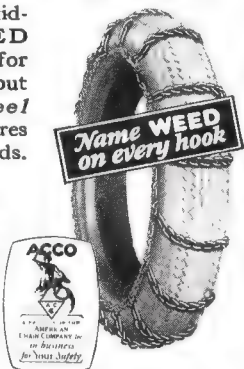


WOMEN do *not* take these chances

It is unfair to say . . . "That must be a woman driver." It is more than probable that the skidding car, the one *without* WEED Chains, is driven by a man. And the car *with* WEED Chains is driven by a woman. For women as a rule realize the dangers of driving. They know that brakes are ineffective when tires slide—with there's no *traction* to the road.

That is why those who refuse to take a chance with skidding, use WEED Tire Chains—for WEED Chains put *friction* of steel between wet tires and slippery roads.

You can purchase WEED Chains at any service station or garage. Genuine WEEDS have red connecting hooks. Any garage or filling station attendant will be glad to put them on your tires for you.



WEED *Steel* CHAINS *Grip*

the Eric Chizzle Galleries. Mr. Chizzle is pioneer in this new field of artistic expression, being noted for his originality, force of line, and impressionistic moods so beautifully expressed in the graceful lines of his creations. Below are pictured a few of the many designs that are sweeping the country by storm. Simplicity is the keynote.

"Move on, you bums," said a cop. . . . "Hey! Wow! What the heck? Do you know what you're doing?"

"Certainly, I know what I'm doing, Officer," answered the Doctor. "I'm kicking you in the face, that's what I'm doing! Whoops! Watch him! Watch him! Step up and see him! The human swordfish! Walks on his belly and crawls up highboys! Chisels pianos an' makes 'em pantries! See-saw! See-saw! And now I'm busting your club over your bean, Officer, and jumping on your uniform. Aint we, Piggy? Ha-ha-ha!"

Then all went black.

Twelve installment payments later (1 yr.), Eric Chizzle waddled out of his imported motor, wiped his feet on the Russian sable doormat, crossed the bridge over the Sunken Garden in the foyer of his forty-eight-room Park Avenue triplex apartment and entered the boudoir where Mrs. Chizzle was shedding torrents of tears.

"Well, for crying in a bucket, Matilda!" he exclaimed. "What's eating you now? Have you no sense of gratitude? Why, we're sitting on top of the world, and the world is trying to sit on top of our furniture since a kind Providence sent that swordfish oaf to make me the greatest genius of Modern Furniture. Haven't you got your own private opera box? Didn't the roto section run your picture holding up a bottle of milk at the Orphans' Ball? Doesn't the lookout in Coffee Dan's pass you right through? Good heavens, woman—"

"You know very well what it is, Eric Chizzle! It's them swells upstairs! Oh, if I could only get to know them! Know them—huh! We can't even get a look at 'em. Didn't I hide in the umbrella-stand downstairs for three hours Saturday morning?

THE PATHS OF GLORY

(Continued from page 51)

be in the fantail. . . . My God, the depth-charges! They'll detonate sure as hell and blow us out of water!"

The Skipper made the bridge and took one look. "Got us. We're goners!"

She was turning swiftly now, rudder hard over to swing clear—but too late. Only a few hundred feet away now, the hurtling engine of destruction with its cargo of gun-cotton tore straight for the fantail and the rows of depth-charges, each able in its own right to sink a submarine. The crew, white, tense and fighting mad, stood to their posts and watched the leaping phosphorescent wake. A matter of moments now, thought the Skipper. A flash; that was all. One instant, alive; the next—nothing.

Suddenly a figure darted away from the bridge wing, gained the deck in two jumps, and dashed aft.

"Back to your post!" roared the Skipper. "No, by God—he's after the depth-charges! No chance, though—he can't get them overboard in time. Even if he does, the torpedo'll get him! Sixteen charges of T. N. T."

Outlined against the white wake of the speeding ship, those on the bridge saw the figure of Bell, quartermaster second class, racing desperately with the death that now, for all hands, was but a fraction of time away, frantically pushing into the sea the three-hundred-pound depth-charges. They watched him win and lose—saw the gleaming trail of the torpedo, as the last heavy charge went over the side, bury itself under the stern—heard a grunt and a swish—saw a blinding scintillation of blue-and-white flame

It's no use. Why, the doorman doesn't even know their name. They're so secretive!"

"I know, dear," comforted Eric. "Don't think I aint burned up too, the way they always seem to be going us one better. You'd swear it was almost done on purpose!"

"Don't be a half-wit," replied Matilda tartly. "They don't even know we're alive."

"Never fear, my dear," consoled Eric. "We'll soon know all. I've had my nephew Gus, who is a bit of a private detective, trailing 'em now for two weeks. He's due tonight with the low-down. Once we know who they are, we can find some stall to bust in on them, and you and her can be—"

"Hullo, Unk," sang a cheery voice, which was the property of Gus, who came bounding into the room. "Hullo, Aunt Tillie! Well, the king's messenger has retained wid good news! I got all the dope on this mysterious beezark upstairs for you."

For the first time in her life Mrs. Chizzle was unable to make any kind of noise. She just sat purple in the face, moving her hands as though asking: "Who are they?"

"Easy there, Aunt Tillie. One foot on the floor. Foist, me two hundred bucks!"

"Of course, of course," said Eric, regaining his speech. "Here! For heaven's sake, who are they—before your aunt explodes?"

"The bloke's name, to begin wid—" said Gus slowly.

"Yes! Yes! The name! Quick!"

"Is Doctor Ignatz Gooch!"

Eric seemed to feel a watermelon rise in his throat, and Mrs. Chizzle's face fell down four lifts at once.

"He runs a hospital for crippled-up people," went on Gus. "I got a snoop at the joint today. Grounds an' buildin's an' wings an' extensions, an' everything. They're still addin' to it. I thought they was gettin' ready for a plague. I ast a guy what caused the boom, and he tells me it's some new kind of Modern Furniture that's gettin' people all crippled up from tryin' to sit in it! They come in by the carloads wid sprains an' dislocations an' fractures an' busted legs—"

But Eric and Mrs. Chizzle had passed out.

—felt the sickening vibration of a propeller shaft, suddenly relieved of the screw's resistance, running wild in the shaftway. And, silhouetted for an infinitesimal measurement of time against the burst of the explosion, the same dark figure. The next instant, even before the flame had given way again to darkness, the figure was—not there.

ONE by one, the little group of officers reported on the bridge to the Skipper.

"Watertight doors holding, sir. We're not taking water aft now."

"Very well."

"Soundings dry, sir."

"Very well."

"Gun-crews still standing by, sir."

"Very well."

The engineer officer stepped forward. "Port screw's blown entirely off, sir, and so is about twenty feet of our stern. Starboard screw's nicked, but with plenty of left rudder we can make steerage-way."

"Very well."

The officer of the deck turned from the windshield.

"No sign of the submarine, sir."

"Very well—secure from general quarters, and have one gun's-crew stand by the fo'c'stle gun. As soon as we make port, I'm going to recommend Bell for a Medal of Honor. I don't have to tell you what for." The Skipper's voice broke and he turned away.

The Surgeon came briskly up the ladder from his little sick bay.

"Report all secure, sir."

"See what I meant?" said the Skipper.

You'll get more from your
car if I'm in the tank.
Ethyl

The reason is simple...

HIGH COMPRESSION

DO you know *why* an automobile engine "knocks" and grows sluggish? The answer is important to you, as a car owner.

Power increases as compression is raised; the tighter gasoline and air are squeezed in the cylinder before ignition, the greater the force of the explosion behind the piston.

But ordinary gasoline can be compressed only so far. After that it explodes too rapidly, with the result that instead of more power you get "knocking" and power loss.

That is why General Motors Research Laboratories sought something which when added to gasoline would eliminate this inherent fault and make the advantages of higher compression possible.

The result was Ethyl fluid—the anti-knock ingredient which leading oil companies are adding to their good gasoline to form *Ethyl Gasoline*, the standard anti-knock fuel.

National distribution of Ethyl has enabled the motor industry, during the past two years, to offer



new models with engines of higher compression and greatly increased performance. They will "run" on ordinary gasoline, but their full measure of power requires the use of Ethyl. Obviously, a "high compression" engine requires high compression fuel.

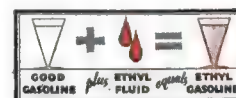
"But what," you may ask, "of the millions of cars of average compression?" To them Ethyl Gasoline means high compression performance as carbon forms in the cylinders. For carbon automatically raises compression by decreasing the size of the combustion chamber.

So much for the reason for Ethyl Gasoline. Its real test is its use. Whatever the make or age of your car, Ethyl will give you a performance beyond that enjoyed with ordinary gasoline. Ride with Ethyl today.

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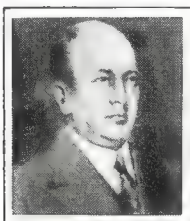
ETHYL GASOLINE



CHAPTER 1



This Man
wets his hair with
water every morning...
and at 45 he will probably
look like this...



CHAPTER 2



This Man is
wiser... he grooms his
hair with Wildroot Hair
Tonic every morning... and
he is going to keep his hair a
long, long time.

The daily use of Wildroot Hair Tonic
is a safe, sensible habit.

It prevents dandruff, keeps the scalp
antiseptic, invigorates the hair roots
... and *does not* dry out the hair as water
does. Get a bottle today from your
druggist, department store or barber.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic... Taroleum Shampoo



THE NIGHT CLUB HOSTESS

(Continued from page 93)

you certainly steered some baby doll to me! Baby doll *likell*. Baby shark!"

Ten minutes later a tall, wise-eyed blonde girl jerked her partner to a stop at Cary's chair, to use her flask. She was saying firmly: "I'm a wise cutie. Put that under your permanent wave, Julius, and hold it. If anyone thinks I'm going to end with an impermanent hostess job, like old Lorna—"

Lorna returned.

"Dance with me, Cary?"

He sprang from his chair. "Bet your life! I didn't know—"

"Of course. Awfully nice to see you again."

"Tickled pink to run onto you, Lorna."

Lorna danced well, naturally. She used a cloying perfume. He did not like it—smelled Chinesey.

"Listen, Cary, I'd like to see more of you while you're in town. You here long? Meet me tomorrow for luncheon—or a ride. Got a car? Married, Cary? Never mind. I'll get the story of your life tomorrow. Make it one-thirty. I've got a gown-fitting at three."

On the way back to their hotel, he told Bartle. No need to keep secret his lunching with Lorna Tweedale. He'd tell Marjorie. She'd like again to—no, come to think, Marjorie was so much younger that she might not remember the two girls. No, she couldn't have been over seven or eight when they pulled out of town.

"Lorna and I learned grammar together," he added to Bartle.

"Ye-eh—but don't let her clean your pockets on the old-pal gag," yawningly advised the other, shaking out his pajamas.

Cary made no reply. No need to shout at Bartle, who was all right but of limited brains, that Lorna would never clean a man's pockets, because she was not that kind. And anyhow, if she had got to be that kind, an old debt of gay hours on an old porch asked payment.

THE next day she was punctual for luncheon; a slim smart woman in chinchilla coat, with plenty of pearls.

"You've certainly grown into a good-to-women's-eyes man, Cary," she greeted over a table overlooking blue Lake Michigan. "But then, you were a pretty nice-looking youngster. Well—let's hear how life has treated you. Are you a member of the Elks and the country club and Boosters and Republican State Committee?" Then, eyes on menu: "Married?"

"Not yet; but soon. 'Member the Woods? Marjorie?"

"Wallace Wood—the drug-store?" Lorna nodded brightly. "Why—she'd be the little Wood girl with long yellow curls that her mother used to brush twice a day and put castor oil on to make them grow, and then violet perfume. She was a darling. We older girls used to grab her and kiss her on our way to school past the Wood house, and she'd wait giggling for us. And now you do the kissing?"

"Yep!" He laughed and went on to all the town news. And where was Stella? And what about herself?

"Oh, not much to tell." She stirred her bouillon. "Stel married an oil man from Texas. Don't blab to Helmvile, but he's the kind of oiler Uncle Sam's always looking for to give free board, like a kind old relative. He beats Stel and accuses her of running with other men, but the poor girl could be safely trusted by any husband, with her present looks and clothes. As for me—well, you see. All dressed up, and a place to go every night."

"Last night, I recalled how you girls made your house a regular social club for the

bunch. I suppose that's your five talents, Lorna. A born entertainer."

When he began, she had smiled easily. When he kept on, letting his tact boil clear over, so to speak, from the kettle of his good intentions, her smile became amused.

"I bet you're a draw, Lorna. Do they pay you well?"

"Don't worry, Cary. I get all the commission coming to me. At the same time, in spite of my natural artistry, I have competition."

"Competition?"

"In this needy age, so many—um—ladies are willing to eat, drink and be merry in an evening gown, for wages."

"Oh—oh, I suppose so. But you look fine. I knew you at once."

"How you men lie! I look—what I am."

"Aw, Lorna—" Made ill at ease by her irony, he fell into schoolboy vernacular. "C'mon. Tell teacher!"

"Oh, well—it was some jolt when Stella and I found out we stood on our two feet, and not even in whole shoes. I guess all the older folks in Helmvile knew that the reason his creditors didn't close our father out before he died, was because he could blarney. An aunt here in Chicago took us in. We got work in a State Street store. Aunt Kitty had a six-room flat on North Dearborn. Three rooms rented. We felt like angleworms in a pail. No candy-pulls, no tennis."

"Poor girls!"

"I nearly got married. Only his firm transferred him to Gary. Don't laugh, Cary. Rails have blighted many a romance."

"I'm not laughing."

"Not that this was a terribly strong romance. But Aunt Kitty kept urging us to grab any chance to quit work. But I got to running around with Stel's husband's crowd. Mostly they had money and cars. Some of 'em were married—and some were careful. Of course it soon seemed a dumb-Dora stunt to marry anyone poor. I got a cashier-cage in a State Street restaurant—then in a café on Randolph. And my friendly disposition just put me where I am today."

Her burlesque and laughter were unaffected for the first time.

"One night, Ben Anqua, the café owner, told me if I could go out on the floor and liven things up with a song and a *pas*, I'd get an extra five. This hostess-racket was due then to expand, like a toadstool overnight."

She rose. "Sorry. Got to rush!"—with a regretful look at her tiny platinum wrist-watch. "Wild week. Nine conventions in town. And I've a date at four with a new facialist. You can't get an hour from him except two weeks ahead. He comes high. New man in town. But I'll say he can do things to poor old eye-pouches. Lucky Cary! You'll not need thirty-dollar electric treatments for twenty years yet."

"Me!"

She laughed. "More men than women on Krill's books, I'll bet!"

In the lobby, he saw that eyes turned after her attractive face and figure. As he put her into a taxi, she said abruptly:

"Listen, Cary: I want to see you again. Not at that damned Gold Kettle. Let me see—it's Wednesday; can't get off tonight. Damn conventions! But tomorrow—I guess one night's treason won't lose me my job. Come up to my place tomorrow night for dinner—here, I'll scribble the number and phone. Want to talk to you."

But even as Cary watched the taxicab roll off, he decided not to see her again. The two chief days of his convention were over. Already a light-haired laughing girl had become a joyless memory.

... and so to bed ... late ... too much supper ... wish

I could get to sleep ... bad dreams ... business worries ...

dog barks ... baby cries ... time to get up ... jangled nerves

... irritable skin.

—then is the time your skin
needs the comfort of a fresh Gillette Blade



THE NEW FIFTY-BOX

Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 Packets of five) in a colorful chest that will serve you afterward as a sturdy button box, cigarette box or jewel case... Ideal as a gift, too. Five dollars at your dealer's.

THERE are mornings when a fresh Gillette Blade is better than any pick-me-up you can name.

And there are mornings when your beard is as tough and blue as your state of mind;

when the hot water faucet runs cold and your shaving cream is down to the last squeeze and you scarcely have time to lather anyway; mornings when all the cards seem stacked against your Gillette. But slip in a fresh blade. Enjoy the same smooth, clean shave that you get on the finest morning.

You have to go through the Gillette factory to understand how it's possible to pack so much dependable shaving comfort into a razor blade.

There you see some \$12,000,000 worth of machinery invented and improved continuously for twenty-five years for just one purpose: to make the Gillette Blade—every Gillette Blade—do its smooth, expert job every morning for the thirty million Americans who count on it.

There you see in operation the unique system which makes four out of nine Gillette blade department workers inspectors—paid a bonus for every defective blade they discard.

At least a dozen varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. But the Gillette Blade doesn't change. It is the *one* constant factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.



★ ★ ★ **Gillette** 

Why not a SPRING TONIC for your skin?



A tonic quite unique... that beautifies while it benefits. "Frostilla for the skin" is a phrase exchanged with happy conviction by countless thousands of women. For Frostilla is a skin tonic that actually refreshes and rejuvenates dry or chapped skin.

Frostilla should be applied to face, shoulders, elbows, upper arms, hands and legs... in fact, to all parts of the body that have been subjected to cold and exposure.

Remember that Frostilla swiftly brings new youth and life to *tired* skin. It is famous for *youthifying*—and for restoring to silken smoothness, faces roughened by wind and weather. A few drops only, do a *thorough* job—with never an after-trace of stickiness.

If you're fastidious in choosing the appointments of your dressing table—or like a touch of color in your bathroom—you'll appreciate the new Frostilla bottle. It is modern, colorful and in good taste. Ask your favorite sales clerk to show it to you...

In beautiful, blue-labelled boudoir bottles, Frostilla is 50c and \$1, at drug and department stores in the U. S. and Canada. Or write for an attractive, useful sample FREE on request. Department 1440, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Repr.: Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Inc., Madison Avenue, at 34th Street, New York City.)

FROSTILLA

for
exposed and
irritated skin

No—he'd leave tomorrow noon for home. In the spring, when he and Marjorie were married, they'd ask Lorna out to visit them. He wished his mother were living, to ask poor Lorna sooner. Maybe Mrs. Wood might.

But at six o'clock, returning to his hotel from the afternoon session, a telegram waited. Marjorie and her parents were rid of visitors, and would be in Chicago Friday noon to spend the week-end, if Cary would stay over.

Certainly he would, if Marjorie wanted theatering for a week-end. He dined that night with the Halsops on the South Side, former Helmvilleans.

Bartle went home Thursday morning. "Got to hurry," he lamented. He had night-clubbed again. "Got to see Dr. White. Wish I had a better stomach." And how did women like that Tweedale girl pump down the booze seven nights in every week, and all weeks of the year, and still keep on chirping?

Cary wished that Bartle would quit talking about Lorna in that fashion. Suddenly it came to him that after all, he did want to see her again.

HER apartment was about what he had fancied: Kitchenette, overstuffed davenport, vivid-shaded lamps, cigarettes in a Chinese box. Phonograph, radio, plenty of cigarettes, plenty of tinkling ice in glasses, plenty of bottles in a small ice-box.

Lorna wore a low-cut white satin dress, with all the pearls. Does the man live who is unappreciative of the fact that a good-looking woman wears a white satin evening gown solely for his eyes?

A colored maid served dinner. Lorna mixed cocktails. It was familiar, that adept turn of her white wrist. Long ago she used at tennis—

After the first cocktail he knew that he should not have come. After dinner, she tuned in a jazz orchestra. He knew he'd better not dance with Lorna. But they danced.

Lorna made a movement to cease, after a few turns. At one end of the overstuffed couch she relaxed somewhat moodily with a cigarette. At the other end he followed suit.

"Tired, Lorna?"

"Been in rotten humor all day. Got a telegram at noon from Stella, too."

"Bad news?"

"Frank's in a new scrape in Denver. Nothing serious. She said two hundred from me would set them straight."

"Can I help out, Lorna?"

"Oh, no, Cary, thanks. I'm not broke."

Feeling his tone hypocritical, he said: "Dare say you pull down more a week than I do. Lucky girl!"

"Save the bunk, Cary. My God, how I hate my scavenger career!"

"Aw, now, Lorna—"

"Oh, change the subject. I'm not the low-down egg to invite you out to see me and then treat you to my sob-story." She laughed.

He gave over pretense. "It's rotten—your deal from life."

"Oh, I'm not the only poor yam alive. But I take an undue interest in my own mess." Her smile was twisted. "Unnatural of a woman." She rose to mix more cocktails. "I won't bore you any more."

He declared with truth that he was agog with interest. Well, he would have been bored by any other woman of hardened eyes and dyed hair.

"Worst thing about my job," she said, and her face was grim, "you have to drink a lot. It affects your nerves."

He flushed. He and Bartle had insisted on buying more for her.

Glass in hand, she relaxed again moodily on the couch. Five minutes later—well, he had kissed Lorna more than once when they

were at high-school. Not a lot; Lorna had never been that kind.

A man slaps another man on the back to indicate sympathy. What can you do to a woman in similar case, but pat her shoulder and kiss her?

Lorna's dark head lay unhappily on his pitying shoulder. He knew that she attached no weight to his display of affection, which certainly was not the brand of affection he knew for Marjorie.

"Guess I've taken too much aspirin lately, Cary. Hate the let-down it gives afterward." She rose. "And gin—"

"Really, Lorna, I don't want anoth—"

"Just one more. Keep me company."

She told him later about two or three men who'd marry her. A cousin of Matulo, the Levantine owner of the Gold Kettle. A "coke" bookkeeper who had fallen for night-life. A butter-and-egg widower with four children—not owning overmuch butter or eggs.

"You must meet a lot of unpleasant men."

"Do you know a woman's danger-point, Cary? Not when men are dangers to her, but when they're all tedious."

"You poor girl."

In a taxicab, long after midnight, on his way hotelward, Cary Vane writhed. He knew exactly how, when and where any husband forgets he has a wife at home. How many times had he kissed Lorna? And when had pity ceased—and a plain old unrestrained petting-party begun?

How would he look Marjorie in the face? Tomorrow! What was the ugly suspicion that he had? That for the next few days he was going to feel horribly unfaithful to—to whom? Marjorie? Good Lord, no! To Lorna, because Marjorie was in town. Marjorie had become a lovely, bright picture. But Lorna was a living, sobbing woman.

He got to bed wretchedly. But next noon—oh, the mists that rolled away. Marjorie a fading, beloved picture? Nothing of the kind. She was beautiful, laughing flesh-and-blood youthful brightness and charm! Oh, his adorable Marjorie, chattering delight over her outing!

In the lobby, in the dining-room of the huge expensive hotel, men looked after her. He knew the eye-turnings of his sex. He strutted beside his own property.

Marjorie wanted to see shows. She had them picked—every night, and matinees. "For this chance doesn't come often. First, 'Ladies of —'." "Marjorie, I heard that play was not fit—" "Now, Mamma, I'm not nine. Perhaps it isn't fit for you and Papsy. But I'll live through it. And if there's a Barrymore in town. . . . Isn't that a shame! I counted on at least one Barrymore. And oh, Cary, if you have to pawn your lodge pin, I want to go one night to one of those clubs you read about in the papers."

INTO Marjorie's gay talk her mother broke. "That reminds me. I heard a Helmville girl was at one of those places. Melly Bartle wrote—"

"Oh, look!" Across the luxurious room and tables, Marjorie turned an excited head. "That woman in beautiful black! Is she an actress?"

Cary laughed so heartily that his flush went unnoted at the luncheon-table. "No, dear. That's merely the queen of the ticket-scalpers, who eats here."

Mrs. Wood kept on: "I heard those two poor Tweedale girls weren't very happy after they left Helmville."

"I sort of recall 'em." Marjorie wrinkled her forehead. "But they would be pretty old by now."

"About my age," said Cary.

"Did Ed Bartle tell you anything about her, Cary?" said Mrs. Wood.

"Yes. She's a—professional hostess. I understand a woman has to be clever as



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"SUNDOWN"

Nouvelle Creation de
CHERAMY *Paris*

380 RUE ST. HONORÉ

MAYOR WALKER CHRISTENS AS NEW YORK THRONGS

15 Cars, 19 Pilots Start Gruelling Transcontinental Run

Carry Nation's Good Will Greetings Across Country to Los Angeles' Mayor

60 Goodrich Tires Bear Brunt of Coast-to-Coast Battle Against Roads

Massed thousands craned curious necks and watched in City Hall Park . . . Mayor James J. Walker of New York City, lifted the traditional bottle . . . Fifteen cars, gleaming in new, fresh dress of silver paint, stood waiting, engines throttled down.

Crash! The bottle smashed on the radiator of the foremost car. A cheer rose from thousands of throats.

The Silver Fleet was christened!

Little time was spent in ceremony. Mayor Walker shook hands with the fleet commander. Signed New York's "good will" greeting to the Mayor of Los Angeles.

Pilots slid behind their wheels. Engines hummed a higher tune.

Then, one by one, like airplanes tak-

ing off, the cars wheeled into line, swung away on the first leg of a journey lasting many months . . .

Dramatically, thus began the most thrilling endurance demonstration any manufacturer has ever undertaken.

Not a demonstration of cars . . . but of the tires they roll on!

Not a single car . . . but fifteen . . . stock models of the leading makes.

A dramatic performance run . . . to demonstrate stamina . . . wear . . .



CRASH! THE FLEET IS
New York ceremony snapped just traditional bottle over the Flag-



"BETTER GO THIS WAY!" A native advises a better route . . . but the pilots can't be swerved from their course. A closed road means a tough road . . . so the Fleet rolls on! That's just the kind of going they're looking for.

durability . . . in the face of overwhelming odds.

Down the Atlantic Coast to Florida, the fleet will swing. Around the Gulf to New Orleans. Across Texas, New Mexico, Arizona . . . into California.

Then back . . . in a zig-zag course across the country, that multiplies the continent's width many times.

Months of the most gruelling tire punishment the Fleet pilots can find.

Through every climate, every weather, the country knows. Over roads the nation boasts about . . . and over back trails where only trouble is encountered.

Through slush and snow, rain and mud. Ice-sharpened ruts and glassy-wet asphalt. Cold and snow in the mountains. Heat and sand in the desert. Good roads . . . bad roads . . . no roads . . . but always plugging on, de-

THE SILVER FLEET CHEER OFFICIAL SEND-OFF



CHRISTENED (above). Here's before Mayor Walker broke the ship of the Silver Fleet.

liberately seeking the hardest test of man and car and tire . . .

And why?

Simply that you and your fellow motorists everywhere may have brought home to you . . . conclusively! . . . the sort of stamina that is built into every Goodrich Tire!

That you may follow, month after month, the record of Goodrich Tires under far harder service conditions than you will ever have to face!

That you may see, in short, proof of the unsurpassed dollar value of the tires bearing the Goodrich name.

Talk to your Goodrich dealer about

the Silver Fleet. Ask him about its schedule . . . when it will arrive in your city. See the same tires that the Silver Fleet rolls on . . . identical casings directly from his stock. Let him point out why Goodrich can undertake such a tour.

Then when the Silver Fleet rolls in . . . be on hand! Pick out the companion car to the one you drive. Talk to its pilot. Watch his demonstration. Ask him about the conditions he has had to face . . . and contrast them with your own.

In the meantime, you can follow the thrilling progress of the Silver Fleet in the pages of this magazine.



Lieut. H. R. Schaeffer,
Fleet Commander

The B.F. Goodrich Rubber Company, established 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.



THREE GOODRICH TIRES to meet your mileage requirements. Silvertown De Luxe, for the motorist who demands superlative style and outstanding mileage service. The famous Silvertown—the standard quality tire of the nation—the choice of millions of car owners. Goodrich Cavalier, a new low-priced, high quality tire for hard drivers and keen buyers. Ask your Goodrich dealer to show you these tires. He carries the size you need in stock.

Goodrich Silvertowns





Does Your Mirror say "Powder" or "Beauty?"

If only powder didn't SHOW! If you could use it to achieve JUST BEAUTY! Marvelous if possible. To have again the undimmed, velvety skin of childhood loveliness... to have your mirror say "beauty" and not "powder."

WELL, THEN, PRINCESS PAT does give just beauty... without the slightest hint of "powder appearance"... and your intelligence will recognize the reasons. Then you will want to try.

As you ordinarily powder—and peer into your mirror—you now observe a chalky, powdery appearance. Try as you will, you cannot altogether banish it. Your mirror still says powder. And it always will—until you use powder without the usual ingredients that give the customary chalky appearance.

These ingredients are banished in Princess Pat. Precious Almond replaces usual starch. Instead of harshness, there is softness. The very feel of Princess Pat is a caress to the skin. Watch as you apply this utterly different powder. Subtly, magically, it transforms the skin. It merges, blends, becomes as the very skin itself made perfect. Rub it on well, for permanence.

Now then! After you have powdered, what happens? Oil comes upon the skin, gradually, yet surely. Usual powders become "patchy" and unlovely. You have to use more powder—with not the happiest results.

On the contrary, the Almond in Princess Pat has an affinity for oils from the skin glands—usually called pores. As oils appear—and they do on every skin—they are absorbed by Almond. Thus the distressing shine is prevented—even on the nose. Powder is no longer dislodged, nor beauty marred. Wonderful! Yes, of course.

And think! This same characteristic of Princess Pat, giving untold appearance beauty, likewise assures you a fine textured, healthy skin. The oil glands are not sealed—never choked. Consequently they do not become distended. If already distended, Princess Pat Powder gives every assistance to make them normally invisible again. But it is beauty without powder appearance that is the first thought of every woman. That is why women who know choose Princess Pat to begin with... for make-up beauty that always passes for supreme natural loveliness. Indeed your mirror never says "powder."

Of course, though, the added virtue of improved skin texture is equally well loved as time passes... as pores become superbly fine, as the skin becomes delightfully soft and pliant, as blemishes vanish.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it. Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—in two weights. These are regular weight, in the oblong box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for this coupon and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

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SPECIAL

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

well as good-looking to hold down such a position."

"Still—poor girl! I must look her up. Not at—at this night-club," she reflected, while Cary decided that Marjorie's mother was even wiser than he had believed her.

"Could you find out, Cary, where she lives?"

"Why, I'll—I'll be glad to try."

But Marjorie rushed luncheon to get to the State Street stores. Shopping, matinee, dinner and theater at night, made the day a stuffed pudding of diversion.

AT midnight Cary read the slip with Lorna's mid-afternoon phone-call. He could get her at the Kettle at that hour. But why?

Breakfast and shopping crowded the next day till noon. Over muffins and cold chicken in an inn twenty floors above Michigan Boulevard, Cary glimpsed the headlines of a first afternoon edition. The Gold Kettle had been spectacularly raided at four A. M.

The details were cheerful and unmincing. There were pictures of a frothing-mouthed proprietor and two patrol-cars of protesting men and women employees.

Cary Vane refused further luncheon. Had Lorna been able to give bail? Now he had to seek her—or else not sleep comfortably the rest of his life.

It proved easy to get away. Mr. Wood was not strong on theatering daytimes. He trotted off. Cary took Marjorie and her mother to the planned matinee, but explained that he could stay only one act with them. Convention business.

At three o'clock he was at Lorna's apartment. She opened the door. "I saw you from the window getting out of the taxi—or you might have rung the bell till next month. Heavens! The reporters must be hard up for news."

"What a mess, Lorna! I hope you were not—taken in—"

"But I was. First patrol-car. I told Matulo the honor seemed unearned—in view of my varying rake-off. But he was too wild to hear."

"How did you get bail? Why didn't you phone me?"

"My dear Cary, getting bail's the earliest thing you do in this town. But Matulo makes us pay our own ambulance-chasers. Some proprietors are more decent, and count that expense part of the overhead."

She added: "It's good of you to offer, Cary."

"I was knocked cold! You poor girl!"

"No night of joy," she agreed. "I had to get caught checking two waiters' empty bottles."

"You poor girl!"

"Oh—" She made a little savage sound of disgust, and suddenly came the intervening yard to put her head on his shoulder. "It was edgy. You know—station at dawn. Bunched up to the desk by the squad. It was raining. I slushed my new silver slippers."

He had not known that around dawn it rained. He held her closely.

"Oh, it doesn't really amount to anything," she raised her head to say dispiritedly. "But Cary, do you remember once when old Tim the cobbler was arrested for disorderly conduct, and one day afterward walked past our house while a crowd of us kids were playing tennis?"

"Seems like I do."

"He looked so ashamed—the old scallawag! We all frowned at him. Then, Cary, we all thought it was simply awful to get arrested." She had her two arms around his neck. Hers were the acrid tears of a disillusioned woman. "I'm so darned tired of the way I live, Cary! Help me. Take me back to Helmvile and look out for me."

"Lorna, honey—"

"You like me. Don't you?"

"A lot. Heaps. But—"

"Then help me. Marry me, Cary."

"Dear girl, I—"

"I've learned men—if nothing else in life. The other night, I knew you liked me. Men like you, Cary, don't waste time on women they don't like pretty well."

"No. No." The scent of her hair affected him. It was too close to his nostrils.

"And I wouldn't make a bad wife, Cary," she coaxed, one arm tightening at his neck. "Would I? I'm not unattractive, nor stupid."

"Of course you're not."

"I don't want to become a tramp-woman. And I can't marry some old fat widower just for room and clothes and food. I'm not that kind. I'd poison him."

"It'd be tough for you." His spine was rather cold. Poor old Lorna! But his bright young Marjorie! And he managed to bring out her name.

Lorna's arms tightened defiantly. "If you like me best, what of that cared-for baby? She's too young to take it hard, Cary. She'd soon find some one else. She isn't out in the world, alone and tired, looking for something—oh, God, for anything like a rope—to tow her to a better sand-bar! Cary, I won't mince. You'd be a rope to me—pull me from shoals. But if I didn't honestly believe you to be fond of me—"

"I am fond, Lorna, frightfully fond. But—but I love Marjorie—"

"You don't! And if you love her, what about night before last with me! But you'd be ashamed of me. You're thinking of what men like Ed Bartle might say!"

"I'm not," he protested quickly.

"You are! But listen, Cary, they can't say much that's really bad about me. Oh, I don't claim my moral sense is wrong. But somehow I'm not constituted to be one kind of woman. That's why I want—"

"Lorna, as if I'd care what anyone said or thought!"

"You do! You do! You like me. But you fear I'd be a shoddy choice for a wife—"

"Lorna, dear—"

"Oh, I know your sort. Kind, but not too kind! You're well-placed in life. Business, home, friends. Nothing to fear, except illness or death." She flung from him. "Don't speak! You're sitting down to a big table—and you won't share. You're a pig—you won't share. Even though you think I'd be good company for the meal. You—you—"

Unhappily he followed her up and down the room.

"Lorna, you're in a bitter mood, and your viewpoint is distorted." While he spoke, he hated himself. "I'll be honest: Except for Marjorie, I'd jump to get you for life."

"Don't talk to me."

"Anyhow, your idea that I'm all fixed to slide gayly through life is all wrong. I'll have my own troubles." He spoke half at random—he was most uncomfortable. "Maybe I've got 'em right now."

SHE stopped in her hysterical pacing. "What do you mean?"

He had not meant anything, except that in the case of his sister's death, he and Marjorie would have to take the two children. It seemed rather heavy on young shoulders like Marjorie's. He could not tell that.

"What is wrong, Cary?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing much, at present."

"Tell me!"

"Nothing—that is, perhaps nothing will happen."

"Cary, you said"—her voice had changed—"you were assistant manager of a branch office. You don't mean you've taken money—the firm's funds?" Her voice had sharpened oddly. "I might have suspected."

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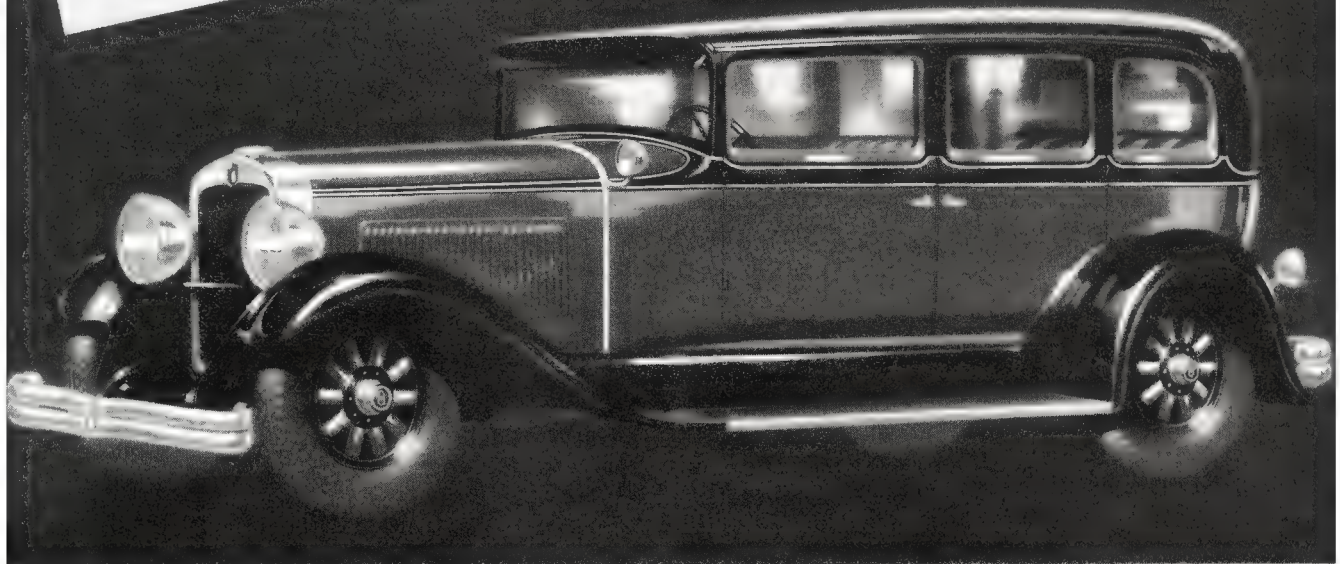
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Chester

MILD *enough for anybody*



What a cigarette meant there

It took a lot of courage, for he was no "ladies' man," and she was the belle of the town.

That awkward, stammering proposal... interrupted... And now... would she never come back? The zero hour, for a fact... the longest minutes of a lifetime.

Like most men, he lived through it, sustained by that little friend in need... his cigarette... the most important cigarette he ever smoked.

What a cigarette means here

It took a lot of courage, likewise, to propose and go through with the idea behind Chesterfield.

It took courage, for it meant less profit per package than is made on most other cigarettes. Into Chesterfield we blended the finest qualities of tobacco ever offered in a cigarette at popular prices—tobacco selected regardless of cost, from all the leaf markets of the world.

And when Chesterfield jumped to big volume and continued steadily to grow... we knew that this cigarette which so surely bespeaks tobacco quality to us had come equally to mean it to you.

Littleton & Sons Tobacco Co.



Xanthi and Cavalla, Smyrna and Samsoun—from here come the fragile tender Turkish tobaccos for Chesterfield's famous blend.



...and from Virginia and Carolina come the famous "bright" or "yellow" tobaccos; from Kentucky the rich mellow Burley which completes this mild yet satisfying blend.

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.... and yet **THEY SATISFY**



"No more shiny noses since I use MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It stays on longer and keeps ugly shine away. It spreads more smoothly and prevents large pores." Desirée Tabor (operetta star famous for her beauty), 66 W. 46th St., New York City.



"No wonder beautiful women protect their lovely skins with MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It is so exquisitely fine textured and pure. No pasty or flaky look with MELLO-GLO but a velvety youthful bloom." Rachael Chester (famous beauty), 301 W. 105th Street, New York City.

Loved by America's Most Beautiful Women

MELLO-GLO Face Powder must be wonderful—so distinctive—so exceptional.

Two million of America's loveliest women know MELLO-GLO stays on longer and prevents large pores—conquers shiny nose—spreads more smoothly and gives a youthful bloom unknown before. These marvelous qualities are due to a new French Process owned and used by MELLO-GLO only.

The purest face powder known! MELLO-GLO is made of the finest imported ingredients and the coloring is passed by our Federal Government's chemists before it is used.

MELLO-GLO is an exclusive powder made for and used by Beautiful Women. Its purity, smoothness, softness and fineness insure you against any flaky or pasty look or irritation. Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. Use this truly wonderful Face Powder and protect your complexion.

¶ MELLO-GLO has become so popular among beautiful women, that any store that tries to substitute does you an injustice.

His eyes dilated like saucers. She stared. "Only a limited number of types," she said bitterly, "come to the Gold Kettles. Husbands, cokes, sheiks and defaulters. Easy money—easy spending."

Denial leaped hot to his tongue. An embezzler! The prize young delegate whose speech at the opening session had received most applause!

On impulse, he stayed the indignant denial. "Well, in such a case would you like me as ballast for your life-boat?"

He was dumfounded, so swiftly did passion leave her tear-swimming eyes; they became queerly passionless and cold.

Almost as if grown to the spot, she stood still at the room's center. Her palms struck softly on each other.

"Why did you do it, Cary? Don't you know it never pays?"

She was not grown to the spot in the room. For now she crossed to an end-table and took a cigarette. "And me wasting a peck of emotion because you were up and I was down! Can I help you, Cary?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I've got three or four thousand dollars in the bank—"

"No—awfully obliged, though."

"I see. The Woods are pretty well off. You can catch up your slip. Well—no use for me to mince. I'm a tired and disillusioned person, looking for succor. Not—not to do the succor act."

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

(Continued from page 82)

fingers of hateful ghosts were trying to strangle him. At last Fair was a fugitive from his own racked body. He moved from place to place in California hunting for a climate in which he might be free from the seizures of asthma. He died on December 28, 1894.

Fair had made a number of wills during the last years of his life. One had been made in a temper. He had wished to disinherit his son Charles, whose marriage had displeased him. Then, just before his death, he revoked that one, and once more Charles became an heir of one of the greatest fortunes in the world. Fair's daughters were prominent in New York society and had married into distinguished families.

The children of James Graham Fair were not entirely satisfied with his will. They wanted absolute control of the old man's property, and he had tied it up by means of a trust clause. Under this arrangement trustees were to retain title to the fortune during the lifetime of the children, giving them the income, a matter of a few millions a year. The children set out to prove that Mr. Fair had been in such unsound health when he made his will that he did not know what he was doing. This effort to break the old man's will was dragging along in the courts when a woman entered the case.

Mrs. Jeanette Craven (Nettie to her friends) had been a school-teacher. She offered, through her counsel, a new will written with a lead pencil. She said James Graham Fair himself had written it. This provided for a fat bequest to Nettie, gave the children about as much as they were to inherit under the other will, and was burdened with no trust clause.

As between the two wills there is some reason for believing that some of the heirs favored the pencil will, it having pleased them better than the document that would have withheld actual possession of the great fortune. Then the court which was considering the case decided that the trust clause was, as a matter of fact, invalid. With that difficulty out of the way, the heirs began to fight the claims of Mrs. Craven. They tried to compromise with her, and she

"Lorna, wait. Let me tell you—"

"No use, Cary. The prospect of being along while you hunt an unextraditable part of earth doesn't tempt me. I make no apologies. I'm what I am. Looking for a place to rest—not run. But whatever money I've on hand—"

"Thanks. You're generous—"

"After my fashion," she broke in curtly. "I didn't mean that for a taunt! I must tell you—"

She mistook his pleading voice. "Please don't, Cary. I lay awake all night, picturing you and I going upgrade in Helmvile. Bad dreamer—that's me."

ON the train to Helmvile, beside Marjorie, with Wallace Wood in the smoker and Mrs. Wood reading in an opposite chair, Cary Vane squinted at his future.

A very good future—that is, as soon as a certain nausea at the business of living left his unsteady mind and his unsteadier soul.

Marjorie had her mother's kindly brown eyes and likable mouth. He would have small temptation to be unfaithful to Marjorie. And faithfulness, along with love and ambition, prop the walls of happy living.

He would be faithful to Marjorie. He would always love her better than any other woman—except one. But this one other woman would never trouble him or annoy Marjorie. She had, in a phrase favored by some sects, "passed away."

astounded them by producing a somewhat informal marriage contract and other documents purporting to be in the handwriting of Mr. Fair. Some of these documents were title deeds to important properties of the dead man.

The paper on which this woman based her claim to be the widow of Fair was an extraordinary contract. It read:

"San Francisco, Cal.

"May 23, 1892.

"I take Nettie R. Craven to be my lawful wife.

"(SIGNED) James G. Fair."

"I take for my lawful husband James G. Fair.

"(SIGNED) Nettie R. Craven."

Imagine that happening to a family which was just beginning to make headway in society! Mrs. Craven also displayed a letter bearing what purported to be the signature of Senator Fair, in which she was referred to as "wife." This letter urged her to keep in her possession until after his death the holographic codicil written in pencil.

MY father and another eminent handwriting expert received copies of all of the disputed documents as well as many admittedly genuine writings of the dead man. The other handwriting expert was Daniel T. Ames. Again and again my father traveled across the continent to San Francisco.

Every suggestion they made to the lawyers for the Fair heirs was carried out. One of the things Father wanted particularly was an extraordinary enlargement of the disputed documents. So a special camera was built, a mammoth device twenty-five feet long, the bellows of which extended through two rooms. With this instrument the signature on the pencil will was enlarged thirty-six hundred times. Each letter was more than a foot square.

The climax is best summed up in the words of the judge of the high court who finally ruled on the case, in a subsequent suit in which Mrs. Craven made a claim against the Fair estate for five thousand dollars a month, based on her claim to support as his widow. The judge in his opinion wrote:

"My hands, too, must dance / / "

says charming ANNA PAVLOWA



The new Cutex Liquid Polish "gives them sparkle and vivacity"



Photo by Hugh Cecil

ANNA PAVLOWA—world-famous artist of the dance—who began her career in her brilliant Imperial Ballet of Old Russia . . .

Like Pavlova . . . discerning women everywhere know the effect of suave perfection is in great part due to beautifully cared for hands. They say that Cutex is indispensable. For it intelligently simplifies the problem of keeping the most recalcitrant finger nails shapely and shining.

You need only 3 things

First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, whiten nail tips, and shape the cuticle.

Second—the Polish Remover, followed by the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Third—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft . . . Cutex preparations 35¢ each. Polish and Remover together 50¢. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

What Pavlova herself says of the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish

Pavlova cherishes beauty . . . she practices it! Her hands are superbly cared for! She says of the new Cutex Liquid Polish:

"It helps to give my hands sparkle and vivacity. I always use it to 'make-up' my hands, to keep each finger nail shining, looking truly *soigne*. It is used a great deal in Paris—the French women know how it flatters and improves the finger tips. All the Cutex preparations are needed to make the hand ready for this brilliant finish. Cuticle Remover and Cream to keep the ovals smoothly rounded and the under nail tips immaculately clean."

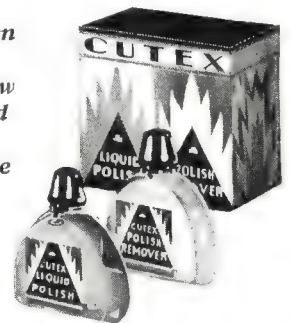


Pavlova's exquisite hands in gentle repose are as powerfully significant of her justly famous interpretative power as when they flutter and sway in the dance.

THE audience has collected—hushed and expectant. Around the stage hangs a great, dark curtain. Then, the music begins and suddenly a tiny, exquisite figure appears. It is Anna Pavlova, the great artist.

First, she moves to measured, stately rhythms . . . a silent swaying flower. Now she is Pierrette, whirling and gay, happy or immensely sad. Now she is the snow-white swan, sailing, dipping, preening, drooping. Always her hands express the poignant beauty of her art—Pavlova—whose hands are known as the most beautiful in the world.

Smart women find the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish indispensable



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5 & 10¢ STORES

"Evidence bearing upon the handwriting of the pencil will as compared with the genuine handwriting of the decedent and the evidence bearing upon the genuineness of the deeds, convinces me beyond all doubt that the will and the deeds were *not* written or signed or delivered by the decedent, but *are* forgeries. Hence the fact is that the decedent made no provision for petitioner's support in anticipation of his death, nor does it appear that he made any substantial provision for her support during her lifetime. She is therefore not considered as his wife, nor his real widow."

"But Father," I asked, "why did you and Mr. Ames require such an unusual magnification of the signature?"

FATHER chuckled and groomed his beard with his slender fingers.

"That was for the jury," he said. "We could tell without much study that Fair never had written any of the documents in dispute, but for the jury we needed something to take the place of our own especially developed intelligence. Where was that place to which *Gulliver* traveled, the land of the giants? Lilliput was the country of the tiny people."

"Broddingnag."

"Well, do you remember the defects that *Gulliver* was able to discover in the beauty of the young giant woman whose pet he became? The pores of her skin appeared to his eyes as deep holes. He could discern no beauty."

"I remember," I said.

"*Gulliver* realized that the defects he saw in the giantess existed, although not for his eyes, in the women of his own country as well as in the tiny creatures of Lilliput. Well, a microscope will give to any man the kind of an eye with which *Gulliver* gazed upon his gigantic mistress; and an enlarging camera will record what he sees for the eyes of all."

"If that's the case, why not use vast enlargements in all cases?"

"In all cases we do not have the Fair millions to pay the bills. What was spent in preparing the exhibits in that case amounted to considerably more than some estates that become the subject of will contests. Fair expected avarice would cause some persons to come forward and assert that they were his illegitimate offspring. In his real will he provided that no more than fifty dollars should be paid to any such claimant. I do not know who forged the documents presented by Mrs. Craven, but the work had been done by a fairly skillful forger who had been guided by genuine examples of the old man's handwriting. There is one letter that absolutely baffled the forger in this case, however. The Senator made a very peculiar symbol when he wrote 'q,' and lacking samples the forger produced a 'q' that was totally unlike the letter as it was written by Fair. The forger needed to use 'q' every time he wrote 'bequeath.'

"It was his ignorance of such fine points that defeated the purpose of the forger and those who inspired him. A section of the forged will and a portion of the genuine document written by Mr. Fair, might, at first glance, seem to have been written by the same hand, but the microscope showed that there were five hundred or more breaks and retouches in the forged document. A child could see from the enlargement that the pen that halted in that fashion was traveling in a strange road in the dark of ignorance when it wrote 'James G. Fair.'"

LONG before my father's career had passed its zenith he estimated that he had affected the courts' decisions as to the ownership and possession of property aggregating over two hundred million dollars. A large share of this vast sum was involved in will disputes.

Like the Fair will, the Davis case concerned the last testament of a 'forty-niner. Andrew J. Davis was a bachelor, but paternity is not denied to a man on that score, and the community in which Judge Davis lived was quite willing to concede that his blood ran in other veins after he had been moldering for some time in a Montana grave.

Andrew Jackson Davis was born in Somers, Connecticut, in 1822, and after attendance at Phillips Andover Academy served as an apprentice clerk in Boston; but the great westward migration that had carried Jimmy Fair to San Francisco caught Davis as a chip is caught by the tide.

Van Buren County, Iowa, was as far West as young Davis got in his first chase after fortune. It was a frontier community, but there was no gold to be taken from the ground except in the form of wheat and corn after arduous labor. Davis managed to make enough money to live on. He attended the roistering dances with which the people of the region broke up the ordinary monotony of their lives. One of the women there found him attractive, but if Davis yearned for a hearthstone and a family, he curbed the yearning.

One day he left with a wagon-train bound for Montana. One of the mule-teams and wagons in that train belonged to Davis. It was loaded with provisions and other things which he hoped to carry to an eager market. His judgment was good. The men in Butte bought at fabulous prices what he had freighted over the plains and mountains. Davis decided to settle in Butte, and before long he was a power there. There was a streak of cunning as well as a lust for speculation in his blood.

HORSES and mules were the only means of transportation. What freight the community needed from the East was hauled in by wagons like that which had brought Davis and his stock of goods. There was no wire system of communication. Most goods arrived from the East as a result of the haphazard guessing of men with trading instincts like those that had guided Davis himself. The animals used on the rough trails around Butte had to be shod or they soon went lame. Davis cornered all the horseshoe nails in the territory and made a big profit. One of the prospectors who had become discouraged after sinking a shaft into one of the near-by hills agreed to trade his hole in the ground, his mining claim, for a somewhat decrepit horse that Davis had picked up through another trade. The hole in the ground was deepened by its new owner until he struck a vein of silver. Montana remembers that vein as the great Lexington mine. With the passage of years Davis became possessed of fifteen mines.

"Judge Davis," the people of Butte began to call this Yankee. There were several women in the community who called him pet names but none who dared call him husband. Some of them had children. Davis became the head of a big national bank in Montana and held forty-four per cent of the stock in another bank out there. He died on March 11, 1890. His estate then was estimated to be worth about eight million dollars.

In the East there were about twenty-two legal heirs, sisters, nephews and nieces of the dead man. In Butte there were a couple of brothers. Since Judge Davis had died seemingly without having prepared a will, these heirs naturally expected to share the estate. Henry A. Root, a lawyer of New York City, was one of the Eastern heirs (a nephew) and was the acknowledged leader of the other Eastern heirs.

Suddenly this group was confounded by an act of a brother of the dead man. This man, John A. Davis, knew considerably more about spending money than had his brother. Judge

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THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

Davis had been so frugal in his living habits as to merit what reproach there is in the term "miser." John Davis offered for probate a will which he said had been discovered in Iowa.

By the terms of this document he became the principal heir of his brother. The only other bequest in the document provided for the payment of an annuity to a man and a woman of Van Buren County, Iowa. It was contended that these two were the living souvenirs of a forgotten romance.

Mr. Root, acting for the Eastern heirs, lost no time in retaining my father. Together they went West to Butte and examined the yellowed piece of paper that had been filed in court there as the last will and testament of Andrew Jackson Davis. This document

was dated 1866. Was it genuine? Certainly the Eastern heirs hoped it was not, though the evidences of age indicated that it was. However, the writer of the will had prepared that document in an illiterate fashion. To say that Andrew Jackson Davis was illiterate would be to libel Philips Andover Academy.

My father, hiding a too youthful countenance behind silky whiskers, discovered that many restrictions hedged the testimony of handwriting experts in Montana. In fact, he could not testify at all as a handwriting expert, but only as a paper expert, as an ink expert and as a color expert. Many distinguished men had been retained on both sides. One of the opposing counsel was the great agnostic Colonel Robert Ingersoll.

My father, when it was time for him to testify, confronted a courtroom in which were many men wearing coats that bulged significantly at the waist. They were friends of John Davis.

John Davis had told how the will had been found by a man named James Eddy, in an old bureau drawer. The Davis will, he said, had been made during a visit that Andrew Jackson Davis had made during the year 1866. Two men whose signatures were on the paper as witnesses to its execution were dead. Eddy was a grandson of one of the witnesses.

There were some red stains on the paper. Eddy explained that those were caused by his own perspiration. He had carried the paper to a lawyer's office on a very hot day and during a time when he was wearing a red woolen undershirt. Red woolen undershirts

in that day were entirely plausible. There were more than one hundred pin-holes in the will. Eddy explained those by saying that he had carelessly left the paper lying on a table in his kitchen and that his little girl had amused herself by shoving pins into it. The paper was blackened and charred at the edges. The same little girl, it seemed, had held the paper over the flames of the kitchen fire and it would have been destroyed entirely but for the fortunate chance of Mr. Eddy's presence. He had rescued it.

My father was permitted to testify that when he had first seen the will in August, 1890, it had appeared to be more aged than when it figured as an exhibit in the trial. Paradoxically, he said, the paper seemed to be growing younger. He volunteered to create a piece of paper much older in appearance by artificial means. He showed that the yellow stain was nothing more mysterious than tobacco juice. He literally threw a bombshell into the benches occupied by the friends of Brother John Davis when he testified that the body of this will dated 1866 had been prepared with nigrocine ink. Nigrocine is produced by the action of concentrated sulphuric acid on induline, which is a modification of the chemically produced coloring called aniline black. This discovery was made in a laboratory in 1868. It was not utilized commercially in the manufacture of ink until about 1877; and the will written with this ink was dated 1866.

Even so, the jury disagreed and the newspapers of the day said that it was one of the most expensive disagreements ever arranged. Father, before leaving the courtroom, was informed that some of the bearded men who had been glaring at him during his hours on the stand were planning to ride him out of town on a rail. As he started down the steps of the courthouse, he saw clustered at the foot a crowd of these men. He had to think quickly.

Acting on impulse, he charged down the stairs straight at the loafers, and they fled away from him like a flock of chickens. He did not wait for them to regain their nerve, but left Butte at once. In 1892 John A. Davis fell down a flight of stairs out in Victoria, British Columbia, and was killed. His four sons continued the fight. Legal contests were held in other courtrooms in Montana and in Massachusetts. Father, along with the lawyers, traveled back and forth until finally the case was settled by an agreement among the heirs. By that time, under the nourishing care of a competent administrator, the eight-million-dollar fortune had expanded into a fortune of fourteen million. It was well worth fighting over.

"But why did they offer such a crude piece of writing?" I asked my father one time. "Assuming that the will was forged, why would anyone use a paper scarred by pin-holes, partially burned and stained with dye from a red shirt?"

"I can't answer that," he said, "but I infer that he had to cut their cloth to fit a pattern. I infer that some one first found a piece of paper that bore the signature of Andrew J. Davis, and then the will was written above that signature."

MY father did not believe in the common theory that character can be read from handwriting. In fact, it was a source of amusement to him to be able to prove that character and handwriting are not closely linked. Once he showed me a specimen of handwriting neat almost to the point of being feminine. Yet it appeared to be the work of some one unused to writing.

"Who wrote it?" I asked.

"Grover Cleveland," he said, "and I can tell you that this piece of handwriting tells about as much about his disposition as a piece of beef tells you about the man that owned the cow from which it was carved. If I were guessing, I would say this was the penmanship of a man who was crabbed,

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who has hunted and explored in central Africa, follows her remarkable story, "Drums in the Dark," with an extraordinary bit of drama based upon fact—about two men, and their party, who went out to "poach" elephant ivory.

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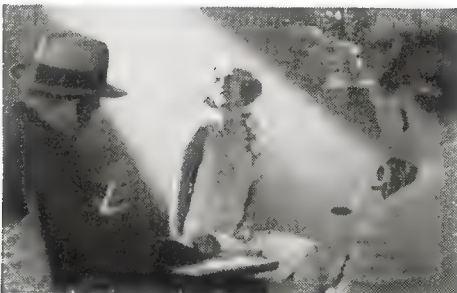
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Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

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small in size and totally unimportant. But I am not guessing. I know Grover Cleveland. I know he was large physically and mentally. I do not think there is anybody in the world who has thought as much about handwriting and the implications to be drawn from handwriting as myself. I tell you that anyone who attempts to read your character by means of your handwriting is bunking you—or himself, or herself. It is utter nonsense.

"Abnormal handwriting is another matter. Reasonably sound deductions can be made from abnormal handwriting."

"Deathbed wills," my father often argued, "are never entirely satisfactory. A will should be made when the testator is in sound health. The witnesses should be, if possible, persons younger than the testator and of decent social position. One of the commonest practices is to summon the servants from the next room when a will is to be witnessed. Often, when that will is offered for probate, it is discovered that the servants have disappeared. How are they to be found? Not by searching in the telephone directory, nor in the directory of directors, nor in Who's Who, nor in any other way. I know of cases in which large estates have been tied up for years while heirs hunted high and low trying to find some obscure member of the human race who had been important just once—when he signed a will as a witness to its execution. The witnesses should always be persons of standing in the community, persons of unquestionable integrity."

I asked him why so many people were moved to hide their wills in places so secret that years sometimes elapse before the documents are discovered.

ELOPEMENT PREFERRED

(Continued from page 79)

and wouldn't be back until six-thirty—bought some flowers to be sent over to the parsonage, collected something old, something borrowed, and something blue for me to wear, and ordered an early dinner at the town's best tea-room, so that we'd be ready to start for Minneapolis immediately after the ceremony.

Gradually the bloom wore off the afternoon, for me. And no wonder. It finally occurred to me that from the time Toby had first appeared it had been their party—his and Lynn's.

I had put on a delectable new sport outfit for the occasion, and Lynn was wearing this old thing she'd had for two summers. And she had never been supposed to have much edge over me in the way of looks, either. But you couldn't get away from the fact that it was Lynn people looked at, as we went around town. She had gone in for colorlessness that summer, and never wore any rouge. But she didn't need any that day. Excitement, or merely being with Toby, or the suspense of wondering whether he had really come down to meet her or not, had done a lot. She looked as if a light had been turned on inside her. I really couldn't blame people for looking at her instead of me, but that didn't make it any pleasanter.

She and Toby bubbled over incessantly, like two kids on a holiday. Don't ask me any of the things they said—they weren't worth remembering. They razed each other and insulted each other, and had a violently gorgeous time doing it. It was a party for them, apparently, just to be together. The Sultan and I were nothing but an old married couple, compared to them. I developed a weird feeling sometimes, when we were at dinner, that they were actually at a grand party, right there on the other side of the table—and the Sultan and I either weren't invited or couldn't get there.

I tried to decide it was imagination, but

"When a will is found in such a place," he replied, "my experience suggests to me that it is well to be suspicious of it. I figured in a case one time in which the will was produced from the hem of the dead woman's skirt. It was a fraudulent will. I know of another in which a man asserted he found it when he crawled under a house to observe the finish of a rat his dogs had cornered there. That too I think was a fake will. The place to put a will is in a safe-deposit box. Most banks nowadays are glad to keep the will of any customer, and that means any depositor. The lawyer who draws it up is also a logical and safe custodian. Trust companies are, to my mind, the best custodians of all. But don't hide your will behind a picture or up in a garret or down in a well. That's silly."

WHEN my father died, we children hunted high and low for signs of a will. There was none in his safe-deposit box, nor among any of his papers. My sisters and brothers do not think he ever executed a will. I believe that he did, and that he put it away for safe-keeping. Perhaps he had more than one deposit box. Somehow, where a will is concerned men cannot keep from being secretive about it. When he died he was trying to tell us something, but he could not force his lips to form the words.

"Box," he said.

"What is it, Father?" asked one of my brothers.

"Box," he repeated. Then he ceased to be able to say anything.

(Further dramatic chapters in the interesting career of this handwriting expert David N. Carvalho will appear in an early issue.)

if wasn't. Sometimes when Toby looked at her and forgot to laugh, maybe forgot what he was going to say, or when he touched her accidentally—well, I could have sworn there was something uncanny in the air. You could nearly hear it crackle, like electricity. And yet, with all that, not a word about a wedding of their own.

I COULD have stood everything if people I hadn't begun to take Lynn for the bride. It began when we first went to get the license. Lynn and Toby had breezed into the courthouse, and into the clerk's office, the Sultan and I trailing along behind. The clerk naturally took them for the bride and groom, and when they produced us and tried to tell him we were the contracting parties, he thought the cute young things were only kidding him, and got quite waggish. That was bad enough.

Then word got around town that there was an elopement afoot, and once as we got out of the car I heard somebody say: "There, that one with the yellow hair. Looks like a bride, don't she now?"

The tea-room piled on the last straw. The waitresses were excited, and giggled and whispered together so much the service was rotten. There was much scurrying around in the rear, and in the kitchen, and one of the waitresses dashed out down the street somewhere. And when they brought our dessert, they also brought, with "the compliments of the management," a small angel-food cake, with white icing, and a tiny pair of bride and groom dolls on top—and set it down in front of Lynn!

Now, I don't particularly crave the spotlight, but you really can't blame a girl for wanting to be the leading lady at her own wedding.

If Lynn Marshall looked so much like a bride, I decided, let her be one. She had my blessing, and I was perfectly willing to dance at her wedding. But as far as my own wed-



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ding was concerned, I'd take it straight or not at all.

"Vincent," I said firmly, when we were in the car on our way around to the parsonage, "I'm not going to marry you until we've got rid of our two dear, helpful friends. Can't we tell them we've changed our minds, and then let them get ahead of us on the way home and come back and do it by ourselves?"

The poor lamb looked hurt and puzzled, and I saw that he thought I was trying to back out for good. "My darling, the minister's waiting," he protested.

Not for nothing had I studied him for a month. "But Vincent darling," I said with a little masterpiece of a catch in my voice, "don't you see, it—it sort of spoils it—having other people along. I—I want you all to myself. They're making such a party out of it all. Don't you think it will be—nicer—to remember, if we're alone?"

It sounded pretty silly to me, but he practically lapped it up. For the first time it struck me that once in a while he was just a shade too perfect. He was sweet, all right, but—

So when we parked outside the parsonage, I told Toby and Lynn that the wedding cake had changed my mind. I wanted to wait and have a real wedding, with a veil and a flower-girl and all the trimmings.

Lynn looked at me. "Do you really?" she said. "Good girl!" I saw that she thought, as the Sultan had, that it was a case of permanent cold feet.

Toby began to howl about our having wasted his precious time, and about the minister's wife having cleaned house for us all afternoon. We could see her inside, bustling around, putting the flowers in the big front window. And still not a word about offering himself and Lynn as substitutes!

Poor Toby. It wasn't, I decided, that he was afraid to ask her, point blank. What he was deathly afraid of was that she'd laugh at him—take it as another encore, probably, and call for an audience.

"Oh, well," I said, trying to think of a way to bring things to a head, "this is Friday. The preacher ought to be working on his sermon, anyway."

"Friday?" said Toby, clutching at the word like a drowning man at a straw. "Is this Friday?" He turned to Lynn. "Do you know where you were at four o'clock this afternoon?"

Lynn couldn't quite recall. "At the courthouse?"

Toby lit a cigarette. "Listen, baby," he grinned. "You burn me up. Let's put on a party at the parsonage."

LYNN stared at him. Then she too burst out laughing. "Four o'clock Friday afternoon," she gasped.

"On the courthouse steps at McPherson," he finished. "And there we were! I'd been counting the hours," he said, clutching his heart with one hand and his hair with the other.

"The minutes!" cried Lynn.

"You're a liar!"

"You're another!" And they both laughed.

Toby hitched up his belt and flicked a speck from his sleeve. "I know my duty when I see it," he said. "Since you've come all this way, I'll be a little man and go through with it—make an honest woman of you."

"Awfully good of you," said Lynn. "But I've always made it a point to get married on Tuesdays."

Toby leaned toward her. "Lynn," he said solemnly, "I double dog dare you."

She was as good as married right then. All Toby had ever needed to do to start her dashing into a thing was to dare her to do it.

From the elbows up she was calm as a summer day. But she was squeezing her

compact until her knuckles were ready to pop through the skin. "Toby, that's not fair," she protested.

"Double dog dare you," Toby kept chanting, "—double dog dare you!"

The next thing I knew they were in Toby's car racing down the street to find out where the county clerk lived.

The minister, when he finally performed the ceremony, was shocked at us, and I didn't blame him. I don't go around sobbing aloud over the sanctity of marriage, but at the same time, getting married isn't quite the same thing as a musical comedy. But Toby and Lynn were so pathetically afraid some one might think they were taking it seriously they didn't dare stop making wisecracks. They pretended I was a flower-girl and the Sultan a ring-bearer. Toby whistled the wedding march while they stepped solemnly across the minister's parlor, and Lynn hissed at him for stepping on her veil. It was really a little weird for an honest-to-God wedding.

"So this," I said to myself, "is that holy, high-hat brand of love called the real thing. Yeah—real, me eye!"

THEY didn't subside until the minister actually began to read the service. And Lynn was laughing again when we got outside. "When will we grow up and stop dragging each other into messes, Toby?" she said. "Well, had a nice time at your parsonage party, even if there will be the devil to pay tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Toby echoed, looking blank.

"Oh, not that there's anything to worry about," she added cheerfully. "Uncle George is a judge now, you know. He'll probably be able to get an annulment fixed up all right. . . . We'd better be going, Phyl. I've a date with Dutch Davis tonight."

Toby came to life. "Dutch Davis?" he howled. "What do you mean, Dutch Davis? You're a married woman, my girl. . . . We're on our way to Minneapolis!"

Lynn opened her eyes wide. "You don't think I'm going away with you?" she asked in a tone of outraged virtue. "Well, really, Toby! Wake up—the stunt's over. Time to call it a day."

Toby crumpled. "The stunt?" he said miserably.

"Carry me out!" she groaned. "What did the boy think it was—the culmination of a beautiful romance?"

I was stunned for a minute. Then I clicked. I remembered the veneer, and what was underneath it, and registered intelligent, if unsympathetic, understanding. She was afraid he'd done it on the spur of the moment—she really thought it was only a stunt on his part. Naturally, with that back-to-crinoline, love-is-the-only-thing-in-the-world complex of hers, she'd spurn even her mate if he married her just to while away an idle hour.

"Lynn's right, of course," said Toby; "time to call it a day." Off-handedly, as if he had annulments for breakfast every morning! And there they were, positively aching for each other, and neither one daring to say so for fear of being laughed at.

So in a dead silence we climbed into the two cars—I told them we were leaving the Sultan's car in McPherson, and Lynn might as well take a lift from Toby. I reached for my coat—and there were our two bags. All I did at first was to say to the Sultan: "Lynn's forgotten her bag."

"Oh, Toby, wait a minute," he called, as Toby's roadster drew alongside us. "Here's Lynn's bag."

"Bag?" said Toby.

"Our golf-clothes," said Lynn haughtily, as if we always wore uniforms—and as if the clubs were there too, instead of in the closet at home. But poor Toby was in no condition to notice details. So as the Sultan reached for the bag I slipped my hand back

and loosened the one good fastener—just a little.

Then he picked it up and handed it across, and halfway between the two cars the clasp gave way, the bag flopped open, and everything in it spilled into the street—water-wave combs, and a smashed bottle of perfume messed up with a pair of perfectly good dresses, with Lynn's best orchid silk underwear adding a final touch of intimacy.

Lynn sat perfectly still, her neck and face the most furious shade of red I ever saw. Toby sat still, too, and for a second nobody said a word. He looked at Lynn, then at the gaping suitcase still dangling from the Sultan's hand, then back at Lynn.

And there was something in the way he looked at her that simply turned me to gelatine. It made me think of moonlight and honeysuckle and pipe-organ music and raising a family and growing old. Actually just the thought of Mother and Dad going off to the movies together got me all weak and watery. And then it came over me with an absolutely sickening shock that maybe I'd never been anything but veneer, either—and this was it cracking, and the rest of me oozing through! There I was, turning into another Lynn, and all I could do about it was to gulp and feel lonesome and wish I had a husband! Believe it or not, I could have wept for a basket of socks to darn!

Then I remembered the Sultan, and realized that his were the socks I'd be darning until death us did part. And when I looked down at them, there they were—just—well, just socks!

Finally Toby grinned and looked down at the suitcase again. He does have a nice grin, and a nice voice, too.

"My bag's locked up in the back of the car," he said.

Then Lynn began to cry, and he began to kiss her—thoroughly was the word! I blew my nose and said I'd got something in my eye—which was no lie—and the Sultan and I climbed out and picked Lynn's things up out of the street.

WE followed them to the edge of town, and watched them down the road to Minneapolis. Then we turned to go back to McPherson—and parked for a few minutes.

There we were alone together in God's great out-of-doors, with a dying sunset for a backdrop, gazing tenderly, so tenderly, into each other's eyes. And it was like taking the cap off a bottle of milk and waiting for it to fizz! I craved matrimony, but all I could think of was, "What's wrong with this picture?" There was a fork out of place, a hair in the butter, somewhere. We didn't match Lynn and Toby at all. The love-and-longing stuff we had been dishing up for each other all summer had seemed exciting enough before, but compared to Lynn and Toby—

Well, did you ever fry eggs on a picnic and then discover you'd left the salt at home? That's exactly the way I felt. Only whatever it was we lacked hadn't been left at home. It simply didn't exist.

"Sweet, you were right," the Sultan murmured against my ear. "We do need to be —alone."

And then, as the last bitter jest in that comedy of errors that sent him out of my life forever, I, Phyllis Malone, was suddenly overcome by a grim, man-size, absolutely authentic determination not to be kissed. At all! Speaking of womanly-woman stuff!

"Darling!" said the Sultan in his best chest tones.

"Dearest!" said I in mine.

And with that celebrated mouth of his not an inch from mine, what—*what*, I ask you—do you think I offered in the way of artistic support? I grinned past his profile at the horizon and said in a hushed whisper:

"And with sunset—came the clinch!"

And that was that. Exit, you might say, the Sultan!



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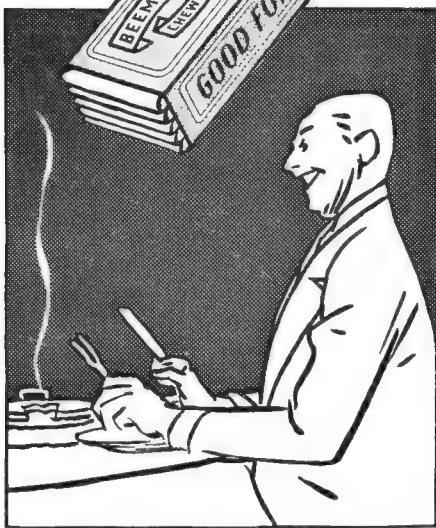
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THE DRIVE-AWAY

(Continued from page 39)

hole in one of the cardboard cartons. Then he laughed. "Since when has Johnny Dewar been making repair parts for the Marquette Six? You'll have to come with us."

Gretchen was beginning to be alarmed. "Come with you? Where?"

The man grinned. "The first stop will be State Police Headquarters. After that they sometimes go as far as the penitentiary."

Gretchen knew now—knew also that she was in a serious predicament, although she did not yet quite comprehend how she had gotten into it.

She needed advice and help the worst way. Help! She looked around. Why was she left alone? Then she remembered. The signal. Short, long, short.

Swiftly she pounded it out—twice—on the horn, before one of the men stopped her. He yanked her out of the car and made her stand in the road.

"You damn' fool!" he muttered. "Now somebody'll get killed."

He and his companion drew revolvers from the black holsters at their belts and retired to the other side of Gretchen's car, which they apparently intended to use as a sort of barricade. . . .

The shabby old car drew up on swift, silent wings.

"Want any help, lady?" asked the man with the scars. Then he pretended to see the uniforms for the first time.

"Oh! You got somebody already to help you out. What's the trouble, boys, ignition or gas?"

The other man, the pleasanter-looking one who had handed Gretchen the sandwiches, got out and opened the rear door of the big car. Casually he walked to Gretchen.

"Edge near to the other car," he said in a low voice and without moving his lips. "If anything happens, jump in the rear door an' lie flat on the floor."

Gretchen said yes with her eyes but nothing with her lips.

THE man with the scars was talking pleasantly to the others. "Ever hear of Jack Kelly?"

"Why, yes—nice fellow, aint he?"

"Uh-huh, especially if he don't get riled. Carries a couple of grand around loose in his pants pockets for his friends that need it. Can shoot the feelers off'm a gnat, too, I understand. Good kind of guy to be friends with. Did you say you knew him?"

"You bet. We're a couple of his best friends."

"That's nice. Hop in your car, lady, and drive right along. We'll catch up with you in a minute or so."

Gretchen drove on as commanded. After she was out of sight, Kelly regarded the uniforms speculatively. "I dunno if you boys got the outfits off from the governor or from a masquerade costumer. Anyhow, you ought to button down those shoulder straps even to play the part a hundred per cent." He took some bills from his pocket and handed each a roll. "You're going that way, and we're going this way. I don't think the roads ought to cross any whatever. If they should, kinda look out."

When the shabby old car was under way again, Everett asked: "Were those two really highway police?"

Kelly was troubled. "Evidently not. It would have been safer to plug 'em no matter whether they were or not, but it would stir up too much hell along this route, and we've got to keep it open. We've got a hundred dangerous miles yet to go. Want to shift over to a train or bus?"

"No. I'll tell you when."

"Would you rather ride with that girl?"

"No. I guess that in case of trouble I can

make myself more useful here, can't I—even to her?"

"Uh-huh. But I didn't know but you'd like to get acquainted."

"There'll be time enough for that later."

"Yeah." Kelly was lost now in his own abstract thoughts. "I hope so."

NOT over an hour later they passed the caravan of cars halted by the roadside. Kelly went right on by—at a slow pace, however, quite compatible with the apparent age of the ark he was driving, and he did not give any sign of recognition to any of his crew. At the head of the column a burly-looking gentleman in citizen's clothes was haranguing the driver of the lead car.

Half a mile or so farther on they stopped and waited, listening for a signal.

None came, but shortly thereafter the convoy hove in sight. Kelly detained them a minute and questioned the Number One driver.

"The guy said he was a scout for the Marquette Company and that we was doing thirty-five miles. Said we'd have to slow down right off or he'd take the cars away from us."

"Humph!" Kelly considered. "I never heard of a scout this far from Detroit before. Do you think he really was one?"

"Well, some of them scouts is pretty tough eggs. This one looked like you could split kindling-wood anywheres on his face."

"That's what I thought. My guess is that they're trying to slow us down until they can get their outfit together somewhere along that bum piece of road this side of Michigan City."

Kelly thought a minute while the convoy with idling motors waited.

"Just for that we'll make 'em think we've gone the other way. Go into camp at Ma Wilson's farm on the side road out of Douglas. You know where that is?"

"Yep."

The auto train moved on, at a snail's pace. It was just possible that the clocker had been a bona-fide representative of the company.

By this time Gretchen, of course, guessed fairly accurately what sort of venture she was mixed up in. She was not frightened, but she realized that there was considerable danger, and prudence bade her detach herself from this questionable company. That immediately became impossible, however, because half a dozen of the cars ahead of her dropped back and signaled for her to precede them. It might have been chance, but to Gretchen it looked like a rearrangement in accordance with an order. The intent doubtless was to safeguard her, but the effect was to cut off any possibility of acting independently. Her only chance would be to turn off at a side road, and she guessed that any one of the convoy cars could overhaul her in five minutes. None of those motors was as new and slow as the varnish on the bodies would seem to indicate.

So she trailed docilely enough even when the train left the main highway once more and by devious country roads arrived at a farm well sheltered from any observation whatever, back five miles at least from the main traffic artery.

The drivers parked in a square, engines facing in. Gretchen drove into a place assigned to her.

But as she started to get out, a heavy-set young man with pale, unpleasant blue eyes accosted her.

"Wait just a minute, sister, until the chief sees you."

The old open buggy drove in a moment later. Gretchen was still being detained when Kelly and Everett came up.

"What was the idea of bringing your sister along, Chuck?" Kelly asked coolly. "You ought to know—"

"Sister?" echoed Chuck. "This dame aint my sister."

"Then who is she?"

"I dunno."

"Didn't you bring her along?"

"No."

"Oh!" The correct solution of the situation must have dawned on the leader of the expedition. "Then that glass in the rear window of her car aint shatter-proof. Take it out of line and split the load up among four or five others."

"You can't let the girl go," protested Chuck.

"You're darned tootin'. She aint going to go anywhere. Not till tomorrow morning, anyway, when the rest of us leave."

The entire crew, including Gretchen and Everett, assembled on the porch and on the lawn of the farmhouse for supper half an hour later. Ma Wilson was a gentle old lady who knew her groceries and hardware. From somewhere she dug up great quantities of baked beans, cornbread, potatoes and coffee.

"Army stuff, only better," Kelly grinned at Everett. "Eat plenty. Then we'll turn in for six or seven hours and hit the road at four o'clock. They wont be looking for us then."

AFTER the meal the men drifted away to sleep somewhere, anywhere, until the hour for moving. Some of them sprawled out on the ground right there. Others sought the shelter of the hollow square.

A subdued commotion arose at the other end of the veranda. Kelly strolled over.

"Cut out the racket. What's the idea?"

"My sister wont do as I tell her." Chuck grinned at his superior, but his eyes were hard.

Kelly looked at him speculatively. "I don't know that I blame her. Let her alone."

"Want her for yourself, huh?" Chuck sneered. "If she's my sister, she stays with me—"

"Shut up!"

"Like hell, I will!" Chuck's fist shot out suddenly and floored Kelly for an instant.

Chuck seized his advantage. He knew he had to or be killed. He kicked Kelly in the head when the latter started to get up, and drew a knife.

It all happened so very quietly that it did not seem as if it could be real. The men did not interfere. Few of them even saw it. There was apparently an understanding about matters of this sort.

But Everett did not belong to any freemasonry that sanctioned killing without fair play. He was behind Chuck and caught the knife-arm in mid-descent.

That saved Kelly for the moment, but only transferred the onus of the fight to himself. Chuck Hagen turned upon him with all the silent fury of a panther. The knife slit Everett's sleeve and scratched his left arm.

Everett hit him with his right fist, but it only stopped the hard-featured Chuck for a moment. The knife nicked Everett again—into the shoulder this time—and Chuck grabbed him by the throat.

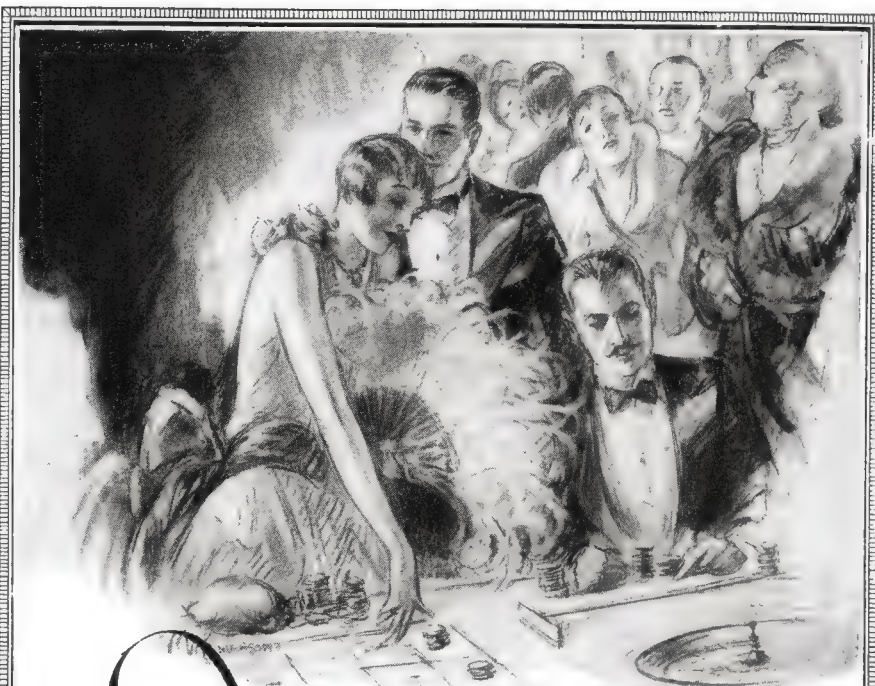
It would be only a matter of seconds now.

"Holy cripes and the apostles! Some of 'em on horseback!" came a voice—Kelly's, faint, but hoarse with excitement. "Cut out the fighting and look what's coming down the road!"

There was authority in his command yet. Chuck, with his hand still on Everett's throat, looked up. Then his grip relaxed.

Everett, released, looked too.

Just outside the farm gate and coming in were two armored cars, the kind that banks use for transferring money and securities. They were bank cars, in fact—compact,



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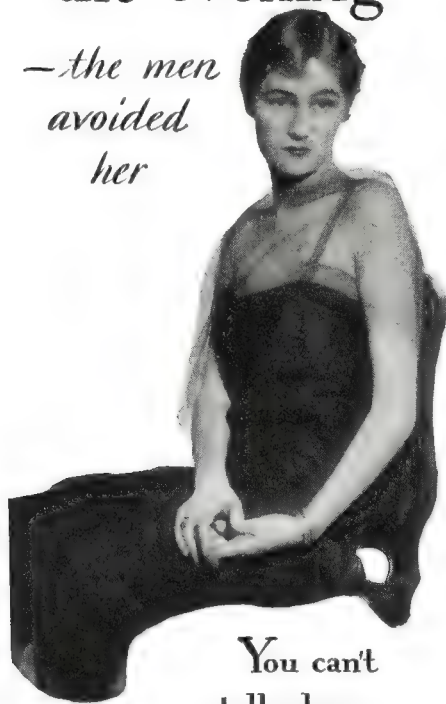
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black, rivet-studded little Merrimacs, slotted for machine-guns.

The men of Kelly's gang did not wait for orders. Those who were not already inside tumbled into the improvised stockade. Even Chuck Hagen made it on the run.

Kelly got up to follow, but staggered a little. Everett helped him, though he had little strength left himself. Gretchen supported him on the other side.

But at the corner of the square Kelly stopped. "Don't come in." He fumbled in his pocket. "You might not get out again. Here's the keys to my car."

Somebody fired one shot as a punctuation to his speech. It flattened against the innocent-appearing varnish of a near-by car.

"Drop!" ordered Everett.

He found himself beside Gretchen in the grass. Kelly had disappeared. Everett took the girl by the hand and started crawling away. She followed.

He remembered that the big battered car had been parked in the rear of the house. Maybe Kelly had meant to hold it in reserve for himself. There was no time to think of that, however, as he led his patrol of one out of the line of direct fire. The machine-guns had opened up now with the *rat-a-tat* that had once been so familiar to his ears. Interspersed was the heavy thud of big-caliber automatics.

They found the car. Gretchen lay on the tonneau floor as ordered, and Everett started the motor by pressing the pedal with his hand before getting into the driver's seat.

There was only one way out that he knew of, and he took the bold course of making for the main gate, which was now in back of the armored cars. They could not turn in time to block him.

But outside, he encountered unexpected difficulties in the shape of two automobiles and a motorcycle just coming up. The leading car wavered as if to cross the narrow road, but Everett swerved into the motorcycle, knocking it and its rider somewhere into the middle of the Chinese calendar. Several shots were fired, but Everett was not aware of being hit.

He pulled back into the road and opened the throttle.

Lord of motors, what an assortment of speed there was under that hood! The car jumped and swayed over the ruts, but it held the road at exactly sixty miles an hour. Behind them two lights swung into the dusk, and the faint sound of an open exhaust indicated that there was another fast car in the country and it was after them.

In five minutes the paved highway was in sight. Everett turned right, and the speedometer began to mount—seventy, seventy-five, eighty, eighty-five—up to ninety-three!

Nothing could catch them at that pace. But the trouble was that there was nowhere to go except in a straight line, and they would be stopped sooner or later either by the law or a traffic-jam somewhere.

Gretchen crawled over the back of the seat. "I'd rather sit here," she explained above the roar of the wind. "Thanks for the buggy-ride."

No use to let her know that the danger was not over. "Where do you want to go, miss?" he asked with the assumed calm of a liveried chauffeur.

"Grand Rapids, please," she answered in character.

"I'm sorry we had to lose your car," Everett explained, "but—"

HE stopped talking suddenly; a twinge in his shoulder and a sudden weakness reminded him that he was not operating at full strength. His side was wet, he could feel, too, the side away from her. He realized that he could not drive much farther, especially at that pace. It would be too dangerous to faint at the wheel.

He explained to her casually enough. "I

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The Director Department of Education
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420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

don't drive a car much any more—been so used to flying lately that I almost forgot that we might hit somebody."

For that ostensible reason he slowed down. But they were still going fast enough so that they passed a brilliantly lighted northbound bus as if it were a snail.

He dared not talk any more. The faintness was increasing, that and a sort of nauseated dizziness. There was a little pool of blood in the leather cushion where he sat.

The car came to a halt.

"Sorry, miss, but I've got to drop you." The idea had come to him suddenly. "Flag that bus we just passed. It'll get you somewhere tonight where you'll be safe. I've got to turn off in a minute or run into more trouble."

Gretchen hesitated a moment.

But he could not wait. "Got to hurry! Good-by!"

"Good-by."

Gretchen was at the side of the road. The old car roared down the road. Then it turned off, and the lights disappeared.

The bus gobbled her up in a moment.

There were only a few passengers. No one noticed the discovery Gretchen made when she sat down. The edge of her coat was wet. It did not show much, because of the color of her suit. But when she touched it, it stained her white handkerchief a fresh bright red.

She guessed why he had dropped her; but there was nothing she could do about it now.

There was nothing anyone could do about it. Everett sat leaning over the wheel of a big battered touring-car that was churning uselessly in a slimy ditch alongside a narrow dirt road. The wheels kept on revolving for an hour or more. Then the gasoline ran out.

"THE next time I take you along for a drive-away, I don't," Bud Starbird told his charming sister at breakfast two mornings later. "You not only lose one perfectly good car, but besides that you ruin your eyes crying around all the time, and tell me a pack of fish stories about a big fight in the woods. There aint a damn' thing about it in the papers."

Gretchen knew that well enough. She had scanned every inch of the Grand Rapids and Chicago journals. Not a word about anything—not even of a young man found dead in an automobile along the road.

"If there's anything in it at all," Bud decided wisely, "it must have been a scrap between bootleggers and hi-jackers, and they buried their own dead. I'd like to have been there, though," he added wistfully. Apparently he did believe part of her story, anyhow.

Gretchen lost eight pounds in six weeks. Her recipe is not practicable for over-developed ladies, however, because it came from worrying herself sick.

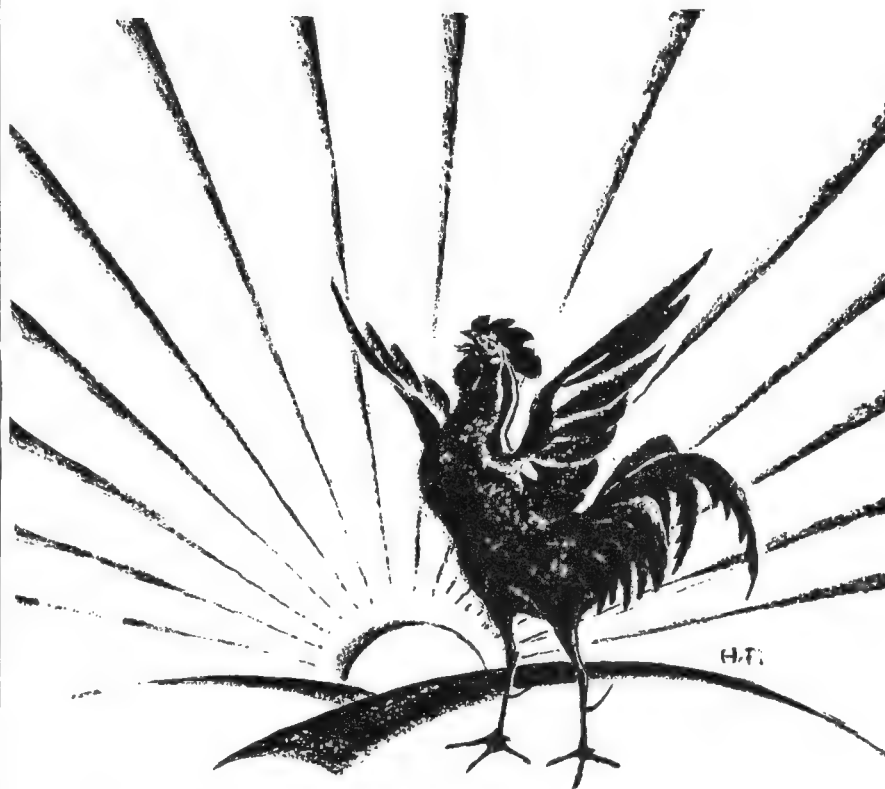
"Funny bird came into the garage yesterday," Bud told her one morning at breakfast. Gretchen had taken to early rising recently. "Wanted me to get the names of everybody who had bought a Marquette this season. Came from Chicago in a plane and said he'd be back Saturday for the dope. Headed for Canada, he said."

Gretchen sat very still. It might be—and yet it scarcely seemed as if that man could be alive.

And even if it were he, there was no chance that he would find her. She had not bought a Marquette that season—or any other season, for that matter.

But Saturday came after two days and nights of indecision. What should she do? It was absurd to let her hopes and her heart dwell on a man who was probably a criminal.

Then on Saturday she knew that it did not make any difference. She borrowed her brother's car before he was up and drove out to the airport.



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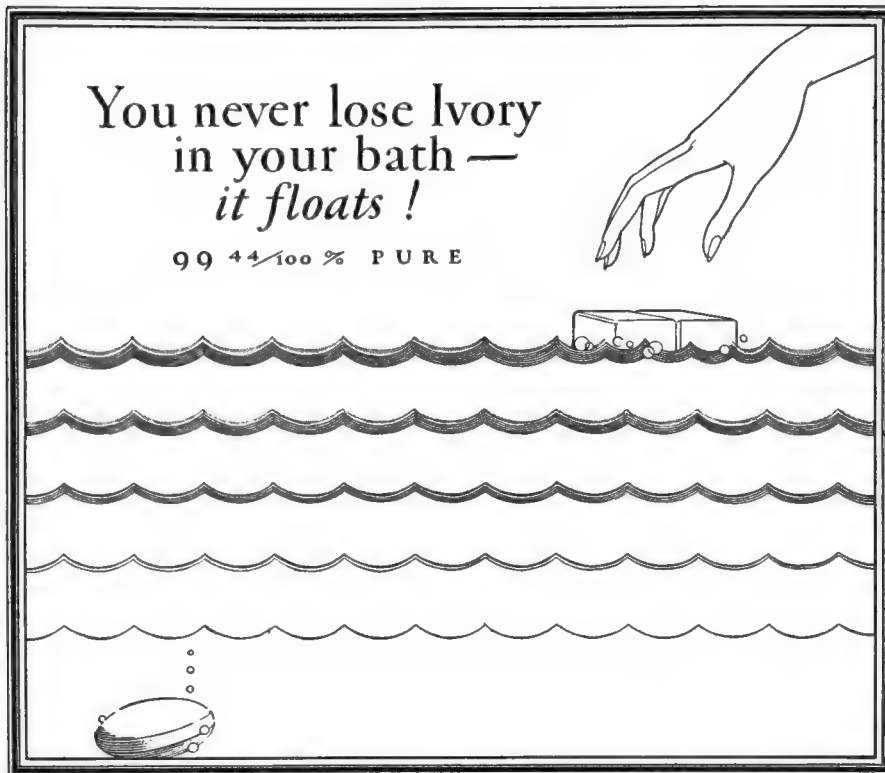
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The Red Book Magazine publishes each month the largest and most representative list of school announcements to be found in any magazine. Consult our School Directory and write direct to the schools which interest you. The principals are, at all times, glad to send catalogues and answer letters of inquiry. If you do not find a school in pages 11-21 which seems to answer your requirements as to courses or location, ask our assistance.

The Red Book Magazine's Department of School Information has helped hundreds of parents select schools for their boys and girls. We have also helped many young people who appeal to us to find a school where they may procure just the training for a chosen occupation. The same service is at your disposal. Our service is based on personalized information obtained through visits to representative schools in all parts of the country. In order to be fully helpful we need data on the following: type of school—college preparatory or general academic (in the case of a boy, military or non-military), finishing, post-graduate, business, technical, secretarial, art, music, dramatic, dancing, etc., in what section of the country; approximate amount you plan to pay per year for board and tuition, or tuition only for schools of special training; exact age, religion, and previous education of prospective pupil. Enclose stamped return envelope and address

The Director, Department of Education

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

The revolving lights were still circling the sky. A mail-plane came and scurried away. A flight of an army test-patrol landed for repairs. . . .

It was broad daylight. The men about the hangars disappeared. It was breakfast-time, and nothing was expected.

But a look-out somewhere sighted a strange sail. Some of the mechanics came out. Gretchen, parked near the office, could hear them talking.

"Visitor, I guess. None of the regulars is up."

"It sounds like a—"

"Oh, it's that guy that was in here Wednesday. Pipe the sunflower on his belly?"

Overhead the stiff-winged bird circled cautiously for a landing and finally swooped down in a cloud of dust and headed up into the wind.

The pilot got out and stretched his legs.

"Give the controls the once-over," he admonished the mechanics, "but don't touch the motor. She's running like a sewing machine, and—what the hell is that?"

"What's what?"

They all listened.

"Toot—too-oo-oot—toot!" said an electric horn, somewhere. "Toot—too-oo-oot—toot! Toot—too-oo-oot—toot!"

"A call for help," muttered the aviator.

"No, it aint. That's just an automobile squawkin'," explained one of the men disdainfully.

"Wrong again, old-timer," declared the grinning visitor. "That's the voice of an angel calling for assistance."

"Oh, all right. We'll see what we can do." The mechanics started to accompany him.

"No, you wont. You boys hold this flying horse on the ground for a minute! I aim to furnish all the help that will be needed."

HUSBANDS ARE BORN

(Continued from page 63)

"Can you imagine how I'd look in a Dickens' get-up?" Lemoyne asked mildly.

She gave that terrible little laugh of hers. "Yes," she said, "I can imagine exactly. You'd be a scream."

The fight, Dan told himself, was on. "Oh, gad," Lemoyne interrupted finally, "let's have a peaceful dinner at least the first night the children are home." Mrs. Lemoyne had bitten her thin, beautifully painted lips in abused silence. It shot through Dan: "Will Fenella ever be like her mother?" He put the thought away as disloyal.

They had been asked to his mother's, next evening. But Fenella was anxious to have a meal in her own apartment besides the coo-breakfasts. She rang Dan up at the office to tell him. "I want to cook for you all by myself tonight," she said sweetly. For just an instant he wanted to grin at the grim shadow of Terry standing beside him. "I've just phoned your mother we wouldn't be there."

But that hurt a little. She became instantly defensive. "Well, Dan, isn't it natural I'd want to start housekeeping in my darling little flat? I should think most husbands would be glad I felt that way."

She was like a child playing house. "Of course dear, all your husbands are glad," he told her. He hated to disappoint his mother, though. "When will we go up?" he asked.

"Oh, I told your mother we'd ring her up when we could come," Fenella's voice came easily over the wire. "We can't tomorrow night, because we're going to the Evans', nor the next because it's our anniversary—eight weeks since we were married. Isn't it wonderful, sweetie?" He hoped the office operator wasn't listening. Fenella was saying: "And Danny, you know you said

we'd always celebrate that by dinner downtown with just us. Your mother said any night we could come would suit her." She sensed his hurt. "I'm going to have her up with my mother to tea some afternoon soon. I want her to see my apartment just as soon as I have everything right."

"Fine, dear." "Her" apartment. Oh, but Terry hadn't known what he was talking about. Why shouldn't it be "her" apartment? She was the one in it all day—or at least such parts of the day as she wasn't at luncheons and bridge parties and teas or shopping or at the Lemoynes'.

THE two mothers did come to tea, and Fenella told him in her happy way what fun she had getting it. He gathered there were more cocktails than tea. But there was some tea too. "And I had rum with it," Fenella reported. "My tea-cart looked lovely, too." And she told him his mother had said nothing when she and Mrs. Lemoine had smoked the dear little silk-tipped cigarettes together afterward. "I'm sure she liked my apartment, sweetie," said Fenella. "She said everything was lovely and I don't believe she noticed we had put away your grandmother's candlesticks."

Knowing his mother, he knew she had noticed. "What a sport she is!" he thought. When were they going there to dinner?

"Next week some night. I'll surely manage next week."

The Lemoynes dropped in often in the evening; they were just five blocks away, and a couple of times when Fenella's afternoon engagements made her late, she stayed at the Lemoynes' to dinner. She would leave a little note between the lamps on the living-room table for Dan to come on. "I used Mother's car again this afternoon," she would whisper as she kissed him in the Lemoine hall. "She called to me to come in. They do miss me so with Gloria still away. And I don't want to be selfish in my happiness. . . . It's such a relief not to have to get dinner," she told him on the next occasion. "I'm not used to housekeeping, you know. I do get terribly tired." And she would smile bravely. A brave wife is a husband's proudest possession; Dan would kiss her in quick compunction.

And now Gloria was coming home. "She always thought I'd never marry a poor man," Fenella told Dan brightly. "She thought because her old Sam has millions I'd want the same. But I showed her, didn't I? You must be terribly sweet to me when she's around—I won't have her feeling sorry for me. . . . I'm going to give my first dinner-party my birthday night," Fenella reported to Dan later. "Just Mother and Dad and Gloria and her Sam. They get in that morning. And I want everything perfect."

She began planning a week ahead: *escargots* for the *hors d'œuvres*, coffee in the living-room later in the little silver cups the Taylors had given her. "Why don't you make it just a family dinner without all this fuss?" Dan inquired mildly.

She looked at him from astonished blue eyes. "Why, I am," she said sharply. "But you don't want Gloria to think we live like pigs, do you?"

Mrs. Lemoine was bright with suggestions. Dan wished she wouldn't treat Fenella as if she were still a child playing with doll dishes. His wife could manage things if they would let her alone! "Have a caterer come in," advised Mrs. Lemoine. "Why don't you do that now, Fenella? Well, then, I'll send Suki over. You simply can't do everything. Don't be ridiculous."

Dan regarded her deeply, her beautifully touched-up lips with their thin thread of haughty smile. "What sort of wine are you serving?" she persisted. "What? Oh, nonsense, Gloria will expect wine. Remember, she's just come back from a year in Europe."

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*Brother in the Bright Realm of High
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By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

YOU who follow the exciting fortunes of Tanar across the uncharted tempestuous seas and peril-fraught wildernesses of Pellucidar will enjoy a rich reward—a pleasure you have not enjoyed, except with Tarzan, since your boyhood hours with "Robinson Crusoe," "The Mysterious Island" and "King Solomon's Mines."

For this real world of ours is now all too well known. North Pole, South Pole, desert and jungle have been explored, mapped and moving-pictured until much of their glamour and mystery is gone. But the imagined world of Pellucidar created by the magic of Mr. Burroughs' genius is new, strange and alluring—a captivating place of refreshing adventure. And you may journey thither this very night!

In the April issue, now on sale, of—

THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE

The Consolidated Magazines Corporation, Publisher, 36 So. State St., Chicago

After her mother had gone, Fenella said: "Now, darling, Mother's right. You'll have to get some champagne. Where? I'm sure I don't know. But you'll simply have to. I won't ask Father for any of his. I don't want him to think my husband can't get me what I want."

Neither did Dan. Obediently he began thinking of ways and means to champagne. He pondered over them—and other things—at the office where he pounded out the star story of the day.

Writing had become hard work, somehow. He had to work for the keenness and pace in his stories that had once come easily as they matched his enthusiasm for what he was doing. But there were so many other things on his mind now. The hundred and twenty-five a week was so much less than it used to be! The urge to get at his novel was so constant it became almost troublesome, and there seemed no way at all of beginning it. He couldn't lock himself away from Fenella in the evenings. He needed the money it might bring, too, and over and above that he needed something greater: the admiration he thought she would give him if he could create a book; for of all things, a man wants most the admiration of the woman he loves. It had been the romance surrounding his work that had captured her at first; Dan knew that.

DAN decided to get Fenella a wrist-watch for her birthday. She had smashed her last one during the honeymoon. He remembered how gay and charming he had thought her when she flung the splinters of it down the cañon in Colorado. But lately he had wondered if it wouldn't have been even more charming to have saved the pieces.

He went deeply into his depleting bank account for the champagne, and for the watch too, a tiny platinum-coated affair on a slender silver ribbon.

They were dining at the Lemoyne's, and he planned to slip the watch beneath her plate when they were at breakfast the next morning alone. It made a hard and satisfactory little lump in his waistcoat pocket. But Fenella held up a white little wrist for his inspection when he stepped into the Lemoyne library, and he saw a glittering diamond bauble. "Isn't it darling?" she demanded. "From Mother and Dad. They knew I needed a watch. Look! You can hardly see the time, there're so many stones."

"Lot better to have given you a check," said old Lemoyne brusquely.

"Please," Mrs. Lemoyne suggested, eyebrows riding high, "please try not to be mundane. I think Fenella's entitled to a few pretty things." She looked with passionate disapproval at Dan's gray-trousered legs. Damn it, he knew the suit needed pressing, but Fenella had forgotten to send it, and his other one was worse than this.

"It's gorgeous," he said, fingering the watch and trying to make his voice shine. Now what would he do with his? What would he say next morning when he had nothing to give Fenella?

"I got you something but it wasn't ready," he lied as he took her in his arms at the breakfast-table.

"Oh," said Fenella. She looked like a disappointed kid, he thought. He was miserable.

But he simply couldn't bring out his cheap little watch, could he? She was wearing the other as she poured the cocoa. He would fly around at noon and exchange his thing for something else, something beautiful. He would, if it took all his bank balance! Heaven forbid a big story broke. "I'm sorry," he muttered.

"Why—that's—all—right," she said slowly, handing him the hated cocoa.

"Oh, darling, I love you so. I—" he began unhappily. What was happening to them? They were a million miles apart across the narrow breakfast-table.

"Yes, I know. Please get home early tonight. You have to dress, you know. Sam always does."

"How can you if you're going to be in the kitchen?" He wished her sister and the rich helpmate had stayed in Europe.

"I'll just have to manage, that's all. Gloria knows I married a poor man. Mother told her." She would! "You'll have to stop for the ices on the way home. For heaven's sake, don't forget. At Monty's. They're ordered."

"Don't worry yourself into a frazzle," he begged at the door. He thought fleetingly of the pleasant, easy dinners at his mother's, when his sister Peggy and her husband came on from Duluth. "It's just your family, you know. They won't expect so much."

"Well, I guess my family's as important as anyone," flared Fenella. "I guess I want to have everything in my apartment nice for them."

"Yes, yes," he murmured against her hair. "Sam's bringing home an imported motor for Gloria," she said out of nothing. "Well, good-by. Be sure to get home early. I have a million things to do."

When he arrived at the office the chief was up in the air. "Your stuff yesterday was rotten," that excited gentleman told Dan with that straightforwardness that was sometimes fascinating and sometimes not. "Are you losing your punch?" he inquired forcibly.

Between editions Dan slipped down to the corner to phone his bride about sending out his suit for pressing.

"Gloria's here," she interrupted him excitedly. "Oh, Dan, you never saw so many lovely things in your life! She brought home the most ravishing clothes and thousands of hats. She's going to give me my choice of everything. Sam even brought something for you. Wait a minute." There was brief silence over the wire. "Oh, Mother wants to know if you remembered to get some new dress ties. She said you told her you meant to."

He hung up savagely. He could see Mrs. Lemoyne putting the questions, eyebrows riding, in that well-bred drawl of hers. Why should she be concerned whether or not he bought dress ties for himself?

He selected a pin for Fenella, set primly in three diamonds that looked quite large until he left the shop. He hoped she'd like it. Stealing another glance at it on the way to Monty's for the ices, he discovered the stones had shrunk amazingly.

HE wanted to take little Fenella in his arms and make her understand it was the best he could do, and that some day when the novel was written— Her voice broke in like breaking china before he had the box out of his pocket.

"Dan! You've put those ices on my living-room table, and look at the mess you've made!"

He had indeed. A pinkish trickle went in sickening little rivers down the mahogany and onto the Chinese rug the Lemoynes had supplied.

Fenella stood looking, half dressed, her fair hair springing in an aura from her hot, angry face. "I've worked and worked this livelong day to have things right. I've listened to Gloria talk for hours and said no when Mother begged me to have Suki over to help. I broke one of the service plates the Floyds gave me. I've done everything alone—and you come home and make everything worse!"

"Why—why—I'm sorry. I'll clean it up." He got down on his knees before the table penitently.

"Dan! Don't you dare use my tea towel. It's the only clean one I have left. Oh, how horrid! You've used your handkerchief."

His voice came evenly. "Where shall I put the ices, Fenella?"

THIS MONTH'S FIRST PRIZE
\$100. CASH
 Twenty-four Other Prizes

THE 1929 Marlboro Distinguished Handwriting Contest brings, this month, 25 NEW prizes.

Last month's prizes go to the twenty-five people whose handwriting most impressed four impartial judges. Twenty-five others will win this month. Reproduction of each month's distinctive handwriting is shown in leading society magazines.

Handwriting experts are finding that the *cultured good taste which leads to an instinctive preference for Marlboros* shows itself in the handwriting of countless Marlboro smokers.

Why not try your skill? Write, today, to win one of the

25 PRIZES FOR APRIL!

- | | |
|---------------------------|---|
| 1st Prize, \$100 Cash | ologist's analysis of your character as revealed by your handwriting. |
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| 3rd Prize, \$25 Cash | 11th to 25th Prizes—Special library gift carton of 100 Marlboro Cigarettes. |
| 4th to 10th Prizes—Graph- | |

All you have to do is to copy twelve words in your own handwriting: *Marlboro—A Cigarette For Those Who Can Afford 20c For The Best*. Copy in ink in your own handwriting and mail at once to the address below.

This month's contest closes April 30th. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges are: Mme. Nadya Olyanova, Graphologist; K. M. Goode, Writer; George Bucher, Art Director; R. M. Ellis, President, Philip Morris & Co.

Don't put off entering. Don't put off discovering, for yourself, the delight that persons of distinguished taste discover with their first Marlboro—the mild, refreshing, perfectly modulated cigarette.

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New PERSONAL BELT



Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of celluloid especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft, silk elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A charming and acceptable "little gift." Price \$1, three for \$2. Write today.

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Glen Marianne Shea



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Please send me _____ BELTX personal belts
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fied. (\$1.00 for one; 3 for \$2.00).

Check Colors Desired ☐ Orchid ☐ Peach ☐ Flesh

Name _____

Address _____

R-4

"In my ice-box, of course. Don't upset my salad."

"You'd better get dressed," he reminded her quietly.

"I will. I haven't a thing to put on but my old trousseau things. But it doesn't make any difference. I'll have to be in and out of that terrible hot kitchen anyhow. I'll be there all the rest of my life. And you'll keep coming home to mess things up when I've worked all day— Dan! Will you hang up your coat? I've told you and told you to hang it in the hall closet when you come in."

"I can only do one thing at a time, Fenella."

"You never do the right thing, then. You've tracked the rug, too. How can I have things right in my apartment with you as you are?"

He looked at the tracks on the Chinese rug,—"her" rug,—at his wife, from her to the lamps and lamps and lamps,—“her” lamps,—at the ridiculous tapestried chairs some one had sent her as wedding gifts. He looked at her new diamond wrist-watch, at her pearls glowing against her white throat. Everything was precious and expensive and hers!

"I'm sorry," he said slowly. "I guess I don't belong here. You have your dinner in your apartment, Fenella. I'll have mine somewhere else."

"You'll what? You'll disgrace me some more before my family, will you? You'll make them feel sorrier for me than ever because I've married you! You'll leave me when I've worked all day to have things right—" She darted to the telephone. What was she going to do? He heard her give the Lemoyne number. He stepped toward her. "Don't, Fenella. Don't drag your family into this. I'm sorry I said that about going off. This is between you and me."

Her voice going into the transmitter interrupted him crisply. "Hello, Mother! Mother, Dan's just come home. . . . Oh, horrid. I'm not going to have any dinner tonight. He says he's going to have his somewhere else. What?" She paused. Dan watched her miserably. "All right." She hung up the receiver and turned. "Father says you wait till he gets here." She flung to the bedroom and slammed the door.

HE stood in the little hall for a minute; then he went slowly to the living-room table and took the tiny box with its three insignificant diamonds from his pocket. He was afraid to look at it again for fear they had shriveled to nothing. He laid it gently on the table where the ices had begun havoc. Then he went to her door. "Fenella," he called softly. There was no answer. "Fenella." He waited. So she wouldn't answer him! All right. She couldn't treat him like this. He had some rights.

He plunged into his top coat savagely and banged the hall door on his own account. He wouldn't wait for her father as if he were a little boy about to be lectured for misdeeds!

But he saw old Lemoyne stepping from his car at the curb as he reached the downstairs door. He was in for it now.

He felt Lemoyne's hand on his shoulder. "Well, what's this all about?" the older man demanded.

"I don't know, sir. I'm sorry Fenella telephoned you."

Lemoyne tapped the pavement with his neatly shod foot. He wore expensive, custom-made shoes, Dan noticed; he'd always wanted a pair. "No," Lemoyne said at last, "Fenella shouldn't have telephoned. Well, what about it? Have you reached the parting of the ways?"

Dan started. What did the old fellow mean? "She's my wife, sir," said Dan. "I don't understand you."

The old man laughed. "That's right, boy, that's the spirit. Don't ever go to forget-

ting she's your wife. As such, she's got to be humored."

Dan regarded him curiously. He had expected her father to jump on him. What was he saying?

"Being her father, naturally I'll take her part, right or wrong, if it comes to a break. But from the standpoint of just another husband, I—well, I understand. I've lived with her mother for twenty-four years."

"Yes, sir," Dan said respectfully. For the first time he realized a definite liking and admiration for his father-in-law.

"Women," old Lemoyne went on thoughtfully, "are the devil. They've got to be handled. Or, I'll amend that. In all partnerships, one person has to handle the other. In marriage, it's my experience that the woman gets the bulk of consideration—not because she's the weaker as the popular tradition has it, my boy, but because she's the stronger! I don't want Fenella's marriage to turn out like—well, like her father's." He said that grimly. "It isn't a fifty-fifty thing, the way the optimists say. One is always the giver, and the other always the taker."

Vague memories stirred in Dan. Why, that was what Terry used to say!

"Fenella's got stuff in her. She's my daughter," Lemoyne went on. "But she's her mother's daughter too. I wouldn't have let you have her, Dan, if I hadn't believed you'd make her happier than I have her mother. I figured you probably had the makings of a better husband than I had," he confessed, smiling.

"Born to be a husband," Dan broke in.

"What?"

"Oh, I had a friend that used to say that," Dan explained. "I think, sir, he'd say that you were made into a husband out of the raw material."

LEMOYNE laughed a little. "I didn't think anyone would ever catch on to that," he murmured. So that was the private joke on himself he carried around, Dan reflected.

"Fenella's not like Gloria," Lemoyne went on. "Gloria's a giver. She gives to that poor little rich whippersnapper—you'd be surprised." His voice sank to a whisper. "I don't like him," he said. "You're worth two of him. Come on. Let's go up. The others will be along in a minute. What? Oh, Fenella's all right by this time. First spat, isn't it? She's hanging over her roasted goose by now, wondering where you are." They turned and mounted the stairs. A thousand thoughts whirled through Dan's head. Giving and taking . . . husbands that were made and husbands that are born. . . . What a regular fellow Lemoyne was!

"Sam's father wants an advertising manager for his funny breakfast-food," the older man told him suddenly. "I told him you were just the chap to do it."

Breakfast-food! "But I like my own job!" Dan cried. The newspaper office—smashing in with a big story; the chief keeping him on his toes. And his novel—his novel. "I like my own job!"

"Yes, I know. But you love Fenella. It'll all fly out of the window—love, I mean, unless you give her more than you are giving her now. Don't look so tragic, boy. That's life—and marriage. Giving up, you know."

"Yes sir," Dan mumbled.

"I tried to warn you when you asked me for her. Only you never thought it'd amount to this, did you? It's your job that you say you like—or Fenella that you say you love. I know."

"I see." Dan was trying to think, to patch together all that was back of the words. "I see." Was he winning or losing?

They were at the apartment door now, "her" apartment. "Oh, by the way," said Lemoyne smoothly, "I'm taking her mother to the Orient for a bit. She's always wanted

to go. It'll sort of give you and Fenella a chance to work out things alone." There was a twinkle in his eye. "Always have something in reserve, Dan, to play on. Mrs. Lemoyne's wanted to go to the Orient for years. I kept that card out of the pack to play when the game seemed lost. I think it'll help to win your game for you now. Mine? Oh, well, I've had some fun watching Mrs. Lemoyne take in her little tricks. That's something worth cultivating too, my boy: learning to smile when your women-folks go about their business."

They stood before the closed door. In the moment's quiet, Dan's boyhood slipped away forever. He was being swept into the Lemoyne circle with a vengeance, into its life, even into its business! "Most men," said Lemoyne, "start out wanting to be Arctic explorers or artists or something like that, but most of them just settle into being husbands. Good thing too, I guess."

"Husbands?" Dan repeated. "Why—" He clutched at the idea that flashed to him in sudden, perfect clarity. "Husbands—why, nothing's better than being the husband to the woman you adore."

Lemoyne looked at him queerly for a moment. "Why, yes, certainly," he said.

DAN became an enormously successful advertising manager of the Sandow Breakfast Food Company. He thought, dreamed, talked breakfast-food; he even ate it. His mind became consumed—all that part of it not consumed by Fenella—with rates and circulation figures, the value of color printing as over and above the chaste black and white; and in five years the most important battle of his life was trying to get a clear million dollars as annual appropriation for expenditure. Paris lay waiting for him now as the place he intended billboard with the largest electric sign ever seen in that capital—must get over there some time soon. He and some of the fellows down at the Advertising Club were talking of a junket there next year. Of course Fenella's gowns were mostly from Paris now. . . .

"Dan, come up and hear Junior's prayers," Fenella called, and obediently he put down the evening paper and went up to the nursery, a room contrived from Fenella's old one, since they were living in the Lemoyne house until their own new one was finished. As Fenella had said, "Mother's always traveling since poor Father died, so we might as well use the old place." Of course, some of her inheritance was going into their place. "At last I'll have something as good as Gloria's," Fenella remarked.

Junior made a serious business of praying. Dan watched this small replica of himself with something especially reserved for Junior stirring within him. "And let Daddy get the money for the 'prop'ashun," Junior improvised sturdily. Something caught in Dan's subconsciousness—"No, no. I don't want him to think things like that. There's something better—" But as he and Fenella handed the child over to the nurse, who was so much less real than her own starched apron, he had forgotten to wonder what was better. "He's a chip off the old block," he told Fenella proudly.

"Yes," she answered absently. "What are you going to do now before the Evans come for bridge?"

"Why, I thought I'd drop a line to my sister. Haven't written for ages. Shame."

"Do that tomorrow night, will you? I want you to straighten out my check-book."

He was in the midst of the straightening—dear Fenella simply couldn't add—when Suki called him to the telephone.

"Who is it? Terry?" Dan repeated the name before it settled into the likeness of his absent friend. Then—"Terry!" he cried gladly. "For the Lord's sake, when did you get back to God's country? When are we going to see you?" He waited. "Thursday

Sleepless Nights

How to End Them Without Drugs

—ALL DAY ENERGY TOMORROW



Over 20,000 doctors endorse this natural way to healthful sleep—Because Ovaltine is not a drug but a unique food-drink; that brings instant all-night sleep and builds up tremendous energy for the next day.

Accept 3-Day Test—Not a Medicine; A Swiss Discovery Millions are Using

Here is instant sleep when you go to bed . . . sleep without drugs. A way, at last, of inducing sleep that any doctor you ask will approve.

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It's as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink; as non-habit forming as warm milk. Thus it makes the use of drugs or soporifics a grave folly (unless under medical direction). People are flocking to its use.

Not A Medicine

It is called Ovaltine. A delicious food-drink. The discovery of a world-noted Swiss scientist. You take it at bed time. And soon you fall asleep.

Next morning you wake up feeling like a new person. For the peculiar dietetic property of Ovaltine re-supplies your system during the night with the energy lost the previous, active day. Builds you up and rejuvenates you.

Over 20,000 doctors are advising it. Its use has spread over some 50 different nations. New to America, it has been used over 30 years in Europe.

Acts This Way

Ovaltine acts on entirely different principles

from sleep producing drugs. Remember, it's not a medicine. It contains no drugs. It's a food.

Thus you can take it night after night and not only avoid a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Instead of drugging your nerves to sleep, it acts to soothe you to sleep. For it corrects the digestive unrest to which most sleeplessness now is traced.

Ovaltine marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time. And must not be confused with "Malt" or "Chocolate" preparations which may claim the same effects or taste like it. It is widely different in formula and result.

Doctors advise it not only for sleeplessness, but for nerve-strain, malnutrition, general run down conditions, for nervous children, for nursing mothers, and the aged. Thousands take it to relieve fatigue during the day.

Accept 3-Day Test

Please accept the 3-day test below. Note how quickly sleep comes. Mark how great your next day's energy. Mark the difference in your whole appearance.

Mail the coupon. Or obtain in regular size package at drug or grocery store. Also served at soda fountains.

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Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon, with 10c, for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE
BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

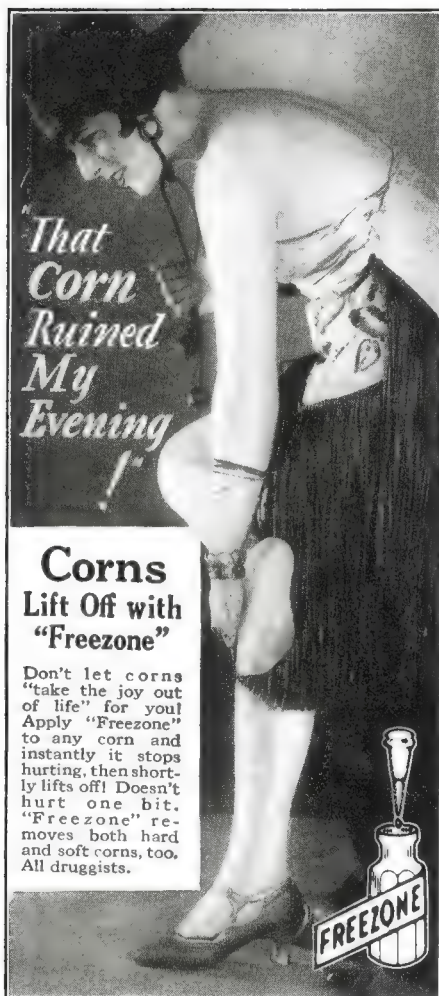
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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.
Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly.)

Address.....

City.....State.....
(One package to a person)



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Don't let corns "take the joy out of life" for you! Apply "Freezone" to any corn and instantly it stops hurting, then shortly lifts off! Doesn't hurt one bit. "Freezone" removes both hard and soft corns, too. All druggists.

FREEZONE



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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

night? Just a minute until I ask my wife.—Fenella," he called, "is it all right to make an engagement Thursday?"

Fenella's voice came back, cool and soft. "With whom, Dan?"

"Terry. You remember. That chap I used to know down on the paper."

"Oh! Well, we're going to the Bakers' dance, but we don't have to leave until ten or so."

"Shall I," Dan muffled the transmitter, "shall I ask him to dinner?"

"I'm sure I don't care. He's your friend, not mine."

DAN felt sorry for Terry from the moment he entered Thursday in an inauspicious business suit. He hoped Fenella would overlook it. He tried to make things easier for Terry. He waved a hand at his own stiff white bosom. "We're going out later," he explained.

But Terry was quite at his ease.

"Heard you wrote a book or something," Dan, alive to his hostship, contributed genially with the consommé. "Did you read it, Fenella?"

Fenella, her eye on the butler, said no.

"She belongs to some sort of club or other that sends all the best-sellers around regularly once a month," Dan added proudly.

"Oh," said Terry cheerfully. "Mine wasn't a best-seller."

"Well, too bad. Better luck next time."

Dan was working hard at friendliness. He supposed Terry was contrasting his lonely state with his own. He kept glancing with satisfaction at Fenella in her new gown of dull gold. "What was the book about?"

"Abyssinia."

"Abyssinia? Oh. Not on our mailing list, I'm afraid. You know it's amazing, though, Terry, how some of those uncivilized countries appreciate the Sandow Breakfast Food. We've agencies in China, India, Porto Rico. In practically every key city, I might say."

DOUBLE MURDER

(Continued from page 75)

"That is all, Mrs. Endicott."

"You don't believe me."

"Frankly, I don't."

Mrs. Endicott's expression hardened perceptibly—whether from bitterness or from some sudden private determination, it was difficult to say.

"Does being detained as a material witness prohibit me from getting out of bed and dressing?" she said.

"Not at all. In fact it is essential that you do so. You see, we detain our material witnesses in jail."

He heard again, as he had heard it earlier in the night, the muted echo of brass bells in her voice. "If you will leave me, then, please—"

"Just as soon as I have searched the room."

"For what?"

"For a revolver, Mrs. Endicott."

Mrs. Endicott closed her eyes. She turned on her side and faced the wall. Lieutenant Valcour conducted his search with the thoroughness and speed born of experience. In the room, in the room's cupboard, in the various drawers, beneath the different pieces of furniture, there was no gun to be discovered. He took a dressing-gown and placed it on the bed.

"Put this on, please, Mrs. Endicott. I want to search the bed."

She did so, without either comment or objection. She went to the window and stared unseeingly at the breaking day.

Lieutenant Valcour removed the spread, and with a pencil roughly outlined the damp spot where the narcotic had been spilled. Then he folded the spread and tucked it under one arm. The rest of the bedclothes,

The talk centralized around breakfast-food, and finally Fenella. She had developed a trick, Terry discovered in the living-room, of letting her slipper slip from her heel, and the slipper conspired with her frequently and slipped entirely to the floor. Three times Dan went on his knees to retrieve it—adoringly. Once he looked up at Terry.

"Never married, have you, Terry? You don't know what you're missing."

"No," said Terry. "No. I believe I prefer a transient hostess in the cabaret of my emotions."

Dan looked swiftly at Fenella. What a thing to say before the little woman! But Fenella was gazing at Terry with a strange glow in her eyes. Dan rose uneasily.

Terry declared he must go.

"Well, see you again. We must get together. Talk over the old times." Dan held out his hand in farewell.

"I'm afraid not. I'm off again. Where? Oh, back in Brazil this time. A little expedition of my own. Good-by."

Dan turned to Fenella, apologies on his tongue for this rugged, lean man whom the sun of far places had touched and warmed. "Trouble with Terry is," he began, "he hasn't grown any, if you know what I mean. He's just the same. Isn't natural; a man ought to develop, take his place and responsibilities in the world."

Fenella said nothing.

"I expect he's never played eighteen holes of golf in his life."

"How could he—in Abyssinia?" Fenella asked sharply. And suddenly she was weeping. Women fall in love with a man for what he is, and when they have made him into what they think he should be, they're often disappointed. . . .

Terry, striding briskly along in the darkness was thinking: "A born husband—just a born husband!" And his mind turned quickly to the rims of the world waiting for him.

the mattress, the pillows, concealed no gun. He walked to the door.

"I will send your maid to you, Mrs. Endicott, if you wish."

She continued to stare through the window, and to present her back to him. She said nothing. He tried to catch the suggestion in her pose. It wasn't a gesture of petty rudeness, or angry spite; nor was it by any means suggestive of despair or fear. He went outside and closed the door.

And as he crossed the corridor to Endicott's room it occurred to him with shocking clearness that, in spite of the idea's seeming absurdity, her pose had suggested a very definite mood of positive exaltation.

Chapter Twenty-four—4:41 A. M.

"WELL," Lieutenant Valcour said, as he joined Dr. Worth in Endicott's room, "what do you think now?"

Dr. Worth was finished with bewildering swiftness. In spite of the camel's-hair robe swathing him, he had recaptured to an impressive extent his air of dignity.

"Lieutenant," he said, "I think that my services are no longer required in this house. With your permission, I shall dismiss the two nurses and go home."

"Why, certainly, Doctor, if you wish. The prosecuting attorney will probably require your testimony to secure an indictment and later on at the trial, but I'm sure he will bother you just as little as possible. We realize how annoying any court work is to a doctor."

"I shall be glad to testify whenever required."

"Will you also let me know where to keep in touch with the two nurses? Their testimony will be needed, too."

Dr. Worth stated the name and address of the Nurses' Home at which Miss Vickers and Miss Murrow could always be reached, and Lieutenant Valcour wrote them down in his notebook.

"Would it bother you very much, Lieutenant, to let Mrs. Endicott know that I have gone, when you see her?"

"Not at all, Doctor."

"I doubt whether she will require my services again." He paused for a moment at the door. "That woman, sir, is of iron."

"I shouldn't wonder, Doctor. At any rate she is pretty thoroughly encased in metal. I'll send Cassidy along with you to pass you and the nurses by O'Brian down at the door. No one can leave the house, you see, without permission."

"Thank you, Lieutenant. Good-by."

"Good-by, Doctor, and thanks for all your assistance. Cassidy, come back after you've seen the Doctor out, and stay in the corridor. I'll call when I need you."

"Yes sir."

THE door closed, and Lieutenant Valcour was alone. With a persistence that was becoming annoying, the same curious feeling of lurking danger crept out at him from the room's stillness.

He went over to the chair before the flat-topped desk and sat down. There was that drawer filled with disordered papers to be gone through. He removed the drawer and emptied it of its contents by the simple expedient of turning it upside down onto the top of the desk.

There were, mixed up among bills and receipts, a surprising number of letters from women. He read each one of them carefully and felt a little sorer, at the conclusion of each, for the future of the race—not because of any danger to its morals so much as to its mentality.

He made a little group of each batch of notes from the same woman. One pile topped the list with the number of ten. These were signed *Bebe* and were addressed with deplorable monotony to, "My cave-man." Endicott must have been rather an ass, Valcour decided, as well as a low sort of animal. It was all very well for Roberts to rave on about soldiers, and simple hearts, and war, and things. That's just what it amounted to: raving. What if Endicott and, presumably, her brother *had* had simple hearts? So had guinea pigs!

The letters were meaningless as possible clues to a motive. He shoved them aside.

He watched the strengthening light of day as it came through the window across the desk before him.

He thought of "Bohème"—dawn always made him think of "Bohème"—and hummed a bar or two of it softly. Then he thought of Mrs. Endicott, and his thoughts were pastelled in colors of the dawn: a woman of half-tones, and overlapping lacquer shades.

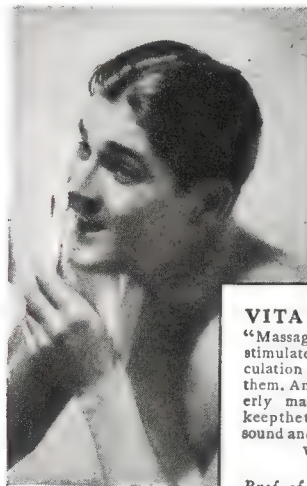
It became quite clear in his mind that she never would have killed her husband. In fact, she never would have killed anybody at all. The belief became fixed, even in face of the sizable amount of evidence against her.

He reviewed her case, in digest, as the prosecuting attorney might present it to a jury: from the very start there was that contrary fact of her having telephoned for the police. Why? On the slender grounds of a penciled note that might or might not have been a threat, and an instinctive premonition that her husband was in danger. The prosecution would point out that people who committed crimes which were bound to be shortly discovered, occasionally got in touch with the police in order to use the gesture as a premise of their innocence.

There were her definite admissions of intent to kill her husband—her having left



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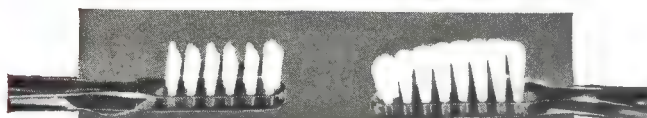
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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



her bedroom immediately upon his having knocked and said good-by—and her recent most damaging actions in regard to the narcotic and having been on the balcony.

Motive?

The prosecuting attorney could offer a thousand. The most prominent ones would include a jealous rage at her husband's easily proven peccadillos with other women, and her own rather significant attitude toward Hollander. Yes, it would be only too possible for the prosecuting attorney to get a conviction against Mrs. Endicott, and to rope Hollander in as an accomplice. He'd want the weapon, though, to make the case complete—Lieutenant Valcour had forgotten about the weapon. He stood up, went to the door, and opened it. Hansen was standing outside, having taken his post there until Cassidy should come back from letting out Dr. Worth and the nurses.

"Hansen," Lieutenant Valcour said, "I want you to search the back yard for a revolver that may have been thrown there from the balcony. If you can't find it, search the two adjoining back yards, and the three in the rear as well. Don't wake up the people in the other houses; just get a stepladder and cross the party walls."

"Yes sir."

"Report to me as soon as you've finished, or find anything."

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR closed the door again. The revolver would clinch the case: Mrs. Endicott the principal, and Hollander the accomplice. What a sensation it would be, too! There were all sorts of sob angles: Hollander and Endicott as *Damon and Pythias*, brothers in arms during the war who were transformed through the vicious caprice of a siren into *Cain and Abel*. Or would Mrs. Endicott spatter the tabloids as a woman wronged, who had with a reversal of the usual sexes taken her just revenge beneath the legendary cloak of the unwritten law?

It wasn't the gun only that Lieutenant Valcour wanted. There was something else: Endicott's hat; that was it! How did the person who had been caught in the cupboard fit in with Endicott's hat? The answer came to him with the sudden clearness of the solution to a problem that the subconscious mind has been working on for some time. The hat was the final touch to the person's disguise. And the fact would presuppose a woman. A man's hat would add immeasurably to any disguise adopted by a woman.

But which woman? And why had the hat been in the cupboard?

And still there was no answer to the baffling question as to what had been the object of the search through Endicott's pockets and his papers. There was, of course, a perfectly plain and logically possible solution: the object or paper, whatever it was, had been found and had been carried off by the thief along with Endicott's hat and the top button from his overcoat. And if such were the case, just what that object or paper was might never be known.

For the fourth time since he had been sitting at the desk Lieutenant Valcour sniffed the air. There was a faint trace of scent—a curiously reminiscent odor—all but intangible, but which he was quite certain he had encountered in some different locality at some time during the night. It was only apparent when he sat at the desk, and the deduction was reached without too much mental labor that it must, hence, emanate from something connected with the desk. Perhaps that aperture from which he had pulled the drawer. . . .

The telephone-bell rang sharply. He drew the instrument to him across the top of the desk, and took the receiver from the hook.

The call came, he was informed, from Central Office.

Chapter Twenty-five—5:01 A. M.

THE report from Central Office which Lieutenant Valcour received over the telephone contained one definitely useful piece of information: the person who had used the comb and brushes belonging to Endicott had been a blonde, and was either a man, or a woman with bobbed hair.

And Mrs. Endicott, Lieutenant Valcour reflected as he hung up the receiver, had blonde shingled hair.

And so, except for the shingling, did Hollander.

Roberts, on the other hand, had not.

Where, Valcour wished to know, were his inspiring assurances in the innocence of Mrs. Endicott now? Precisely where they had been before. His mind began to gibber. What was that curious scent, that trace of an aroma; what about Hollander's roommate, the young Southerner who preyed upon wealthy women in night clubs; had Endicott evidence that Hollander was mixed up in similar jobs, and had Hollander come to steal it, or silence Endicott? Rats! But what were Marge Mylen's address and telephone number doing in Mrs. Endicott's personal directory; and why had Mrs. Endicott been such a stupid liar as to say she had seen no one on the balcony at the time when the shots were fired, when the only apparent place from which the shot that had killed Endicott could have been fired was the balcony?

Valcour became conscious of a knocking at the door.

"Come in," he said.

Cassidy opened the door.

"There's an old dame downstairs, Lieutenant, who insisted on coming in. She wants to see you."

"Did she say who she was, Cassidy?"

"She did. And you can believe it or not, sir, but her name is Molasses."

Lieutenant Valcour made a desperate clutch at his scattering reason.

"By all means, Cassidy," he said, "show Mrs. Molasses right up."

MADAME VELASQUEZ, in the penetrating light of early morning, was beyond words. The intervening hours since Lieutenant Valcour had left her, wigless and talking to herself in her stepdaughter's apartment, had unquestionably been ones of worry. As she came into the room Lieutenant Valcour motioned to Cassidy to wait outside and close the corridor door.

Over her black sequined dress she had thrown an evening cape of blue satin edged with maribou, and on her wig rested a picture hat trimmed with plumes. Her eyes ignored the details of Endicott's room, of Endicott's body stretched beneath the sheet, ignored everything but Lieutenant Valcour: the man whom she had come to see.

"Marge is dead," she said. Her voice still retained the curious qualities that made it appear the shadow of a scream.

Lieutenant Valcour wearily closed his eyes. One other murder would truly prove to be the straw, with himself in the rôle of the already overlaid camel's back.

"Sit down, Madame Velasquez," he said, "and tell me how it happened."

Madame Velasquez spread billows of blue satin and maribou into an armchair.

"I don't know how it happened," she said.

"Did you find her body in the apartment?"

"There aint no body." Madame Velasquez then added, as her brittle little eyes glittered with a strange sort of conviction: "He made away with it."

"Who did, Madame Velasquez?"

"Herbert Endicott," she said.

For a startled moment Lieutenant Valcour stared sharply down curious vistas: Had Endicott killed Marge Mylen, perhaps having called for her just after she had written

that note to her mother? He brought himself up shortly. Utter nonsense! Endicott was in this very room at the time when Marge Mylen must have been writing that note, and was himself in the process of being killed.

"That isn't possible, Madame Velasquez," he said quietly. "Endicott was himself attacked right here at about the time your stepdaughter must have been writing that note to you. That was at seven last evening—at the very moment he was to call for her at her apartment—and it must have been a little after seven when she wrote, as she states in the note that he hadn't come."

"No matter." Her beringed fingers fluttered extravagantly. "I feel certain he did it, and I want him punished and caught."

"But Mr. Endicott is dead, Madame Velasquez."

"That's what *you* say," she said.

WAS he really, Lieutenant Valcour wondered, going mad? Who, after all, *had* identified Endicott? His wife—and that only by implication; his friend Hollander, again by implication; Roberts had seen the dead man's face, but she, in common with all the world, was mad: Dr. Worth—what proof was there that Dr. Worth *was* Dr. Worth, or that the telephone number given him by Mrs. Endicott had been Dr. Worth's? It could all have been arranged by some clever mob. . . .

"This is folly," he said abruptly, really more to convince himself than the nutlike face peering at him from the armchair. What he needed was sleep—just a couple of hours of good sleep. "Madame Velasquez, that body on the bed is Herbert Endicott. Now tell me as lucidly as you can, please, just why you say that Marge is dead."

Her little eyes began to glitter with rage. "I believe she has killed herself to spite me!" The paste jewels on her thin knotted fingers quivered indignantly. "She did it to make me suffer," she added. "To stint me."

"Just so she wouldn't have to give you any more money," he suggested.

Madame Velasquez began to weep noisily. "What'll I do, Lieutenant—oh, what will I do?"

He continued to regard her through lazy eyes.

"Can't you find somebody else to take her place?" he said. "Somebody else to blackmail?"

"I aint young. It's too *late*."

"Tut, tut, Madame Velasquez."

"No, I aint. And unless it's a case like Marge's was, such rackets take looks."

"But surely such an intelligent and charming woman as you, Madame Velasquez,"—he unearthed a trowel and laid it on pretty thick,—*"a woman of the world, surely you can think up other cases where the evidence or proof can be faked. You know very well that you never had any real or visible proof that Marge killed her husband in that canoe disaster, now don't you?"*

"I did too, Lieutenant."

"Nonsense. If you really did, you'd have it with you and would show it to me."

She nibbled the bait slyly and refused it.

"I wouldn't, and I haven't. And," she said, "I want proof of that trollop's death. I'll get it if I have to drag the river myself."

She jumped up and ran nervously to the door.

"Then you saw her drown herself, Madame Velasquez?"

"I saw nothing; but I know—I know what must have been—"

She was out in the corridor and running for the stairs—a velvet virago in blue. Lieutenant Valcour ran out after her, and saw that Cassidy was blocking her way.

"Ring up the wagon, Cassidy," he directed, "and have her booked as a material witness."

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Madame Velasquez began to screech. "Don't touch me—keep your dirty hands off me—"

"Take her downstairs, Cassidy. After you've arranged for the wagon leave her with O'Brian. Then go up to the housekeeper's room and ask Mrs. Siddons if she'll come down. I'll see her in Endicott's room."

"Yes sir."

Lieutenant Valcour slowly retraced his steps. When he was again in Endicott's room and the door shut, he felt a strong recurrence of that annoying sense of some hovering danger. He even shivered a little as if at some draft of cold air, and glanced hastily at the windows.

But both were closed.

Chapter Twenty-six—5:25 A. M.

MRS. SIDDONS had not gone to bed at all. She remained the same amazing pencil done in flat planes of black that had left him standing with his ear pressed against the panels of her bedroom door.

Lieutenant Valcour was acutely interested in her attitude toward Endicott's body. Her glance, the instant she entered the room, had flown to it surely and accurately. There was no sorrow, no horror or fear of the dead in that glance. It was wholly one of triumph, the satisfied gazing of some revenge that was removed from petty commonplaces.

"Several hours ago, Mrs. Siddons," Lieutenant Valcour said abruptly, "you spoke with considerable bitterness about Mr. Endicott's attitude toward the servants. I sha'n't embarrass you by asking for any information in detail. There are only one or two things that I want to know. —Are you listening to me, please?"

She dragged her eyes from the daylight, from the white misty air from which she had been gathering in her thoughts the happy flowers of a seed long bedded in hate.

"I am listening," she said.

"Then the first thing I want to know is this: Was there any one particular instance in which Mr. Endicott's actions toward one of the servants were especially brutal or resented?"

The coals began to glow faintly beneath the ash that dusted her eyes.

"There was one very particular instance, Lieutenant."

"Recently, Mrs. Siddons?"

"It occurred about a year ago, almost to a day."

"Did Mr. Endicott harm her?"

"Yes."

"Here in the house?"

"No, Lieutenant. It happened on her afternoon and evening out. Mr. Endicott's car was parked outside at the curb. He offered her a ride."

"Where is this girl now, Mrs. Siddons?"

"She was committed last year to an institution for the insane."

Walter Duranty

who is the Moscow correspondent of the New York Times, wrote a story called "The Parrot" which we published last year and which the O. Henry prize committee considered the best short story of the year. Mr. Duranty has finished another very remarkable story which we will print in an early issue, and which may well be the prize-winner of its year—

"THE MIRACLE"

The ash was completely gone now, and her eyes blazed with avenging fires.

"But surely she brought charges, Mrs. Siddons?"

"She was insane when they found her, Lieutenant. She was trying to die by throwing herself in front of a motor in Central Park. She has never spoken lucidly since."

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. There it was again: that wretched wave of hearsay showing its baffling crest above the placid sea of established fact. Rumor had had it that Marge Mylen had killed her husband; rumor now would have it about all sorts of terrible implications concerning Endicott, who was dead, and a girl who was confined in an insane asylum. And neither, obviously, could give direct testimony in accusation or defense.

"What was Mr. Endicott's story?" he said.

"That he had driven her to a shop, where she wanted to buy something, and had left her there."

And why not? Undoubtedly Endicott had been the blackest sort of a sheep, but the case was valueless without a thousand illuminative lights, without a whole medical history of the girl's family, for example.

"Did you know this girl fairly well, Mrs. Siddons?"

"Yes. It is my habit to know all of the girls in my charge here very well. It is my duty, as I see it, to act not only as a housekeeper, but as their religious mentor and guide."

"Then in the case of this girl, had she ever previously shown any symptoms of being mentally unbalanced?"

"There were times when I thought so, yes. Her family, you see, was not free from the taint. Her grandmother, on her mother's side, had been insane. That is what made Mr. Endicott's actions so peculiarly detestable, sir. She might have continued to live a normal, useful, happy life had he not shocked her so fatally."

And on the other hand, Lieutenant Valcour decided, Endicott need not necessarily have done anything remotely of the sort. With such a direct strain of insanity inherent in her blood no outside agency whatever might have been needed to awaken it into activity. And then, he reminded himself, the girl had been shopping. He often wondered why more women didn't go mad while shopping.

"Had Mr. Endicott any alibi for between the time he left her and until he came home?"

"No, Lieutenant. He said he had driven out a ways on Long Island along the Motor Parkway, and then had come back."

"So nothing was done about the matter officially?"

"There was nothing to do."

"Then the only substantiated fact in the story is that she was seen getting into Mr. Endicott's car in front of this house. I suppose some one did see her?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Endicott saw her, Lieutenant."

THERE was distinct food for thought in that. No matter how far-flung the tangents in the case appeared to be, they touched as a common circumference the enveloping influence of Mrs. Endicott.

"Is this girl still confined at the institution, Mrs. Siddons?"

"I don't know. There has been nothing said—no communication."

"What was the color of her hair, Mrs. Siddons?"

"Black—the deepest, prettiest black I ever saw. They say that opposites are attracted to one another, and it was so in her case."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Her husband was a blond."

Lieutenant Valcour caught his breath sharply. It fitted surprisingly well—the motive—the crime—the fact that the girl might have retained her key to the servants' entrance and her husband have gotten hold of it. And her husband would readily enough have believed the talk about his wife and Endicott—husbands had a habit of doing just that. To the man's way of thinking, it wouldn't have been anything so ephemeral as a maternal grandmother who had driven his wife insane; it would have been Endicott.

Madame Velasquez's innuendoes against the true identity of anybody came back to Lieutenant Valcour with annoying force. What about Hollander? Hollander was a blond, and obviously of a different level in education and position from the Endicotts. And who had identified Hollander? Nobody. Endicott and his wife were the only two in the house who could, and Endicott was dead and Mrs. Endicott had not seen Hollander at all, if her unbelievable statement were true that she had not gone out onto the balcony and along it to the window from where the shot had been fired.

Suppose the man who had sat with Endicott had just been posing as Hollander but had been, in reality, the husband of this unfortunate girl? Suppose he had been waiting outside for an opportunity to reënter the house, had waylaid Hollander and forced his errand from him, had taken his driver's license and cards from him and had shown them to O'Brian at the door to gain admittance?

NO—there still arose that fundamental question: what had the attacker been searching for among Endicott's papers? This girl's husband surely would have nothing for which to search, unless it were for problematic evidence of his wife's infidelity, and that theory was pretty thin.

"What became of this girl's husband, Mrs. Siddons?"

"He is a sailor on merchant vessels." Her gesture vaguely encompassed the Seven Seas. "Where he is, or when, is as indeterminate as wind and tide."

Lieutenant Valcour did not molest her extravagance.

"Thank you, Mrs. Siddons."

"Shall I go?"

"If you will be so kind: Later, perhaps, we will go into greater details concerning this poor girl's husband."

Mrs. Siddons feasted her eyes for one parting, blinding instant on the bed. She stopped at the door and said: "You will never get them from me, Lieutenant. And I am the only person who knows—who even knows that she was married at all. She confided in me, and if it was her husband who did this thing, you will never drag his name from my lips even if my silence should mean—"

Her eyes became clouded and her thoughts confused. She wanted to say something magnificent, something splendidly fitting to the occasion which she interpreted quite sincerely as a divine act on the part of God, with that poor, frail little Maizie's husband as His instrument on earth. . . . She stumbled a little as she crossed the threshold, and made her way, sobbing futilely, back upstairs.

Lieutenant Valcour stepped across the corridor and rapped on the door of Mrs. Endicott's room. There was no response. He rapped again, and still there was no response. He turned the knob and the door swung inward.

The room was empty.

The conclusion of this intriguing mystery brings a real surprise. Watch for it in our next, the May, issue.

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[Author of "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad," "Father William," etc.]

No. 4—ALL ON A SPANISH SUNDAY

AT Madrid little Junior Titcomb, eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson J. Titcomb, decided that he wanted an ice-cream soda.

"I want an ice-cream soda!" he announced in no still small voice. "You can't have an ice-cream soda," replied his father, Mr. Titcomb, who was better known in Indianapolis as "Peewee" Titcomb, husband of the granddaughter of the Pearson Vegetable Tonic millions.

"I want an ice-cream soda," repeated the boy, who had taken eight prizes in school for unpleasantness, "and I want it now!"

His voice was rising through a whine to a howl, and his father, knowing that howl, looked uncomfortably around the hotel room for some sort of a weapon.

"Now listen, Junior," he pleaded, "this is Spain and they don't have ice-cream sodas in Spain. And if you don't behave, Papa and Mamma won't take you around the world."

The force of that argument was somewhat lost on Titcomb *filis*.

"I don't want to go around the old world!" he yelled. "I want an ice-cream soda."

Peewee was seized with an inspiration. He went to the telephone.

"If you don't shut up," he threatened, "I'll call up the King!" Junior stopped momentarily. "What king?" he demanded.

"The King of Spain!" replied the clever father.

"I want an ice—" began Junior.

Peewee lifted the receiver.

"Royalty 4930," he requested. And after a short pause he said:

"Hello—Palace? I want to speak to the King. No, the King.

Yes. Tell him it's Mr. Titcomb—he'll understand."

Father and son waited.

"Hello—King?" said Peewee, after a moment. "Say, King, this is Ferguson Titcomb. Yes. Oh, just fine. How's yourself? I said, 'And the Queen?' What? Oh, that's too bad. I said, 'That's too bad!' Hope it's nothing serious. Tell her to gargle well every morning and cut out pastry for a while. Oh, we like it fine in Spain. You've certainly got a great country here. Of course, it isn't Indianapolis, but it's o. k. and don't you let them change it. Why don't you come on over? Oh, just me and Junior. . . . Yeah. Say, listen, King—Junior wants an ice-cream soda. Yeah. Well, that's what I told him. I said there weren't any. Well, good-by, King. So long. Good-by."

Mr. Titcomb hung up and turned to his son triumphantly.

"There!" he said. "You see?"

The boy regarded his father through narrowed contemptuous eyelids.

"I want an ice-cream soda," he announced.

The defense suddenly collapsed.

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Titcomb, reaching for his hat. "You'll be saying next that I didn't talk to the King."

"You didn't," said the son. "You had your finger on the hook all the time."

"You're a bright boy," remarked the father.

"I know it," replied the son. "Hurry up."

As they descended to the lobby and went out the front door of the hotel onto the sidewalk, Mr. Titcomb remarked: "Now if you'll tell me where in Spain—"

"Right across the street," replied Junior, pointing.

They crossed the street and Mr. Titcomb looked.

"AMERICAN ICE CREAM SODAS," read the sign.

"Well, well," said he cheerfully, "that's certainly one on the King!"

(Next month, Monte Carlo or bust—or both.)



"Well, well," said Mr. Titcomb, "that's certainly one on the King!"

IT LOOKS EASY

(Continued from page 49)

I'd call off that match with Strunk. There's no percentage in offending a guy as important as he is in our game."

"This is my side of the street," says Breeze coldly, "and I'll work it as I see fit."

"Suit yourself," I shrugs. "It's your funeral, and I wouldn't even come along for the ride. If you don't mind, though, I'd like to slip you a piece of advice."

"What's that?" he growls.

"Order a steam shovel and a hydraulic scoop," says I, "and take 'em along in your bag. A pair of blankets wouldn't come amiss, either. It gets cold in those traps at night."

After lunch the girls go home, and out of sheer cussedness I wanders over to the first tee to see the start of the Emerson-Strunk imbroglio. Crouch and several other members are also there for the debut of the big scratch man from Terre Haute.

NAT takes the honor on general principles and lams one down the fairway for a bit over two hundred yards. There's no question about the one-way pocket being a golfer. He plants his dogs like one, swings like one and follows through like a couple of 'em.

What Breeze lacks in form he makes up in assurance. With a genial smile for all hands he steps up to the ball and without any preliminaries crashes into it. It's a kick in the kisser for fair—a two-hundred-and-fifty-yard drive under any system of jurisprudence.

"Put that in your flower-pot and water it," shouts Emerson in my direction as he trips gayly off the tee.

"What a sock!" gloats Crouch. "I'd give everything you've got if he'd bring Strunk's hide in. Think there's any chance?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," says I. "Florida killed my capacity for that when it went Republican to vote for a Californian. We'll see what's what when they get around to the tenth."

We don't even have to wait that long. About an hour after the take-off I'm in the locker-room chewing the pemmican with Crouch and others, when in stomps Strunk, breathing heavy, his pan twisted in anger.

"Hello!" I exclaims. "Where's Emerson?"

"I don't know," he snarls, "and I don't give a damn. You have any part in putting up this joke on me?"

"What joke?" I asks, puzzled.

"Five handicap man!" he sneers. "Scratch man at Terre Haute! Could just dub through in an eighty! Bah!"

"I understood Breeze plays a good game," ventures Crouch. "Doesn't he?"

"The worst I ever had the misfortune to meet," barks Nat. "Ten on the short first. Seven to get out of the trap on the second. Four balls in the lake on the fourth. . . . Can't we bring any decent players to this club? Just riffraff, riffraff—"

"Who's a riffraff?" I cuts in with a yelp. I'm the only guy that has the privilege of insulting Breeze, and besides, I've got a cargo of pre-the-next-war aboard. "If you don't like this club, why don't you take your stuffed cat and go elsewhere?"

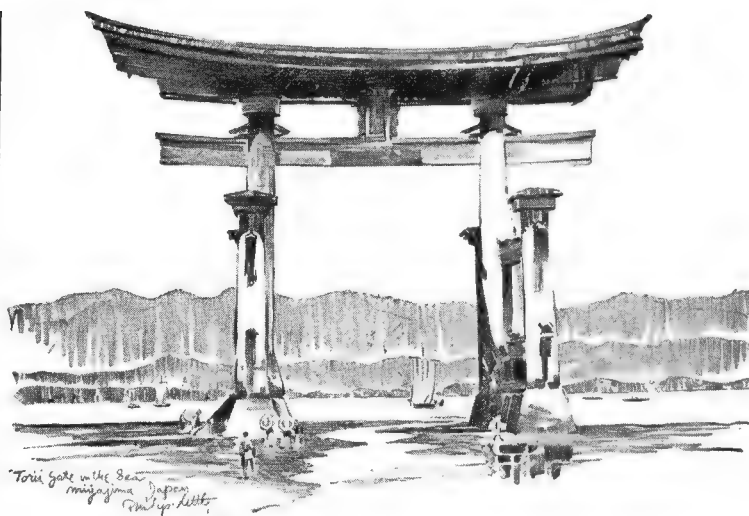
"I started Bayview," shouts Strunk, "and no third-rate delicatessen jobber's going to get me out!"

"You two pipe down," says Crouch, stepping between us. "Now listen, Nat. There's no sense in getting sore because none of us can play up to your game. Most of us here are beginners. If you want real competition, you'll have to give strokes."

"I ask for no strokes," snaps Strunk, "and I give no strokes. People who can't shoot under ninety have no business in a golf-club. They just clutter the course. I prefer to play alone rather than—"

"Where," I cuts in, "do you expect folks to learn the game—up in Mabel's garret?"

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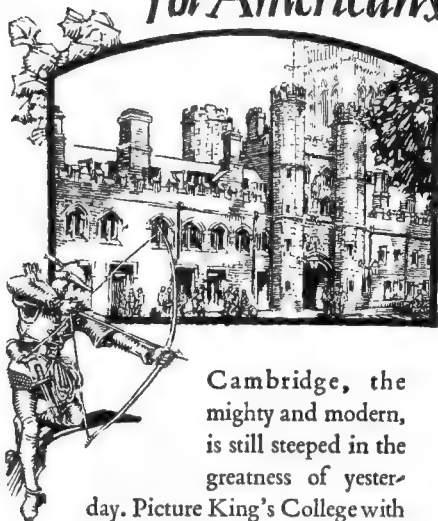
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"There are public parks," comes back Piggy. "There are also indoor schools. I suggest that you and your friend Emerson enter one—in the kindergarten class." With which sally down our alley he delivers himself from our midst.

There's a spell of silence after his departure. "Where," I asks suddenly, "does the pro hang out?"

"You'll find him in the shop," answers Crouch. "Nat shame you into taking lessons?"

"Maybe," says I, and I beats it over to the golf-ball emporium. A lanky carrot-topped lad, taping some clubs off in a corner, looks up as I enters.

"Slim!" he cries. It's Red Ferguson, caddy master at Fresh Springs in the days when I lugged bags around and kicked balls out of the rough for liberal tippers.

"Not so slim any more," says I, slipping him the mitt. "So you're the pro here. That's a break."

"You a member?" asks Red.

"In good standing," I assures him. "But I want to improve it. How long'll it take you, Fergy, to iron the kinks out of me? I haven't swung a club in ten years, and I thought I never would again, but circumstances and bootleggers alter cases. I want to shoot an eighty and want to shoot it quick. What's the answer?"

"It shouldn't take long," opines Red. "You were a natural as a kid, and you seem to be in fair shape. A month ought—"

"Can't wait," I cuts in. "Got to crowd it in a week or so. Suppose I show up every evening for a couple of hours—"

"What's the rush?" asks the pro. "There aren't any tournaments until July."

"I'm not interested in tournaments," I tells him. "The stuff's this: There's a bozo in this club named Strunk that needs a trimming, and—"

"I'll say he does," scowls Red. "I'd swim the river to get you in shape to tumble that pup."

"That's settled, then," says I. "I'll work out steady with you, but it's all under the rose. Get me? I'm going to spring a surprise on that baby that'll knock his ego bowlegged."

"Knock his what?" puzzles Ferguson.

"Ego, kid, ego," I returns. "It's what you get when you outgrow your hat."

Breeze is at the house when I arrives, regaling the gals with an account of some triumph or other in his triumphant career. Nothing dampens that lad. If you threw him down a flight of stairs, he'd get right up and tell you about an adventure in which he figured as Number One boy.

"Where'd you disappear to?" I asks.

"I sort of sprained my ankle," says Emerson, "so I—"

"I don't know about your ankle," I interrupts, "but you certainly sprained yourself with Strunk." And I tells him what had transpired in the locker-room.

"What do I care what he thinks?" growls Breeze. "A guy can't shoot good golf with a bum hoof, can he?"

"Better get a doctor in," says I. "You may have the hoof-and-mouth disease. The mouth part I'm sure of."

I KEEP religiously to the schedule I'd arranged with Ferguson, and the results are gratifying. In a surprisingly short time I get the wrists to working right and the timing what it should be. By the end of the week I'm banging the old apple down the alley and pitching 'em to the greens like a regular gosh-darn-it.

"Now go get him," says Red on Friday evening when I takes him around the first nine in a thirty-nine. "If you don't cop, I'll bend a mashie over your brow."

Saturday I don't get to see Strunk, but Sunday I runs into him in the locker-room just before lunch.

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"Got a game this afternoon?" I asks affably.

"Of what interest is that to you?" he glowers.

"Well," says I, "I thought you and I might do a round."

"I don't play with beginners," snaps Strunk.

"I'm not exactly a beginner," I explains. "I took your advice and went to a golf school, and I've also taken some lessons by correspondence. You'd be surprised—"

"With that equipment," cuts in Nat, sarcastic, "I suppose you're ready to go after the course record."

"Hardly," I smiles, "but I should dearly love to play with a master like you my first time out."

"You're bothering me," growls Strunk. "Go out with your friend Emerson."

"I prefer you," says I; "and I'll bet you a hundred dollars I beat you. That's how good I think I am."

"Don't be silly," advises Nat, but I catch a glint of greed in his piggy eyes.

"Would two hundred be more interesting?" I asks, making hay while the iron's hot.

"I'll go you," says he quickly. "I might as well take the money and cool your blood. Be on the tee at two."

THAT disposed of, I joins Breeze and Jennie in the dining-room. Chérie's expected a bit later. The talk at the table is about a ride in the country after lunch.

"Sorry," I announces, "but you'll have to deal me out. I have a game this afternoon."

"You!" exclaims Emerson. "Who's the cripple?"

"Nat Strunk," I replies nonchalantly. "For a wager of two hundred piasters."

"How perfectly absurd!" sniffs the Frau.

"Fine figure of a golfer you are, to meet the club champion! Why, your stockings aren't even mates." And that's a fact; in the hurry of dressing I'd grabbed one of a bluish green and one of a greenish blue.

"Just an old Spanish custom," says I airily. "What's the difference? Birdies don't care what sort of socks they're shot with."

"At that," grunts Breeze, "you'd probably have more luck shooting 'em with your socks than with your clubs. Tell me, how can you play Strunk? What do you know about golf?"

"Very little," I answers, "but I guess I can pick it up as I go along. It looks simple enough."

It takes me the duration of the meal to convince the Missus and Emerson that I'm in earnest, but I finally succeeds. At two o'clock, together with Chérie, they're on the tee to see me off.

Strunk starts with his usual two-hundred-yard poke straight down the fairway. My drive's twenty or thirty yards longer, but off to the left at the edge of some mild rough. Emerson's keen to follow us, but Jennie refuses to be a witness to my sufferings, and Breeze departs with the women.

Both Nat and I get on in three and off in five. On the three-hundred-and-fifty-yard second we split with par fours, and the same result is reached on Number Three, a thirty-yard putt saving my bacon in this case.

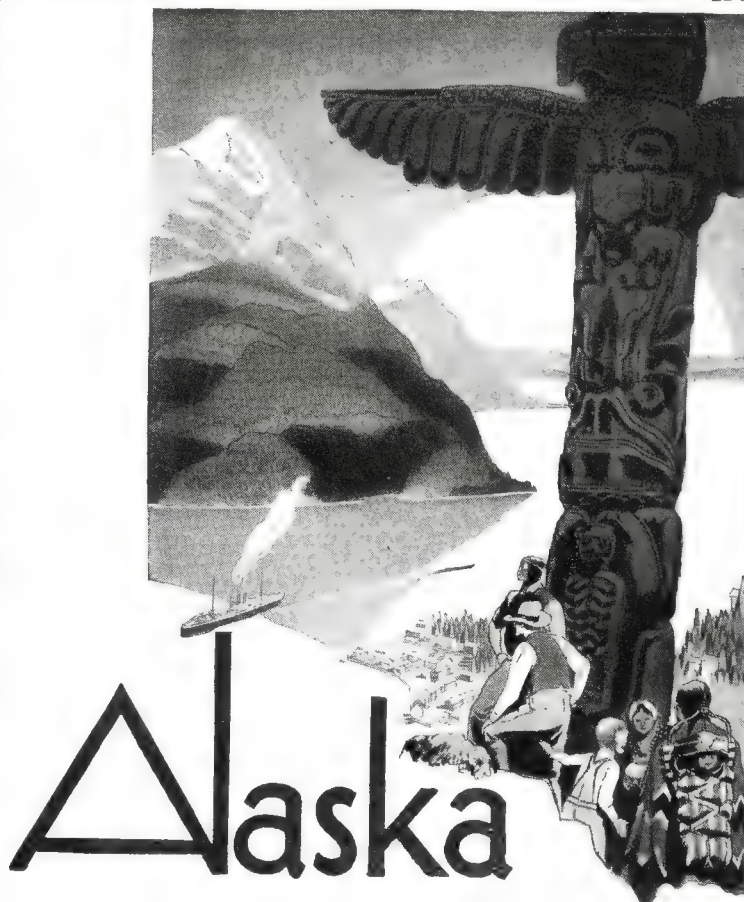
"Not bad for correspondence-school stuff," remarks Strunk with a suspicious emphasis.

"Thanks," says I, "but I was always good at grabbing off education through the mails."

From then on the play is steady and silent. Not a half-dozen sentences are bandied during the round. At the turn I'm one up, but Nat catches me on the tenth with a birdie four. The boy's shooting a bang-up game and getting better the farther he goes. It takes everything I got and ever had in my heyday to keep up with him.

I win the fifteenth but lose the dog-leg sixteenth. The seventeenth's a fifty-fifty, and we tee off from the eighteenth all even. The last hole at Bayview is the longest on

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Bungling Buster

Big bungling Buster couldn't swim,

He had no tail nor pickerel fin;
So father firmly collared him
And sent him to a camp!
Now agile Buster swims a mile,
And of camp food he eats a pile;
Indeed, young Buster's quite worthwhile—

Since he's been to a camp!

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the lot—five hundred and thirty-five yards, with a ditch through the center and a trap for every blade of grass.

Strunk's drive starts off like money from home, but a hook develops and the ball slithers off into the rough. At last, a break! And I take full advantage of it, with a two-hundred-and-fifty-yard wallop that just clears the water hazard.

Nat makes a good recovery, putting the ball within reasonable iron distance of the pin. I try to kill my second with the results that usually follow murderous attacks on the pill, and my dribble leaves me no better off than Strunk. Then I get another break. Nat tops his third, and it drops into a sand-trap fifty yards from the green. A beautiful spade mashie takes me within ten feet of the cup.

It looks like it's all over but the autopsy. I'm a gimme for a five, and a fair speculation for a four, while Strunk's lie is such he'll be lucky even to get out of the pit in one. I'm all hopped up, especially as I pipes Breeze and the gals awaiting us at the back of the home-plate. They'd apparently come back from the ride to be in at the death.

Nat takes plenty of time with his shot, but when he finally does let go he gets under the ball prettily—much too prettily. It sails clear of the trap but with too much strength behind it. Over the pin flies the ball; then *blam!* It hits Emerson on the side of the

forehead, bounds back onto the green, zig-zags toward the cup, teeters for a fraction of a fraction on the lip—and drops in for a birdie four!

I'm too stunned to say anything, and it takes me some minutes to realize that I have yet a chance to halve the hole. Still kind of dazed, I stoops over for the fateful putt. All tense, I draws the club back, and just as I'm bringing it through, something suddenly jars within me as I hears Chérie's shrill voice:

"Regardez, he has on the stockings of the two different kinds!"

In my state of mind that's all I need. The ball drifts off two or three inches to the side of the hole and about the same distance beyond it. I'm licked, one down—thanks to the Emersons.

Breeze is still rubbing his dome as I grouches toward the locker-room. There's a lump on his forehead the size of an egg.

"I hope," says I, "it's a fracture."

"Best game I've had in years," babbles Strunk, when I meets him under the showers. "We must play regularly. . . . By the way, how about having lunch with me tomorrow? I'd like to talk to you about that foreign food line you're handling."

"I'm not a bit surprised," declares Breeze, when I tells him later of the conversation. "I knew I'd hook him if I ever played golf with him."

HALF A MOON

(Continued from page 57)

"Got a tea-date," said Malou. She flicked her lashes—automatically demure.

"Who with, Malou?"

He said it twice before she heard him.

"Hey—hey!" he said cheerfully. "Lover, come back to me!"

"What did you say?" gasped Malou.

Howard began to sing, softly: "*The sky was blue, the moon was old—*" Seen that show, haven't you?"

Malou said she didn't think she had.

"What night'll you go?" asked Howard promptly.

When she said he might give her a ring later, he veered to more immediate measures: "Don't be so stingy with yourself, child. How about a movie this afternoon?"

"Now?" said Malou.

"Now—as the gong strikes!" said Howard.

When she said why not,—and she thought it might be done,—he reddened with such pleasure she was momentarily ashamed.

"You're awfully sweet to me, Howard!"

Howard said: "You aint seen nothin' yet!" He added: "*Sweet* to you? A movie—my God! Don't you know I'd like to give you this whole damned town to play with?"

His eyes, looking into hers, grew suddenly misty—glazed with ardor.

Malou thought: "Why is it—that look can turn your heart over, or make you cold and sick, depending on whose eyes?"

She drew away from Howard's shoulder—but once in the movie place, not so easy to escape it. They slumped down in the deep *loge* chairs side by side—shoulders, elbows, touching—and Howard sighed comfortably.

"Let the chips," he said, "fall where they may. . . . I calls this luck!"

Malou didn't answer him. The movie gave her that much—she didn't have to answer. She sat and stared at the screen. She let the world fall away from her.

After a long time:

"I like this man—don't you?" she murmured. Long ago, it seemed to her, something in the shape of the actor's head—something about his mouth, had suggested Eddie. Now she tried with a fierce desolate hunger to recapture that suggestion—and failed. Just one more sleek dark head, one more laughing, rakishly mustached mouth. White teeth—impudent eyes. All of that

was Eddie—and was the lover on the screen. But all the shadow's swashbuckling and love-making and debonair absurdity did not give her back one gleam. . . .

They had come in near the end of the picture—an abortive rendering of a classic story, an overplayed and obvious appeal to the emotions, but it wrung no tears from Malou.

Only one moment did her stunned senses quiver—when, in a railway station, a woman, darkly veiled, waiting on the edge of the platform, stepped down before an oncoming train. . . .

Light, born in the distance—growing brighter, growing vaster, crowding out the world, bursting across the beaten brain—obliterating, engulfing the shivering soul in its moment of supreme surrender. . . .

"That might—have been better!" muttered Malou.

"What d'ye say, child?" said Howard. Abruptly—caressingly, uneasily. Straightening himself in his chair, straightening his tie, clearing his throat slightly. Malou saw—he had been asleep. She saw him sleeping beside her, in many a theater.

She laughed and patted his arm. She reached across a world to do it. "The News Weekly'll keep you awake," she said.

THE News Weekly began with President Coolidge smiling his diffident cautious smile into a microphone, Sam Browne belts and Civil Service eyes in his background. After that, a blur of racing motorcycles—somewhere in the West. After that, babies in flower-decked floats at Atlantic City. What a world! If that were news!

"Best part of the show," said Howard, hunching himself lower in the seat, groping with a moist palm after Malou's fingers. She evaded him gently.

"Hello," he said suddenly. "Look at that—will you? These people work fast. Only happened yesterday—about five o'clock."

Malou answered him—to her own incredulous ears, she answered him. "How could they get it—so soon?"

"Says the photographer got there just after it happened," said Howard. "God—what a mess!"

God—what a mess—for Malou to look on. Sitting quiet in her chair beside Howard's

London tweeds, with Howard's affectionate fingers pawing over her own numb icy ones. Malou sat looking—staring.

"Poor devil!" said Howard.

POOOR devil. That was Eddie. Somewhere—there before her eyes, under a tangled mass of wreckage—somewhere, hidden under twisted agonies of fuselage and wing. From the charred shapeless heap a wisp of smoke yet wavered up into clear air. Men stood about gaping. Moved here and there—pointed. Eddie—somewhere under that! Eddie's teasing smile—the sudden heart-breaking sweetness of his mouth when he left off smiling and his eyes began to shine. His tender cruel hands—his splendid strong proud body. . . . *Ed-die!*

"What's the matter?" asked Howard. "Don't like to look at it? . . . I don't blame you—makes me a bit sick, myself! Lord," he added profoundly, "I tell you—this flying game's not any too safe, yet!"

"Safe!" said Malou. She could speak—a thin sound, small but piercing. "You don't know what they're like," she said, "—men that fly! They don't care about playing safe—they know better."

Howard looked vaguely startled. Was her voice as strange to him as to her?

"Oh, well—of course—I suppose they don't," he said.

"I knew a flyer once," said Malou. . . . ("Don't say his name—don't say his name!" she cried to herself. "Go on—but don't say his name!") Aloud, to Howard, she explained carefully: "He's been in several crashes—and he told me, once—"

"Yeah?" said Howard interestedly—was he watching her with too much interest—was she betraying herself—and Eddie? No help—she had to say it. The words had to come. "He told me once," she went on doggedly, "that always, as soon as he could get another ship, he went straight back up again."

"Of course—got to have your nerve with you—at a time like that," said Howard seriously.

"When *haven't* you?" said Malou.

"I didn't quite hear you, honey," said Howard. "Well—what d'ye think of that for a back-hander! Well-played, feller!"

Against a background of well-filled stands, the Army and the Argentine, at polo. Ponies with stiffly wrapped tails—mallets whipping the air—a leaping ball, a maelstrom of horse-and-man flesh. No more burnt and broken plane, no more curious horrified spectators—no more Eddie! Gone—like a spark up a chimney! Had she seen the thing at all? Had Howard seen it with her?

"Who was—the aviator?" she asked.

"Lad that cracked up? Mackenzie," said Howard. "Eddie Mackenzie, I think. Too bad—eh? Will you watch Number Two? I'll say he's there! You've got to hand it to the Army. They're a hard-riding outfit!"

"I seem to have heard," said Malou, dry-lipped, "that Mackenzie was with the Army in France—an ace or something, wasn't he?"

"You've got me there," said Howard. "I know he was supposed to— Well, boy, what a goal!"

The polo-game flickered out—in its place the King of Spain paid a visit to the President of Something Else, and Howard settled back with a grunt and a chuckle.

"Almost always *something* in the news-reel!" he pronounced, satisfied.

"Howard—I think I shall have to run along," said Malou abruptly. She felt that another moment of Howard's shoulder against her own, Howard's pleasant, slightly husky voice at her ear, and the scream at the back of her throat would tear its way out. "This has been simply too nice," she said, "but—I'm afraid I must—"

Waiting for the taxi, Howard slipped his fingers around her arm. "When am I going to see you again?" he demanded.

"Who knows?" said Malou.

"I'll give you a ring, in the morning."

She nodded, smiling. She could hear the telephone calling shrilly beside her bed—calling—stopping—calling. Howard was persistent. When Operator assured him the line was busy, he would merely try again five minutes later. When he was told the line was out of order, he would have it reported. Eventually there would be some one at Malou's door. Howard, as well as another.

"If you like!" she said to him sweetly.

As her taxi slid away from the curb, she put her ungloved fingers to her cheek. Burning cheek—icy fingers. She had given the driver the name of the hotel where she was to have tea with Allan Hayward.

"If you're in a hurry, lady," said the driver, "we'd better swing over to Sixth."

"No," said Malou, "I'd rather you took the Avenue."

She and Eddie had walked miles and miles—ridden miles more—upon that Avenue. She thought she'd like one more look. Eddie had a gray roadster, not the newest model; the woman in Hollywood saw to that. Without her pointed pink-nailed fingers forever in Eddie's pocket, he might have had—well, never mind that; that didn't matter any more. What mattered was trying to remember the feel of Eddie's arm, Eddie's hand on Malou's knee, slipping through the Avenue traffic. . . .

He had a terrible old gray hat that he wouldn't give up. He wore the brim pulled down over his eyes. She could see the line of the gray hat-brim but not the eyes beneath it.

He used to say: "Half a moon, for you and me—emergency rations!" She could remember his words, but not the voice he said them with.

Was it always like this when some one—was killed? Taken away from you—all at once? No hope—and no come-back. Did other women suffer like this, trying to tear through invisible veils to get back to where love was? Low visibility, Eddie would have called it. . . . Every hour of that day had hung a thicker fog between them.

"People," she thought. . . . "That's what does it! Once I'm away from people—and things—utterly away from them—"

"Sorry, lady—but this traffic is somethin' fierce," said the taxi-driver, putting his head round through the half-open window in front of her. "I'll bet you're in a hurry, too!"

Malou hadn't known the taxi was standing still. Now she said: "I am—rather. Do the best you can." She was always pleasant to taxi-drivers—the "L cowboys," Eddie called them. Once when a shabby taxi had cut in ahead of him in a jam, instead of being furious and cursing as most men would have done, Eddie had just thrown back his good-looking head and laughed. "Let the cowboy through!" he said.

Eddie's machinist adored him; people in filling-stations at the side of the road adored him—he was so decent and so fair and so friendly—even with elevator-boys. He was so sweet. . . .

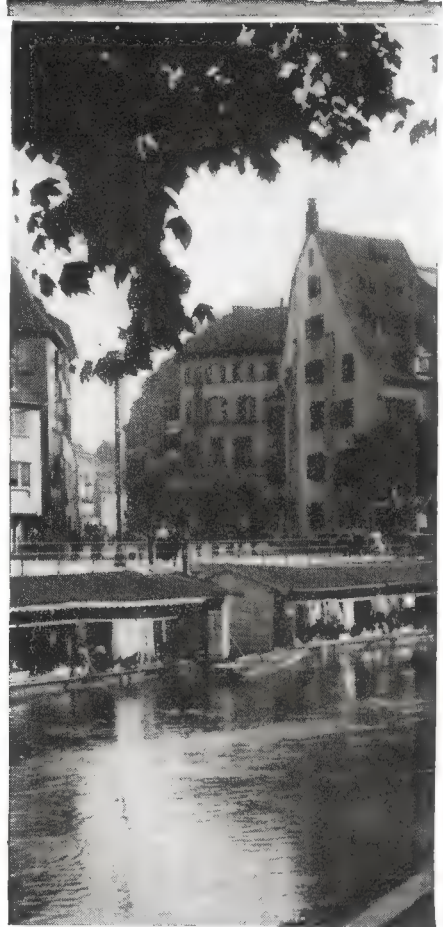
"Well, not too bad, maybe!" said the taxi-driver. He got down and opened the door. Malou paid him and gave him a quarter.

Eddie always said fifteen cents was enough—for anything under a dollar. "But if I'm not going to need it—" thought Malou.

SHE realized as she went up the steps of the high gray-stone building that her knees were shaking. She slipped into the dressing-room and powdered her nose, made up her lips. In the mirror, she seemed much the same. Eyes a bit shadowy, perhaps. In a second shading, she made her lips redder. She knew Allan's reactions. Going out into the corridor to meet him, she wished Allan were dead. No, not dead, of course—but out of the way—not in the same world with Malou. . . . Well, he wasn't—was he?

Only, of course he thought he was. That

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made it trying. She hadn't seen him in almost three months—last time he came up from Atlanta, he wanted her to marry him—probably wanted it still.

Allan was sitting in a high-backed Florentine chair, regarding with a thoughtful scowl a tall silver vase of roses and calla lilies. He looked handsome and sulky; he looked like the pictures of Maréchal Junot. When he caught sight of Malou, he jumped to his feet. He had her hand in his—warm and hard—before she could do more than lift a questioning eyebrow.

"You're late!" he said. "Four minutes and a half."

Across the little table where they settled down for tea, he stared at her frankly.

"You've been working too hard, Malou."

"On the contrary—I'm not working at all. Haven't got a part, yet."

"No! I don't believe it! You?"

"Even I," said Malou. There was something about Allan that made her blood run faster, in spite of herself. He wasn't clever, he wasn't sensitive. He was so naïve, he was almost stupid. But he was terribly clean—and he had power. His touch drew one—somehow. Also—he had money. Plenty of it. His wife would have life very soft indeed. In addition to being closely enwrapped in Allan's boyish adoration forever. Under his simplicity of emotion lay a deep stratum of respect for the established order. He would want his wife to have what his mother had had. And he would see that she got it—got it and liked it. He would be faithful—as a good dog. But he would expect all the virtues, in return. The thing in him which quickened Malou's reluctant pulse was frankly physical. She knew it, if he didn't. In six months, a year at the outside, that thing would wear itself out. Meantime the six months or the year would have been lambent—and after that, security, comfort, all along the road.

Charlotte had said: "My dear—when are you going to get married?"

If Charlotte knew that by lifting a finger, by saying a word, Malou could have Allan Hayward!

IN the town in which Charlotte and Malou had been born, to be a Hayward meant something. It meant a woman's life was cut out for her in dignified and beautiful pattern. Still—a pattern. . . .

"Have some of this strawberry jam," said Allan. "You're not eating a thing. Malou, darling, I'm worried about you!"

Nice eyes—nice dark eager ardent eyes—the modeling of his mouth and chin did something to a woman's heartbeat. Passion—the full strong lips spelled passion—and sweetness. But the chin was resistant. Allan knew what he wanted—but he knew how he wanted it. If he knew Malou—herself—he wouldn't want her. He wouldn't want the agonized madwoman back of that delicately painted smile . . . inside the gray frock.

If he knew the Malou that Eddie had known—the fury and splendor of Eddie's Malou—Allan wouldn't want her—not for good. Not wifely timber for the Haywards.

"Look here," said Allan, leaning across the table again and forcing her eyes with his, "I want you to tell me, Malou—aren't you getting pretty tired of this theater thing? Aren't you almost ready to come back—with me?"

He didn't know her—and he did want her. He wanted her terribly. That was a fire at which at least she could warm herself, whose flames, at least, she could see. With Eddie gone—gone so far, and so fast and so deep. . . . She was alone—that's what she was! Nobody knew—nobody saw—nobody heard—nobody touched her. They saw a smile; they heard a voice; they touched smooth flesh—but it wasn't Malou.

Perhaps if life without Eddie were going to be like that—she'd better listen to Allan. He'd never know—any more than the rest of the world.

He'd take her—for what he believed her to be. And he might—give her peace. Beyond any shadow of a doubt—he would give her comfort—and safety. That was sanctuary, wasn't it? What else—

OVER the shallow brittle sounds of teacups and spoons and women chattering, a violin cried sharply, caressing.

"What's that they're playing?" asked Allan. The look again—in him, it didn't repel her—the shine and the hunger.

"Malou," said Allan, "this is a horrible place to say it—but darling—aren't you going to marry me? You know that's why I'm here."

"Yes, I know," said Malou.

"Aren't you going to let me give you—"

"Sorry," said Malou. "Allan—I am so sorry!" She was so sorry—and she was also so surprised—at herself—because she had thought she was going to say yes, she would take whatever he wanted to give her and try and make him a good wife—that she upset her glass of water in the sudden start she gave, interrupting him. And that mercifully created a diversion not to be ignored.

She had heard "Tristan and Isolde" once with Eddie—and at the part in which the violin had just now spoken to her, Eddie had bent his head and whispered in her ear: "This Wagner guy had our number, kid."

The violin, of course, coming at that moment, made Allan quite impossible.

It almost seemed good theater, on the part of some godly director.

Malou got away within a difficult quarter of an hour and by dint of considerable insistence she got away alone.

She said she was tired.

"Thought you weren't acting, now," said Allan. Rather more sulky and less gentle than before.

"I didn't quite say that," said Malou.

"I'll call you in the morning," said Allan.

"You can't mean this really, Malou. I know you better than you do yourself! I'll call you in the morning—shall I?"

"Why not?" said Malou.

"Don't laugh!" said Allan—resentfully, imploring.

"Sorry—I can't help it!" said Malou, her voice shaking.

He put her in a taxi and she went home. When he said good-by he kissed her hand. His lips were warm. The top of his head was dark and smooth. She forgot he was alive before the taxi had gone a block. Her soul ran ahead of her all the way home—crying, like the little pig in the nursery rhyme.

BUT once inside her own door—with the door locked between her and people and things—her soul stopped crying and began to make plans, with efficiency.

"After six," it said, "and nearly dark. There'll be nobody now—coming in."

It considered, also, a new nightgown, of ivory crêpe, with delicate leaf and flower cunningly embroidered across webs of yellowish lace.

"That will do, nicely," said Malou to her soul. She could see Charlotte, suspecting the nightgown but unable to disapprove of it. Even Charlotte.

There was also, a new book. Not poems—poems would be too obvious. This was the story of a woman in love. The simplest folly, therefore—and the ultimate wisdom.

"It will keep my attention," said Malou, getting out of the gray frock and putting it neatly away on a hanger in her clothes-closet. She put away her coat and hat, as well. She pulled the dead blooms from a jar of coral and cream gladiolas which stood on a table in her living-room. She straightened

books, on the same table. She picked a thread off the rug before the fireplace.

"This," she thought to herself, "is what is known as setting your house in order. Funny! Phrases like that really mean something!"

From time to time she stopped and stood stark and staring, wherever she happened to be—at the window, by the mirror, on the rug beside the bed—waiting to see if Eddie had come back to her. Eddie remained—in whatever void he had chosen, upon leaving his funeral plane.

"Darling," said Malou, without moving her lips, "it won't be long, now!"

She took the glass from her washstand in the bathroom and poured the twelve tablets into it—filled the glass half-full of water—set it down upon the little table beside her bed—switched on the slim-stemmed lamp with the flame-colored shade—turned down the sheets and got in between them.

For a moment she lay just so—with her arms behind her head—with her eyes shut.

She thought: "Today hasn't been so good—has it, Eddie?"

She thought: "There would be years and years of other days—just like it—until I'm an old woman, maybe. Just my luck to live that long."

TWELVE stories down, the world lay very still. Small sound came up—no more at most than an inchoate grumble and sigh. It had been such a beautiful world—once, long ago. Now—it was dead as the moon.

"Are you waiting, Eddie?" said Malou. She sat up in bed, pushed her hair from her eyes—she had meant to comb it—meant to wash and powder her face—meant to go to him beautiful—as he had found her, waiting—how many times!

She couldn't. She was too tired. Life seemed at its lowest ebb in her. She had courage left for drinking . . . but no more. She picked up the glass, smelled it, held it off and looked at it.

"Pretty soft," she thought, "beside—burning to death! Well, darling—here I come!"

With the rim at her lips, she remembered one thing more. "Some fool might call me—I'll leave the receiver off."

As she touched the telephone, it rang, startling her violently.

Before she thought, she spoke: "Hello?" She had to set the glass down, then, and see it out.

"Hello," she said again coldly, tired beyond any tiredness her body had ever known.

"Hello!" said a man's voice quickly. "How are you, Miss Carlin?"

If it had only been "Is that Miss Carlin?" or "May I speak to Miss Carlin?" But, "How are you, Miss Carlin?"—she could not deny that she was there.

Also, the habit of courtesy defeated her. "Who is this?" she asked involuntarily. Even to herself she did not sound too different from the Malou who habitually inquired of unexpected voices over the telephone: "Who is this?"

"This is Herbert Aiken—hope I haven't disturbed you."

"Not in the least, Mr. Aiken." A touch of hysteria made speech easy. Aiken—Herbert Aiken—she had met the man at one of Howard's parties. His face flashed into her mind—dark, quiet, critical, withdrawn. He had money—he had backed one or two plays—interesting but not too successful. He was crazy about the theater—what else had Howard told her about him?

What did it matter? If he wanted her to go to dinner with him, or on a party, or anywhere else at all, Malou was busy—God only knew how busy!

She thought, with a tight knifelike ache in her throat: "Can't I get away—without this? I've had about enough—"

Mr. Aiken was saying: "If you'll dine with us, tonight—he wants very much to

meet you." He must have been talking, and she had not heard.

"I'm sorry," said Malou. "I'm afraid—"

"Is it quite impossible, Miss Carlin? You see he goes back to Chicago tomorrow night."

"Who does?"—wearily. What did she care who went back to Chicago. Then habit, mellowed her voice, sharpened its dragging inflections. "I'm sorry—I don't quite understand."

He repeated urgently: "As I have been telling you, the author of the play goes back to Chicago—tomorrow. And I am most anxious for you to meet each other. I am absolutely certain, in my own mind, that you were made for the part. And I understand from Howard West that you're free at the moment."

He was offering her a part—he must be backing another show—he had been talking to Howard. What sort of part was it? What sort of play? Who was the author? Her mind slid into gear, working slowly but with increasing clearness.

"You are free—aren't you, Miss Carlin?"

"Yes, I'm free—so far as that goes."

"That's all we want to know—to begin with. Once you've read the play, we won't have to argue about it. It's the sort of part you've never yet had. You know, Miss Carlin, I've felt for some time that all you needed was the right part. So far you've had nothing but *tripe*."—A sharp thrust.

"That's true!" said Malou suddenly—and as sharply.

"Well—you'd have it in this," said Mr. Aiken, with a chuckle. He sounded extraordinarily excited. He sounded incontestably sincere. "It's a war-play—war-stuff is coming back now—you wait and see! This is a girl whose lover is shot down at the front—while she's dancing in a night-club—in London—and she goes on dancing."

Malou gave a strange cry—her hand over her mouth not quite soon enough.

"You see—it'd get you!" said Mr. Aiken. "It got me like a knife—when I first read it. I thought of you at once—you've got something you've never used yet, Miss Carlin. I caught glimpses of it in your two last parts; you've got a capacity for emotion—violent emotion—under a light-comedy surface—that's rare—that's very rare—in women."

"I thought I was rotten," said Malou. "I've always supposed I was rotten."

He said earnestly: "That's because you haven't yet had the proper part—nor the proper direction. If this interests you—you'll get both."

Malou said slowly, something surging up within her like an incoming tide:

"It does—interest me." She fought that tide vainly; it flooded the farthest reaches of her being, as love had flooded her—strangely and inscrutably the same blind urge.

"Don't you think you could do that girl?" asked Mr. Aiken eagerly.

"I think I could!" said Malou. "God—Yes, I think I could!"

She said: "Where shall I meet you for dinner—and what time?"

SHE hung up the receiver, details completed—and dropped her head in her hands.

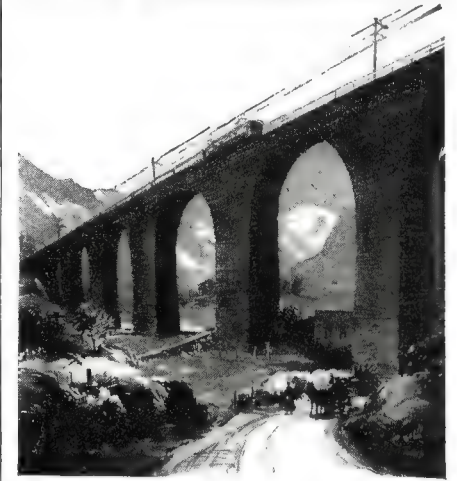
"I've got to do it, Eddie," she whispered huskily. "You know—don't you? This is my chance!"

She thought: "I'm betraying him. I wasn't big enough—for him."

But in the moment of her passionate shame and defiance—he came back to her. His gray mocking eyes, his beloved cocky mouth—she could see him; he was hers in more than the flesh; she could hear him—as if his arm had gone about her bowed white shoulders, as if his cheek had stooped to her disheveled head. . . . She heard him—the aching tenderness of his laugh.

He said: "Keep going, kid. You're not licked yet!"

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THE GIRL FROM GOD'S MERCIE

(Continued from page 45)

had already finished their meal of fish merely warmed to the bone, and of their especial delicacy, young bird in the shell, which they had gathered at a heron rookery upstream. The men had been singing and gambling and driving nails into trees with dog-whips, but they stopped when Harl came ashore, and sat around in glum, silent groups, smoking.

After dinner, with Harl leading now, the brigade started on downstream. Three "pipes" below, where the river widened to a lake, the rogans hoisted blanket sails and sped across; and the *métis*, forgetting their glumness for a time, sent the *voyageur's* "Three Fairy Ducks" and "Jolie Alouette" rolling across the water.

At the lower end of the lake a band of Indians, camped at their fish-weirs, were idling away the summer. A little later when the fish stopped running, they would club molting geese and ducks and wild swans at some marshy lake; and in the Moon of Birds Flying South, when the great *foule* of woodland caribou came through to their winter yards in the Strong Woods, then would be slaughter!

Harl swerved his craft alongside the light canoe. He pointed to the shore north of the Indian camp. "Stanley, see that brush fence yonder? How big do you figure it is?"

Stanley studied it for a moment. "It must be two hundred yards long and high as a man and several feet through. But why?"

"That doesn't happen to be a brush fence. It's a windrow of caribou horns! Those Smokies slaughtered a herd there two falls ago. Frances, it was just after you went down to Illinois. They must have trapped and speared two thousand animals. If they'd made any use of them, if they'd only so much as saved the tongues! But the very next winter, over west of Fort Kinlay, half that band starved to death!"

Frances, who knew his moods so well, knew he was thinking of his own unprotected herds and was fearful of what might happen in his absence. If Bull Back-fat turned those Indians against their white Tyee, there would be carnage worse than this on the shore of White Wolf Lake.

HARL went on musingly: "I have to fight that same slaughter every year, Stanley. Each spring I go out with a bunch of men and round up about five hundred wild caribou, and turn them into my herd. Some ranchers in Alaska used to bring in a bigger per cent, but their herds got so wild that sometimes they'd pick up and hoof along with the migration, and the whole shooting-match would be lost. These wild ones, especially the males, are increasing the size and hardness of my herds a lot. But I hate to go out after them, for those Smokies kill five animals for every one they bring in. Frances has seen it."

Frances looked thoughtfully at the great windrow of horns. It stirred vague memories of her babyhood days in the camp of old Chief Winter Sun. Orgies of frenzied slaughtering, primitive feasts and animal dances, tepees where love was degraded even below the unthinking instinctive level of animals, starvation moons during the blind swirling Night of Winter Darkness—she had once witnessed a part of all that. And now she thought, with a fear which drowned all the beauty of that great lone land: "I'm going back there; I'm going into the North again."

At the rapids below the lake, Harl stood up for a moment to pick a course, then steered his canoe into the quickened current. The *saut* caught the light craft in its grip, drew it into the plunging waters, and fought with Harl to smash it against a boulder. But he held it, danced it away from dangers with powerful strokes, laughing with Frances when

the mist splashed them, till at last with a final lunge through blinding spray, the canoe shot out of the white water into the quiet below.

Turning, he watched the rogans come down the *saut* one by one, and saw old Winter Sun bring the light canoe through safely. Then he started the motor, and said: "You and I, Frances, we'll go on ahead now and pick a place to camp tonight."

Frances was sitting in the little blanketed niche he had made for her among the baggage. At her breast she had pinned a bouquet of moccasin flowers and crimson immortelles which he had picked for her on a wooded islet. She was looking past him; Harl knew that unthinkingly her eyes were upon the canoe which carried Stanley Clarke.

Harl was noticing such things now. . . .

They left the brigade out of sight and were alone, with a silence between them as the river swept them on and on into the North. Her face half-averted, Frances watched the spruce-clad shores where black bears gamboled in the berry thickets, and solitary caribou, frightened by the *chug-chug* canoe, went crashing out of sight, and the detestable carcajou, feeding on dead fish in the shallows, slunk across the rock *battures* and snarled at them from safe covert.

As Harl watched Frances, glancing away whenever she looked at him, he tried to build up the vision of himself going up the terrace slope at God's Mercie with her. And of standing with her, his wife, on some shepherd hill overlooking the White Wolf ranch and poppy valleys and Arctic plains that stretched to the limitless horizon. There heaven seemed a little nearer earth; there a man could lift his arms to the skies, and in that solitude feel himself a part of their immensity. If she was there, if only Frances was there, it seemed to him that the worst troubles which could threaten would be trivial. There would be joy in the sheer fighting of them, if she was with him.

NEAR sunset they came to a little lake, deep and blue, and fringed with tall graceful spruces. As he started out upon it, Harl handed Frances a bacon-rind troll and cut off the motor, saying: "There must be immense trout in a lake like this. You always were luckier than I at trolling. We'll catch one and plank it on a cedar slab for our supper."

Before Frances had paid out a hundred feet, something struck hard, and the heavy line sawed angrily through the water. Harl quickly leaned forward to her, took the cord in his hands and bade her, "Put on your gloves; it's a real one, Frances; you've got a fight on now," then gave her the line again.

They battled him—Harl paddling the canoe and keeping tangles out of the line—from the middle of the lake to the shallows, and back to the sixty-foot depths again, but they could not raise him.

Harl's arm was steadying Frances when she leaned over the gunwale; her face was flushed; in her excitement she had forgotten all, and was once more the girl he had known—the girl who used to go skating with him back into the innumerable waterways of the Great Barrens and had explored dim moccasin trails with him in the blue ranges at God's Mercie, and always looked to him for help when something proved too much for her.

She pleaded now: "Harl, you take him! I'll never, never land him! He's too big; I know he weighs a hundred pounds!"

But Harl laughed and would not; and Frances stuck to the fight till she was able to coax the trout from the bottom and draw him up, hand over hand, to the surface, where Harl slipped his fingers into the fish's gills and lifted him into the canoe.

"Twenty pounds! And there's bigger ones

yet in our lake down north. We'll go after them, Frances, won't we—evenings like this?"

"Oh, it'll be wonderful, Harl; it'll be wonderful there!"

A couple of minutes later Harl saw the light canoe glide out of the River, with the brigade close behind. When he turned to Frances again, she too had seen it. And Harl realized that the eager light had faded from her eyes; she no longer looked at him with the unthinking innocence, the old comradeship, of a few moments ago.

As Harl rose slowly and stepped back to his seat in the stern, he was aware that a spell had been broken; Frances, drawn maddeningly near to him for a few brief moments, had receded from him again.

Chapter Seven

A MILE below the lake the party camped for the night. The *métis* built "long fires"—the big sociable fires of evening, and roasted a lynx which one of them had shot that afternoon. Harl built his fire a little apart from them, where Frances would not need to hear the profanity and coarse jokes of these river men. This was a wedding trip, with a marriage to come at God's Mercie; and though, out of fear of Harl, the men made no direct allusions, yet they found it a subject for thinly veiled Rabelaisian jest.

The tent was for Frances; Harl and Stanley could spread their blankets together on the ground and sleep under the open stars.

For a little while after supper the three of them sat beside their fire talking of casual things. They were white people, alone, surrounded by a wall of hostility and facing the unknown together; and it drew them nearer to one another. It was there beside the supper fire that Stanley, with hesitant apology, offered to lend Harl money for a plane and for those other things his ranch badly needed. Harl deliberated a long time. Then: "I'll take that offer, Stanley. God knows I'm grateful. I just got through paying off a big debt, and—well, I'm broke; and a fellow's hands are tied when he's broke."

Stanley wondered: "If Harl *knew*, would he take this money from me? This means that he doesn't know—or won't let himself believe it."

Méti Paul did not mingle with the men at the fire, but kept disdainfully aloof from them. When Stanley and Harl spread their blankets, Stanley marked that old Winter Sun, with a deerskin drawn over his shoulders, was crouched against a tree not many steps away; and he knew the old Indian had been told to guard him throughout the night.

The next afternoon, forty miles down the river, Stanley took Frances into his canoe. He himself suggested it so that Harl and old Chief Winter Sun might go ahead to find a camp site. He had no foreboding of what was to spring from this act, though he knew that last night Frances had lain awake in her tent, and had cried. The redness about her eyes, which she could not quite bathe away, was proof of that.

With a fear gripping him, Harl started to object, but he was stopped by the thought that the decision should be hers. And a little breathlessly Frances had said yes to the suggestion.

To this extent—that he himself took Frances into his canoe—Stanley was responsible for what happened. When late in the afternoon, they stopped at a river-widening where *ephemeridæ* had come out in prodigious swarms and fallen into the water and washed up in windrows on the shore, the brigade passed; but, busy collecting specimens and photographing this incredible phenomenon, Stanley did not notice.

Frances tried for a while to help him with his work; then she sat down on the sun-warmed sand, her eyes upon Stanley.

As she watched him and for a little while could bar all other thoughts out of her mind, his presence brought her a strange peace. But her feelings toward him were confused and contrary with one another. She felt at times an awe of his formidable reputation and of his intellect that could open vistas and catch her into a cloud with him; yet his unfamiliarity with this savage wilderness country awoke a protecting, almost motherly attitude.

But she could not pity him as she did Harl. She knew that she could never feel for any other man, for any other human being, the pity and the comradeship and the whole-hearted admiration that she felt for Harl. Harl was loyal and utterly unselfish and clean: here in a country where "wilderness wives" were not unusual, he had kept his ideal at the highest. Above any person she had ever known, Harl was self-reliant, a fighter, a strong-hearted man—how strong, she had never realized until these last two years when she had met scores of others, not so much older than he, who had little purpose or drive evident in their lives, who had never earned money for themselves, who had protracted the nursery stage into manhood, who would have whimpered and shriveled in the face of what Harl daily encountered. To bring tragedy upon him seemed like a denial of all he stood for; it seemed like a yielding to weaker codes; it was an offense against God—not only the stern God of Bishop Barton's creed but the merciful Being of her own faith.

Her thoughts went on to what Harl would do if trail end at God's Mercie meant not marriage but catastrophe. He might go back alone to the White Wolf Hills, but not even he could ever stay there, live there with his dead hopes. His work would fall from his hands. He would leave it, would go away; he would wander, as she had seen trappers and Indians wander, in strange lands to kill a grief that never could be killed. And when Frances thought of Harl brought down to that, an anguish rose like a black flood over her; the tears sprang into her eyes and she cried: "I'll go through with it, I'll go through with it!"

But what would her marriage be like—with her heart a secret from her husband? In that lone land where he would be most of the world to her, how could she endure that double loneliness? How could she give herself to him and bear him children?

STANLEY was sorting his specimens into families and genera, putting into a separate jar those precious ones which were new to science and hereafter would bear his name.

He heard Frances say: "Stanley!"

He whirled, and saw that she had risen and come to the boulder beside which he knelt. She did not look up; she was crying.

Stanley's work suddenly dropped. "Frances! What's the matter?"

She asked him with naked earnestness: "Stanley, you must tell me: shall I go on through with this marriage? Is it right?"

"Right—right—" He repeated the word as though suddenly caught up by the realization that often the human battle is not in following the righteous path but in knowing what the right is. "Right for whom, Frances? For Harl—yes. I said we must not hurt him. You'd fight for him, wouldn't you, Frances? So would I—because he is what he is."

He wanted time to think. He believed that before they came to God's Mercie, he would see all this more clearly.

He led her to the canoe; and arranging the blankets, he said: "Haden't you better catch a little rest? I'll get in to camp. Not even I can miss the way, for the river will take us there."



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Strauss Portrait

SAM HELLMAN



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At first, when they started on, she fought against resting, but little by little, as he watched her, she unconsciously slipped down in the blanketed niche. Stanley wondered what the last two nights must have been to her.

Though the sun had set long since, he did not attempt to hurry. The river, swelled to a respectable stream, was sweeping him along at a swift pace. The woods gradually darkened till the trees were a shadowy blue; and wolves that nightly ran the peak-line of those distant pine hills began their weird, lonesome howling. Great white owls on soft wing flew over the drifting canoe, or swooped out of the spruce shadows at the families of young rabbits playing on the sand.

Motionless, Stanley sat looking at Frances asleep. Her jacket was loosened at her throat, her hair a little disheveled by the long day's travel, her small laced boots muddled by the half-dozen portages since morning. Her left arm lay upon the gunwale, and he noticed that she was not wearing her engagement ring; he remembered that last night at the fire she had given it to Harl and asked him to keep it safe for her. The sorority emblem pinned below her breast was a pathetic little token of her brief glimpse of happiness, of freedom.

Stanley realized vaguely, like a half-heard whisper, that he ought to hurry: camp was already made; Harl would wonder.

CLOSE to the overhanging trees he drifted at last around a great bend. Not far ahead he saw fires on the shore opposite, and saw dark figures walking in silhouette in front of the red flames. Not realizing at once that this was the night camp of the brigade, he made no effort to guide the canoe, but drifted along with the current. On ahead he heard a muffled swelling sound that rose and fell with the light breeze. That too meant nothing to him. . . . The moon was white on Frances' face, and its sheen was tangled in her black hair. . . .

The camp-fires at last roused him. He dipped paddle. It was then he became aware of the quickening current and its tug along the sides of the canoe. Startled, he sat up straighter—suddenly alive now to the silent, powerful rush of the water. It was the Maid Marion rapids—he was being drawn into them! He was below the *décharge* now.

Kneeling, he swung the canoe around till it pointed upstream; and working desperately, tried to drive it back out of the rushing current.

In a few moments he snatched a glance at the camp-fires ashore, and saw by them that he had not won a yard. He was powerless against the silent might of the river. He could do no more than hold where he was; and that could not last. Inch by inch he would be swept down.

In a flash of memory he recalled how at the noon stop Harl had spoken of Maid Marion; of its narrowed chute where the cramped waters poured down through at a dizzy speed; of the terror it inspired in newcomers who did not know that the channel was deep and boulder-free—fearsome to look at but comparatively easy to run. With that merciful recollection came decision:

"I've got to go through it now. I'll take her through it."

He whirled the canoe around savagely and headed it straight for the middle of the channel. With the trees ashore flitting swiftly past the red camp-fires, it darted toward a line of white water. A tiny jolt, a sheet of dashing spray, and it was into the rushing, foaming rapids, whirling helplessly down through the *saut*. Stanley crept forward, and found Frances' hand and his clasp tightened upon hers so that if she woke she would not start up in fright and imperil herself. He was less aware of the roaring waters and the mighty, irresistible river that

held them, than of the warm hand in his, her white face, her maddening loveliness.

IT was after sundown and Harl wondered why Stanley and Frances did not come. When the brigade arrived at beginning twilight, he spoke to the Indian, Going-to-Bear, and learned that the canoe had been beached at a river-widening nine miles upstream.

He explained: "Stanley was collecting. They'll be coming any time now." But now it was night. Perhaps some accident had happened; perhaps Stanley had snagged the frail canoe on a riffle.

Harl decided to go in search of them. As he stepped down to the water edge and started to launch his motor canoe, Méti Paul appeared. Remembering Harl's dangerous anger against him at the overfalls, the 'breed was most circumspect.

"Is Tye Harl going to look for those who are not here?"

"Yes. What about it?"

"Then he should search not *up* the river but down—below the *saut*."

"Why?" Harl demanded sharply.

"Perhaps—" Méti Paul made a show of reluctance—"perhaps it was but a mistake of my eyes. Yes, certainly—I but thought I saw it." And he started to walk away.

Harl stopped him. "What did you see? If you've got something to say, coyote, say it!"

"Since the Tye compels me to. . . . A short moment ago I was standing on the rock point yonder. Out on the water I saw a dark, long shadow. It was a canoe, and it carried two. Or perhaps."—Méti Paul mouthed the words as though testing malicious satisfaction in them,—"perhaps it was only one; in the failing light their figures, if Tye Harl will pardon, were much blurred together. One was lying as if asleep."

HARL started as though a club had struck him. For several seconds he gazed out upon the dark water. Had they intentionally delayed, alone on the twilight river, and spun out their hour together? Was this a willful and deliberate tryst?

He shook himself like one recovering from a daze, and slowly turned to Méti Paul. "Get back to camp. If you tell the rest of the brigade a word about this, I'll twist you around a tree. Remember that!"

When the 'breed left, he started down the river bank, following the game trail through the buckbrush and pines and little open glades of silver moonlight.

It seemed to Harl that an abyss had opened under his feet. For him the dark woods, the river, the moon and starlight did not exist; he was stumbling through a blackness, gripped with cold, agonizing fear.

Not very far below the camp Harl heard them coming up the path; and in spite of all, when he recognized Frances' voice, his heart leaped to know beyond shadow of doubt that she had come safely through the rapids. He thought: "They were caught, they were dragged down; *she* must have taken the canoe through!" How many were the times he had taken her through it in those former days!

Harl could not believe that she had forgotten those years together. Desperately he was holding to the belief that at most she merely liked Stanley and was drawn to him by his reputation and his quiet, honest character. But Stanley loved her; of that Harl no longer had doubt.

He stepped out into a splash of moonlight to meet them; and when they came up, exclaiming his name, he made effort to say quietly:

"One of the Indians saw you go through the *saut*. I was afraid—I hurried down—I'm glad—"

He stopped. Neither Stanley nor Frances answered, or explained why they had de-

layed till dark and then had been caught in the rapids.

The silence was intolerable.

Harl tried to gloss over the situation. "It must have got late on you when you were collecting. The *saut* doesn't make much noise; in the dusk that way it's easy to get caught and pulled down."

Stanley said: "Yes. It was my fault. I delayed upstream collecting, and then I was caught."

With nothing more spoken they went back to camp.

Stanley ate little of the trout and bacon and bread which Harl had ready. Shortly after supper, he spread his blankets a rod away, but he could not sleep. Frances and Harl talked for a quarter-hour; he could hear Harl's quiet, deep tones and the softer murmur of Frances' voice. They seemed to be talking of casual things; he heard them mention Fort Kinlay, and one brief remark about an insurance company. Then Harl at last took her to the tent and bade her good-night and came back to the fire.

Alone, with a dead pipe in his teeth, he sat staring into the handful of dying coals.

Chapter Eight

FORT KINLAY was all aquiver. At the break-up weeks ago, word of the dance had gone out by moccasin telegraph. Everything was ready now; the fight-water was safely locked up; the crowd had come in from the wilderness highways; faded flags and bunting flew everywhere; two caribou and a whole assortment of lesser game had been barbecued; and the little brass bastion cannon, which started this yearly festival off with a bang, was stuffed with a half-foot wad of black powder and merely waited for the match.

"Lucky" Avery, with his wife Bess, had flown here for the dance. Their biplane, glistening in the afternoon sun, rode at anchor a couple of rods off the boat landing. From up and down the river a dozen *méti* families had arrived in their large birchbark canoes. The *métisse* girls, dark-eyed, dusky-olive of skin, and born coquettes, were strikingly pretty in their saucy calico prints and bright woolen fascinators. Trappers with their winter tucks of fur had come from the trackless wilds that were their home. Nine months of utter loneliness had nearly driven them to "shaking hands with the willows."

Gathered in little sociable knots of three and four, they were "talking muskrat"—discussing fur prices, trapping conditions, new territory. Indian babies, laced up in moss bags like cocoons, looked out with wide questioning eyes upon the world they had just come into. Indian men, with thin legs and bare thighs and horsetail hair, had arrived in their bravest of hawk and eagle feathers, wolf ears, bear claws and teeth; and their dusky wives in their finest of quill embroidery and weasel tails and the bright-green scalps of mallard ducks.

But through the excitement ran a tremble of uneasiness. Bull Back-fat and his band of ten Antler-Hare bucks had come. Their five small leather canoes lay upturned on the landing. They had brought no women with them. Their gaunt starved huskies, dogs with so much of the wolf in them that they never barked, sneaked about the post like slinking wolves; and mothers kept anxious eyes upon their babies. The Antler-Hare bucks, grinning at being the cause of uneasiness, stalked about insolently, each carrying a knife and a fine repeating rifle, though the latter weapons were uncared for and pitted with rust.

The *méti* men, fathers of the pretty *métisse* girls, scowled and muttered oaths whenever Bull Back-fat's glance rested too long upon one of their daughters. For the most evil part of the sub-chief's evil reputation con-

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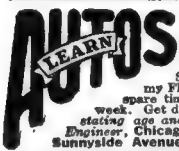
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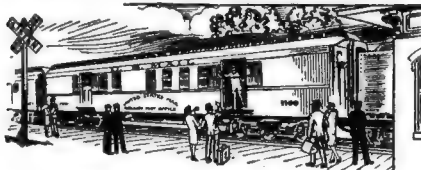
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cerned his doings with women. And those who knew of his crazed infatuation for the white girl, Frances Barton, prayed that Tyee Harl's brigade would not come till the dance was over; till Bull Back-fat and his party had gone back to their retreat in the Great Barrens.

Very tall for a Tinnah Indian, Bull Back-fat was muscular and powerful, but slightly obese from heavy meat-eating. At his belt, beside knife and copper tomahawk, he carried a "squaw-club"—a brutal emblem of his authority over the women of his tepee. His eyes were small and watery; his hair plentifully smeared with bear-grease; and his flat Mongolian nose had been smashed still flatter by the blow of an Eskimo's caribou-spear up near Roes Welcome.

Bull Back-fat had a sneering contempt for the Law. He had once run squarely afoul of it, but that incident was the very reason for his contempt. Over Fullerton way four years ago, he had lain one day in a willow thicket and watched till a *méti* free-trader started off on a trip, leaving his young wife alone at the cabin. . . . Sergeant English tracked the Indian down, caught him, took him out to a court and secured conviction for the cowardly outrage.

The case was of a sort to attract a good deal of attention. A Winnipeg reporter, visiting the prisoner, wrote up a sensational "heart-interest" story about the poor defenseless Indian, crushed by the pitiless juggernaut of the law, dying of loneliness for his native woods, suffering a thousand deaths in his bleak cell.

Immediately the sob-sisters, who had followed the case with avidity, got busy. Encountering resistance on the part of officials, they organized, formed an association for the "poor Indian's" release, elected officers, collected funds, employed lawyers, and laid siege to the authorities. And in the end they won. Bull Back-fat was paroled. Under the circumstances it was exactly the same as being freed. And not content with their good work, they made up a thousand dollars hat money to atone for his suffering and to start him out in life anew.

Bull Back-fat lost the thousand dollars learning to play a game called poker with a shady mining promoter at the Pas; but in his ignorant brutal brain the idea flourished that the Law was a joke. You didn't pay for a crime, as the Yellow-striped horsemen-without-horses were always warning. *You got paid for it.*

When Sergeant English heard of this, he tried to buy out of service on the spot. Refused, he swore: "By God, I wont take him in any more—if I ever go after him a second time, he'll accidentally become shot! As sure as this fist, sir, he'll bust out that same way again, and I know and Harl Armstrong knows what's in his mind. A hell of a lot of good it'll do to catch him and punish him—*afterwards!*"

WHILE Harl's brigade with the two canoes in front was sweeping in toward the landing, Stanley happened to observe that eight or ten of the Indians stood a little to themselves and took no part in the hearty welcome. And he noticed, too, that though all the others had put their weapons aside, these carried rifles in their arms.

Indicating them he called softly: "Harl, who are they?"

Harl swerved his canoe alongside Stanley's. "They're my particular friends—the Antler-Hare bucks I've been telling you about. And that big lordly male is Bull Back-fat." Harl added scornfully: "He's put on a lot of weight and cockiness, I notice; you ought to have seen him last February, Stanley, when he came dragging into the ranch for grub! It was his camp, three winters ago, where the women and children starved and the men all came through in good shape."

Stanley stared at the group uneasily.

Hearing about them from Harl was a different matter from meeting them face-to-face. They had been a shadowy danger before; now they stood there in front of him on the landing, with rifles in the crook of their arms.

In his pocket he felt of the automatic Harl had given him. But Harl, to his surprise, was not only unconcerned about the Indians but plainly relieved at seeing them. He remarked to Frances:

"If they're here at Fort Kinlay, they can't be down at my ranch! That's what I was afraid of, Frances—that they'd destroy everything down there while I was gone." He explained to Stanley: "You see, Bull Back-fat wants me out of the country complete. Most of the White Wolf Smokies call me their Tyee; he can't stand that—he wants to be the big Tyee himself. And then he holds personal grudges against me. He's one of these people who've got to have an enemy or they'll bust."

Stanley asked: "Why do you suppose he came here to Fort Kinlay, Harl?"

Harl eyed the group. "I can't say for sure. I don't believe he knows himself. It's the way with these Smokies—they never plan two inches ahead of their nose, but just drift along. But I can say this: you don't need to be uneasy about him and his bucks and their rifles. You'll find out they're a pack of lousy cowards."

AVERY was at the landing, talking to a *méti* and to Factor Lafe Hubbell, a jovial, rotund man of fifty. Harl jumped out upon the planking and helped Frances out, then introduced Stanley to Hubbell and to the *méti* Radisson St. Cyr, who lived at Fort Kinlay and was Hubbell's trusted assistant.

Standing a little distance up the slope, Bull Back-fat was staring fixedly at Frances. She turned so that he could not see her face. Harl paid no attention whatsoever to him. Stanley was beginning to realize how thoroughly Harl despised the Indian and how little he feared his personal hostility.

It infuriated Bull Back-fat to be so completely ignored in full view of everyone. He knew his men believed him afraid of Tyee Harl. He wanted to show them he wasn't, and he cast around for an occasion.

Bess Avery, busy decorating the trading store for the dance, had heard the noisy welcome; and coming to the door, saw the group there on the landing. She called to Frances and waved excitedly, and came running down the slope.

Deliberately Bull Back-fat moved over and planted himself on the narrow stone walk. It squarely blocked her way, unless she stepped off into the mud and went around.

A little above him Bess stopped, scared, not knowing what he meant. Avery fidgeted uneasily, glanced at the armed Indians, swallowed hard and made no move.

A slow color spread over Harl's face. He called sharply: "Bess, don't go around. Stay where you are."

Frances grasped Harl's arm, whispering: "Harl, don't! Don't make things worse than they are now!" But Harl shook her hand away, and started up the slope.

Stanley glanced around at the others, frightened, his heart thumping. No one moved; Harl was going up alone. With only a moment's hesitation Stanley gripped the automatic in his pocket and started up behind him.

Harl stopped face-to-face with the sub-chief. He snapped: "You stepped on that walk out of pure devilment. You wont force a white girl out into the mud. Get off or I'll knock you off."

Bull Back-fat shrank back from him; he had not bargained for a fight with Tyee Harl. It was more from fear than anything else that his hand dropped to his knife. Harl's fist shot out—a short, lightning blow—and

staggered him. The knife dropped with a clatter on the stones.

Somebody yelled: "Harl! Watch out! Watch them bucks of his!"

Stanley was watching them. He heard a *cli-ick* of rifle bolts shoved home and triggers being cocked. Snarling, muttering, the Indians were trying to work up nerve to shoot Harl. A little dazed, Stanley drew his automatic and slipped the trigger safety.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Harl swing a long terrific blow to the Indian's jaw. It sounded like the crack of a board against a building. Bull Back-fat pitched sideways off the walk, knocked completely cold.

A breathless silence fell over the whole crowd. Stanley was trembling. "Good Lord, with those repeating rifles they could shoot us all down!" Not knowing exactly what to do, he took a couple of steps forward and menaced the Antler-Hares with the automatic. "Put up your guns. Get out of here!"

To his own surprise they started backing away from him.

Now that Harl had made it possible for her to come on down the steps, Bess whirled and fled back up. With Harl's laugh the tension broke.

He called: "Stanley, let's let it drop. They don't want a fight; they were just being ornery. Let's go." As the two of them stepped down to the landing together, he said: "I'm much obliged, Stanley. I don't think they'd have rushed me, but just the same—"

Bull Back-fat finally got up. All the fight had been knocked out of him; sidling off toward his men, he kept twisting around, looking—afraid that Tyee Harl might follow.

Radisson St. Cyr touched his hat courteously to Frances and said something to her in French. Then he took the little bag of her personal effects, and they went up the steps. The rogans had pulled in alongside the tiny quay; under Méti Paul's direction the 'breeds began carrying the supplies up to the storeroom where they would be safe till the brigade left. The four white men were alone at the end of the wharf.

HARL asked, with anxiety he could not conceal: "Avery, did you happen to fly past my ranch on your way down? Did you happen to notice how things—"

"Everything is jake-o-loo, Harl. Bess and I swung over past on purpose. Thought I'd meet you here. That Lapp, Skuli, had brought the herds in close to the ranch house; they were grazing all up and down along the lake."

Harl drew a deep breath. "Thank heaven for that!" He changed the subject. "Say, Hubbell, what's the idea of Bull Back-fat being here—if he has any idea?"

"As near as anything, I guess he counted on running onto you here."

"Well, he did. But what then?"

"Well, he was pounding his chest this morning and giving out that he intended to keep you from going on down north to your ranch."

"Oh, he thinks that! He's going to stop me." Harl laughed shortly. "And Stanley backed off all ten of them with a belt-gun! How does he figure on stopping us?"

"I can't say. But lookee, Harl, it aint any funny matter. Y' noticed they didn't bring their women along. When they don't take women with 'em, to tote their things and cook and like that, it means they want to travel light and swift. They's always something up-wind when a bunch of Smokies don't take their women. You know that as well as I do."

Avery spoke up. "Harl, I think he came here with the intention of staging a show-down. You've said yourself there's a show-down coming. And what you did to him just now wont help things any."



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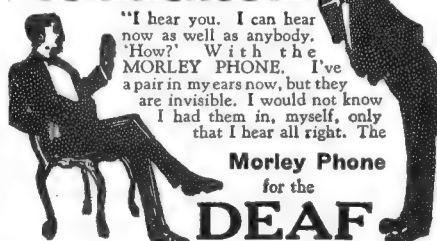
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"That's all true," Harl admitted. "But it's also true that Stanley could have backed the whole lot of them into the river a minute ago. They've got intentions, all right, but not the nerve to carry 'em through. If I didn't believe that, I wouldn't expose Frances to danger."

He lit a pipe, as though dismissing the warning, and said: "Stanley, let's go up and pitch our tent. Frances is staying with Mrs. St. Cyr. We probably won't sleep much to-night, but the tent will be a place to hang our hats."

Going up the steps Stanley asked: "Harl, you know these Indians better than Avery or Hubbell do. If you say they won't attack the brigade, I'll quit worrying about it."

"They won't attack it, Stanley. There's no danger—"

"But I don't mean to the brigade. I mean—"

"Yes, I know what you mean, Stanley. But no danger of that. If I wasn't sure, dead sure, I wouldn't take any chances. God, I wouldn't dare! Not with her."

But Stanley could not quit worrying. He thought again, "Harl may be blind to danger." And he remembered with a shudder the sub-chief's intent, burning stare at Frances down on the landing.

Chapter Nine

WHILE Stanley and Harl were pitching their tent, the scientist noticed a big flower-garden behind the St. Cyr cabin; and he thought, "I ought to find a good collection of the blossom insects there." When he finished helping Harl, he started over toward the storeroom to get cyanide jars and his nets.

The afternoon was very warm and so still that yonder in the woods even the leaves of the trembling aspens were not quaking. The sultry quiet meant rain or a thunder-storm before many hours. A dead hush, a waiting expectancy, was in the air.

Far away north a range of blue-misty hills stood up, low and hardly visible. There, Harl had said, was located the mission post of God's Mercie. In actual sight now—the place where Harl and Frances had planned to be married! Stanley stopped for a moment; and as he gazed down north at those blue hills rolling back from the ancient peneplain of the river, a fear shook him. That blue cleft where the river flowed was like a gateway to the Arctic plains on beyond; a portal through which he and Frances and Harl must pass, and where the momentous hour between the three of them could no longer be averted. And Stanley dreaded that hour. Sometimes it seemed to him that the plans and intimacy and comradeship of years between Frances and Harl were like a slow, powerful stream that would flow on to its goal irresistibly, and that neither he nor they could stop it now.

In the storeroom he found Méti Paul checking the freight. The 'breed did not offer to help him look for his things, but pulled out a long dirk-like knife and began sharpening a pencil. Searching through the packs for what he wanted, Stanley felt those narrowed eyes boring into him and he knew what use the 'breed would like to make of that knife.

As he straightened up with his things, Méti Paul spoke to him slowly in French.

"Will M'sieur look yonder?" Through the open door he pointed out along the slope. "Is that not a picture that is blessed in the eyes of le bon Dieu?"

Frances and Harl were going up toward the flower-garden. Perched in state on Harl's shoulder was a little tot whom Stanley had noticed at the St. Cyr cabin—a tiny girl not much more than two years old. With black curls and big black eyes and wistful little patrician face, she looked different from the

usual half-breed child; Stanley thought that the white ancestral strain must have come to the fore in her. She had lispingly confided to him that she could count to five and her name was Françoise and Tyee Harl had promised to bring her *une poupée* that would cry.

Méti Paul continued in his bland, purring tones: "*La p'tite*, she was named after Mam'selle Frances. She was born when Radisson St. Cyr and his *femme* were down north on some trip. That was just before Mam'selle Frances went out to *Les Etats*. And does M'sieur see how proudly Tyee Harl carries *la p'tite*?"

Stanley wondered what on earth the 'breed could be driving at. That veiled language again, hinting at something dark; vague words that could not be used against him, yet would make their sinister effect.

Curious, he led the 'breed on: "Yes, I've noticed. Both of them seem much engrossed with the child."

"Comment! It may be that now they will take the child with them to their home in the White Wolf Hills. Has M'sieur noticed how—by accident, to be sure!—*la p'tite* has the great resemblance to Mam'selle Frances?"

Stanley drew back his fist to strike the 'breed. But Méti Paul jerked away from him.

"Damn you!" Stanley cried. "I ought to shoot you. You're not fit to walk in the sunshine. You lied to Harl about her and me, and now you try to make me think the less of Harl and her—by a lie like that!"

"A lie?" Méti Paul was all astonishment. "What lie, M'sieur? What does this sudden anger mean? I cannot comprehend."

Méti Paul was whetting his knife on the palm of his hand, and the pantomime was not lost on Stanley. It was another warning to stand clear of Frances, a hideous threat against his life, if he didn't.

He thought: "I've got to tell Harl. This 'breed won't lose time now. He'll try to carry out that threat, and he'll do it tonight."

AMONG the wild-flowers, so tall and riotous that one could hide behind them, Harl was cutting a bouquet for Frances to wear that night at the dance, and she was arranging the blossoms as he gave them to her. With little Françoise St. Cyr, Harl had shot square; the tot was hugging a *poupée* that would cry, and Frances had made for it the tiniest little corsage of dainty Arctic primulas.

The St. Cyr cabin, neat and cozy inside, with flowers all around it and even a plot of mignonettes and fairy trumpets on its sod roof, was a most agreeable change, Harl thought, from the usual bleak *méti* shack with piles of bones behind it where the men in winter time flensed the animals they brought back from the fur path. This flower garden and his hour here with Frances represented a side to life which Harl had had little time to know. But he was hungry for it, with the hunger of a man who has lived against raw reality. This was so sunlit, so alien to the usual with him, that it hardly seemed actual.

A pair of crested flycatchers, very arrogant and pugnacious toward Wheeskejaun the moose-bird, and toward that black-and-white pirate the butcher-bird, were darting out above the garden to snap up insects in their clicking bills. Near at hand a fox-sparrow sang his rich, clear notes. Over by the woods edge some bird which neither Harl nor Frances could name was sending up a song like a shower of silver sparks. Not much else disturbed the afternoon. A brooding quiet, imminent of a storm, hung over the clearing and pine woods and majestic river.

Bess Avery, carrying empty vases for flowers, broke in upon them. Bess was hostess of the dance that night, Lafe Hubbell being unmarried; and she was getting a kick out of this affair, for it was along her

line. Formerly she had done a song-and-dance on a small circuit, but had failed to make the grade into big-time vaudeville, and Lucky had met and married her one day in a haste which neither of them had yet repented.

She burst upon Harl and Frances: "Good night! Where have you two been? Hearts and flowers—leaving me in the soup to get everything ready for the tum-deedle-tum-tum tonight! I'm sunk. If I had an onion I'd cry. Harl, you've got to arrange those trading counters for me. Frank, I thought you were going to help with these bouquets."

HARL and Frances exchanged glances. Ordinarily they liked Bess' company, her gayety and back-stage chatter. But now it jarred on them.

In mutual understanding they tried to freeze her out. Bess refused to be frozen. She made Harl hold the vases and gave Frances a pair of scissors. They set to work as the quickest and most polite way of being to themselves again. In a few moments Bess had forgotten the importance of the bouquets.

She volunteered: "Harl, I tried to flirt with your friend. I ogled him something outrageous. Is he an iceberg or don't he know how? Thirty years old and never—sweet spirits of niter! It's time he's learning!"

It was a relief when Stanley came. Bess looked curiously at his jars and nets, and asked: "What are those for?"

"To catch bugs and put them in," Stanley explained.

"Is that your idea of taking a vacation? Good night, why don't you fish or hunt?"

"Why, that's my profession, Mrs. Avery."

Bess whistled. "Putting bugs in jars—a profession! Where's my hat?" And instantly Bess fluttered to something else. "Harl, if you want arrange those counters, I'll get Bull Back-fat to do it. You three don't seem to take a bit of interest in this dance." She slapped her ankle, and sprang up. "These mosquitoes aren't insects; they're animals! They sit around and bark at a person, and they hunt in packs! I'm going."

Harl obediently went with her. Stanley set up an extra net for him if he returned, and gave one to Frances, remarking, as he glanced about at the flowers with sharp, expert eyes: "We'll discover something new today. Let's work on the *hymenoptera*, Frances; you know them, I suppose."

Frances was dismayed. Stanley expected her, just because she had taken courses in entomology, to know something. For a moment she experienced that awe of a world-famous scientist which she had felt when Conductor Waterby introduced her to Dr. Stanley Clarke, of the Fielding Institute.

She unwound the mosquito veil from her hat, and with twigs she made a little tent of it over Françoise St. Cyr's face. Then she took up the net.

For a while, Stanley kept his mind on his collecting; but Méti Paul's warning, the ugly pantomime of the knife, was repeatedly thrusting itself into his thoughts.

He asked: "Frances, do you remember what we said about Méti Paul at Lac Cœur d'Or? Did you ever ask Harl why he employs that 'breed'?"

"No, I haven't yet."

"It's something strange. Harl knows—as well as you or I do, and probably better—that kind of a man he is."

"Has he threatened you, Stanley?"

"Yes," Stanley admitted. A moment later he was sorry for the words; anxiety and a sudden, passionate fear for him sprang into her eyes. She cried:

"Stanley, you've got to tell Harl. If you're in danger, he'll—he'll—"

Stanley winced. "Harl will protect you"—that was what she meant to say. And it bit the worse for being truth.

He shook his head. "Harl has troubles

enough. Besides, there's no danger from him now. He won't attempt anything unless—" Stanley stopped; he could not say openly: "Unless you break your engagement to Harl."

In a moment he added: "I can't understand it, Frances. Méti Paul hates him. And yet he's fighting for him. There's something back of it that we know nothing about. Harl won't tell me; I've hinted at it a couple of times, and he wouldn't say a word. I thought that perhaps you could help explain it."

"But I can't, Stanley. What you've just now told me—you know more about it than I do."

Stanley thought: "She's known Harl intimately for five years, but this matter is dark to her; he's kept it from her."

A little later, alone at the lower end of the garden, Stanley heard Harl's voice, and then saw him, a rod down the slope, sitting on a rock. The St. Cyr children had caught him and cornered him on his way back from helping Bess. They stood around him like stair-steps; and listening, Stanley understood why they were so pop-eyed and absorbed. Harl was telling them about the exploits of a truly marvelous animal called the Hippogryanotterus, and they were swallowing it whole, as though every word that Tyee Harl said was gospel to them.

Stanley turned away with eyes misty. How any man, with those blue hills confronting him, with the chiefest thing in his life threatened, with that moment between the three of them so imminent now, could sit there on the slope and in good-humored patience spin stories for his little audience, passed understanding. How could one fight a man like that? Not once in the last two days had he alluded to the incident at Maid Marion rapids. It had brought no change in his friendliness. If only Harl were enemy to him! If only Harl were not so much a brother!

Stanley worded a fervent hope: "He will fight. He'll fight for her. When the moment comes, he'll fight with every power he's got."

The moment came—that night.

Chapter Ten

SHORTLY after midnight, when the dance was in fullest swing, Stanley was sitting in a corner of the trading room.

In the center of the room nearly a score of couples were dancing—after various fashions. Around the wall stood old beldames with shawls over their heads, old men gnarled and wizened, and those too young to dance. Factor Hubbell had already distributed his favors—a sack of gumdrops and a most miraculous fruit, an orange, to each child; a strip of calico print to each of the women; to the men a carrot of *stemmo* that could be either chewed or smoked. The air was thick with a genial tobacco haze and permeated with the old odor of peltry, musky but agreeable when one got used to it.

Grub-pails, trade-goods and other things hung high on the log rafters out of reach of Indian fingers. Hubbell had remarked to Stanley: "'Y golly, never seen such burglars. They'll pull the nails out of a fellow's house with their teeth, some of 'em will, 'y golly.'"

At the side of the room a section of counter was heaped up with a feast, where anybody could help himself. There were ducks, geese and wovies, a roasted lynx, planked trout and a huge sturgeon, and two caribou, which, being out of season for white men, were referred to as "wild pony." The feasting had not started yet; the dance absorbed all interest; but, said Hubbell: "By daylight they'll all be eating themselves under the table, 'y golly!'" "Fiddling Johnson," a middle-aged trapper who played astonishingly well, furnished the music, though Radisson St. Cyr relieved him at times, and old Chief



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The dance seemed to flow along smoothly, but under the surface there were ugly dangers that Stanley did not fail to notice. All evening Méti Paul had been watching him—watching to see what would happen between him and Harl and Frances. Waiting—a crouched cat ready to spring. And Stanley knew that Harl, aware of the tautness, was keeping a sharp eye on the 'breed.

And Bull Back-fat was there. Earlier in the evening he had remained away in a sulk, but his bucks came in one by one, and after a while he joined them. Stanley marked that he was contemptuous of Indian girls and women; he wanted to dance only with *métis* girls. They were afraid to dance with him, and yet afraid not to. To a couple whom he was persecuting, Harl went up and spoke a few low words, and thereafter they took courage and refused the Indian. He had not offered to molest Frances; but Stanley saw how his hungry glance followed her about the floor. "There'll be an accounting," Stanley thought, "between him and Harl." And he prayed to be with Harl then.

IF Bess Avery was hostess of this affair, Factor Lafe Hubbell was the incarnation of its jollier side. Hubbell was a man who took life like the weather, as it came, good or bad, with no attempt to remold it nearer to the heart's desire. He was old King Cole personified, "with pipe and bowl and fiddlers three." Being somewhat short of wind, he had to rest every other round—to his intense chagrin. Sitting on a barrel at the edge of the floor, he would clap his hands and stamp his foot to emphasize the beat, and call "Hip-hip!" at the exciting moments; and his hearty, booming:

"Hawk flies out and birdie flies in—
Swing to the left and come in ag'in!"

shook the rafters of the trading room. When the Indian dogs assembled outside the door and started to howl, he would sally out and scatter them with thunderous language. The finishing touch, to him, was the garland of flowers which Bess had tossed around his neck. Watching him swing the girls about, Stanley thought of the *Falstaff* lines:

"All flesh is frail;
The more flesh, the more frailty."

Hubbell was a very stout man.

There was no drunkenness or even signs of it in the crowd. Hubbell had opened a big keg of mild spruce beer for the Indians and *métis*. "Better than nothing, 'y golly; it'll keep 'em contented. Got to give 'em something, 'y golly, or they'll trade with the Frères next winter." Privately he had laced a small *caque* of beer with high-proof whisky for those men whom he could depend upon not to get drunk.

A trapper with stentorian voice called the names of dances—"The Gent's Chance," "The Kiss," "Colonel By of Bytown." But the names seemed to make little difference with the dancers, and the measure of the music made still less. Most of them knew only one step, a sort of sliding shuffle; and whether Johnson was playing "The Cincinnati Hornpipe," "Old Zip Coon," or "Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself," or whether he lowered his strings for the time-honored "Red River Jig," they used their shuffle just the same.

Harl kept order with a stern hand. In such a gathering it was natural for quick-flaring jealousies to spring up between the young hot-bloods. "Come outside, you; just come outside, and I'll show you how to butt in—" Whenever two men started edging toward the door, Harl stepped up to them. "If you two go outside, you don't come back in here." An incipient fight was nipped, and invariably he had them laughing again in a minute.

Stanley could look within himself and know what a strain Harl was under. He was amazed that the man could be such a tower of strength to others. But there was a limit to what Harl could endure; Stanley noticed that he had grown a little impatient, a little feverish, as the dance wore on.

With Frances in mind, Stanley was thinking fearfully: "If Harl ever snaps—"

Frances had danced with Harl several times that evening, but not once with Stanley. She had shunned his presence as completely as formerly she had trusted and confided in him. He could not understand. He had no conception of what passed in her heart.

EVERY, who had been working on Hubbell's new radio set, had just got the instrument in a receptive mood; and now, during a lull between numbers, was tuning in on a Winnipeg station. After much squealing and whistling, he caught a dance piece fairly clear.

With grateful relief Johnson laid down his fiddle. The *métis* and Indians, some of whom had been drawn a hundred miles by the rumor of the strange thing Hubbell was buying, gathered around the speaker. For a little while they were spellbound by the white man's magical contraption which could pick music and human voices out of the air as easily as their *shamans* could summon familiar spirits and drive out devils. But then the irresistible jazz lilt got into their blood and made their feet start moving; and presently they were on the floor again, dancing with quickened step, with gayer abandon.

Frances was free now. Harl went up to her. She nodded to the question of his eyes, and he took her in his arms; and stepping out upon the floor, they mingled with the other couples.

Harl said softly: "Frances, look up—at me—"

Frances looked up at him, her black eyes a little wider. "What, Harl?"

"I just wanted you. . . . I didn't want you to be so far away."

"I wasn't far away, Harl. I was thinking. . . . Do you remember four years ago how you talked and talked with Dad Barton before he'd let me come down here to a dance? That was my first one."

Harl remembered, of that evening four years ago, how formal and physically aloof Frances had been when she danced with him—as though Missionary Barton had been present, gently disapproving. He could not imagine "Dad Barton" permitting her to study classical dancing at the university; rhythm of motion, beauty of body, were pagan things in the credo of the missionary. Frances was different now, Harl thought; her years Outside had given her a poise and a freedom of mind and a broader perspective of what was right and wrong.

She did not try to hold herself away now. Harl thought: "She dances better than Bess Avery does. Bess tries to lead; she forgets a girl's part." And he thought that Frances' compliance was more than training; it was something of an index to her gracious, quiet nature.

Harl noticed how Méti Paul kept watching the corner where Stanley sat. He could not understand the 'breed's sinister hostility for Stanley.

It seemed strange to Harl—dancing to music being played in a city hundreds of miles away. As he looked down at Frances' dreamy lashes and black hair and felt the sway of her body, he said: "I'll get a good radio the first thing I do. We'll dance to it. We won't feel so all out of the world." He used the word "we" from habit—the habit of years; it came unconsciously to his lips, though his heart was heavy with doubt and misgiving.

Harl recollected Stanley's offer of money. As he and Frances passed near the corner where Stanley sat, and the latter nodded to them, Harl thought: "He ought to consider

me his worst enemy on earth. Yet he offered me ten thousand dollars, and this afternoon he was the only one that would draw a gun and back me up!"

The radio music stopped; a voice was calling, "Good-night—good-night, everybody." As Johnson picked up his violin, strumming the strings to tune them, Stanley came out to Frances and Harl.

The three started talking—all unconscious that their moment was upon them now.

The violin began a wistful, lilting song of the North Woods:

*C'est la belle Françoise,
Blanc, blanc loup-marin,
Qui veut s'y marier—*

Then the caller announced the name of the dance. No one—Avery or Hubbell or Bess—no one save Méti Paul, sharp-eyed, watching with sinister gaze, realized that it precipitated the crisis. It meant nothing, that name—"The Lady's Choice;" it was only a harmless bit of fun thrown in, to make girls blushingly ask for partners. Time and again this evening it had been called—but never under these fatal circumstances. For Harl and Stanley both were before Frances now.

"The Lady's Choice!" All three of them started; they fell silent—a taut, quivering silence. Stanley felt his pulses pounding. Something suddenly had happened to Frances; she had come, unexpectedly, to the end of her strength.

"The Lady's Choice!" They all seemed to be looking at her; now, indeed, with eyes drawn by the quick appreciation of a crisis come to the contest of two men for one woman, they all gazed upon her; and the moment became charged with a significance.

Frances fought it; she was choosing, she would choose merely a partner for a dance; but already that was past. She was choosing between two men, both offering themselves.

Stanley stepped back; Harl stopped him. "Stanley, don't—you want to dance with her!"

Stanley halted and met Frances' eyes. "You want to dance with me?" he suddenly said.

She looked at Harl, and he looked at Harl. "You want to dance with him," Harl said; and it came to Stanley, in that flash, that Harl—if she did not choose him for this dance or for this life—did not intend to fight, that he would lift none of the crushing weapons in his power.

"I asked you before Stanley came, Frances," he said, almost in a whisper, and the words made it more a symbol of her choice for life, "but he's here—if you want to dance with him, I want you to."

"No; you're wrong, Harl!"

"I'm not wrong!" His hand dropped from her arm; the room and the dancers were suddenly a giddy whirl to him. He went through the whirl, away from her.

STANLEY, dancing with Frances, tried to tell himself it meant merely the dance; but his pulses were not deceived. She was his, or she might be his, this girl in his arms—this girl lithe and all alive one moment and, alternately, strangely dull and heavy. What so alternated within her? Thought of Harl and awareness of himself? When would this dance—this strange, reckless dance—end?

Méti Paul, at the edge of the floor, was standing silent, his eyes fixedly on Frances and Stanley, a twisted snarl on his lips. He stepped back and spoke to three of the Antler-Hare bucks; and presently, when he left, they followed him, one by one, into the darkness of the night.

Méti Paul, who believed in patience when it served his purpose, was convinced at last that waiting longer served no good end.

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MERMAID AND CENTAUR

(Continued from page 87)

seal's box there at the station, and a load of fish at the market, take Rip along and go on out the road the other side of town about ten mile and find a good home for Rip somewhere along there. Anybody'd be glad to have as fine a dog as that, but tell 'em they got to tie him up till he gets used to it. Make 'em promise to feed him good and treat him right, or—well—"

"I understand, boss," said Moe. "Anybody mistreats Rip's got to answer to me."

Jason took pains to be out of sight when Moe drove away with Rip, but he could hear the mournful howls till they died out in the distance—and after that.

He made an honest effort to do the thing handsomely, but when Zarna saw him again and asked why Rip had been so sad, he had to tell her. She saw in his eyes what it meant to him, and ran to him and kissed him, saying:

"It was awful sweet of you!"

That helped a lot, but still—Rip was a lot of dog to lose.

JASON did not ask Zarna to go over the farm again, and she was so busy unpacking and storing her trunks and installing Susanne in her new quarters under the window that she forgot to ask to go.

When Moe returned with Susanne's house, there was more ado about selecting the right place for it. Late in the afternoon Zarna took Susanne down to the pond for a swim and Jason went along. He had not mentioned the diving-board, and he hoped that Zarna would be surprised by it.

She was, and greatly touched by his thoughtfulness. He made a memorandum in his soul that it was a good idea to do little thoughtful things for women you loved, and that there was probably no other investment on earth where you got as much return for your outlay; but, like other great discoveries, this one was generally forgotten and had to be rediscovered at intervals.

Zarna declined Jason's invitation to try the diving-board. She was a little tired. She would be glad to forget swimming for a while. Susanne was having glorious fun pursuing fish, tossing them in the air, juggling them and letting them escape. She did not care for their odor and she did not think much of a fresh-water pond, but it was better than none.

As Jason watched her, admiring her in spite of himself, he heard a yip that sounded familiar, and whirled to see Rip dragging a gnawed piece of rope, leaping toward him in frantic haste. He ran to meet the limping, footsore, dusty, weary dog, and was covered with shame by the boundless affection Rip showed him in spite of a most disloyal smell of seal about him.

He knelt and hugged the dog and called him tender names until he heard a cry from Zarna. Susanne was cleaving the pond at a shark's speed, and coming ashore to finish that deferred battle.

Jason had to seize the rope and haul Rip away to the barn again and hide him from Susanne. Jason made far less noise than Rip, but he was no more pleased. He called Moe and abused him for failing to do as he was told. Moe insisted that he had found a good home for Rip and a distant one, and had tied the dog up himself.

"Take him back and fasten him this time with a chain or a stout wire," said Jason, and struck out for the farthest field in the hope that he might not hear the parting voice of Rip the twice-denied. But he heard it.

That night as he and Zarna sat with Rita in her room after supper, Jason kept putting out his hand to rub the kinky head that had always been at his knee. Missing it there, he kept leaning forward to find Rip on the floor at his feet gazing up in reverence.

Remorse and regret preyed on his heart, and he was lonely in spite of Zarna.

She seemed to realize this now and then, but her mind had its own reveries. This was the hour when Harry Querl would have been singing her praises to their public. Here she sat in a creaking rocking-chair, in a dim farmhouse, swapping commonplaces and yawns with a lone Reub and his sick sister. It was nice to be so cozy and all; but it was nice, too, to step out before the vast throng—she remembered only the big nights now, and forgot that business had ever been poor. It was nice to dive and be graceful and be applauded.

Her name would be in the paper no more, nor on the billboards, nor the programs. The huge banner that had her picture on it would not be swung tonight at all on the grounds. Zarna was dead: she had died in giving birth to Mrs. Millie Brafford.

Jason was barely visible next morning as he stole through the door and closed it after him softly. Zarna tried to submerge herself in oblivion again, but the sunbeams began to tickle her eyelashes and dazzle her eyelids, and she rose yawning to another day. It knocked her back into bed to realize that from her point of view there was no more reason for getting up than staying down. There would be three hundred and sixty-five just such days and nights, all alike except for the weather at the window and the look of the fields.

She heard Susanne threshing about in the cottage under the window, and when she had bathed and dressed and breakfasted with Rita, she took the seal down to the pond for a swim.

Then Jason appeared and shouted to Zarna, and she waved to him. As he began to stride toward her, he stopped and stared at the gate. Zarna looked the same way.

There stood Rip, so weary that as they gazed he fell down, his dusty tongue lolling out over his white teeth. When he saw Jason, he advanced toward him with deprecation and appeal. His mouth was bloody from vain gnawings at the chain he dragged, but the morsel of wood clinging to the staple proved that he had torn its fastenings loose by leaping at it all night long.

ZARNA'S heart went out to the poor beast that would not accept exile from his misguided master, and she saw that Jason was overcome by the disobedience that had love as its excuse. He bent and patted the dog, and Rip tried to leap up into his arms on legs almost too tired to support him.

But his watchdog instinct and his racial hatred gave him sudden strength, for he caught sight of Susanne, who had not yet caught sight of him, and was dawdling about, snapping at the ripples that swished about her. Rip's ears went up; his nostrils winced at the smell of seal that poisoned the air for him; his eyes fastened on the foreigner profaning the sacred lake.

Jason saw at once the cause of Rip's sudden ferocity and made a quick snatch at the chain, but he missed it as the Airedale made his rush with a bloodthirsty snarl that brought Susanne to attention. With a cry of fright Zarna tried to interpose. She ran toward Rip to drive him away and flung herself at the chain sailing through the air. She missed it and fell. Whirling on her side and rising to one elbow, she saw the dog with his red lips drawn back over his scarlet gums and the white knives of his teeth leap straight at Susanne, who waited him with whiskers bristling, eyes gleaming, fangs ready, and her head weaving like a rattlesnake's.

The fierce voices of both the animals were suddenly hushed as Rip's teeth struck in Susanne's sleek shoulder and the thick blubber under it. They brought the blood leap-

ing, but Susanne felt no pain, and with a sidelong rake of her razored jaws she slashed a deep red line in the dog's flank.

The first rush of the seal and the Airedale at each other's throats had carried them both out of their elements. The dog could not check himself until he was belly deep in the pond. The seal was high on land.

Before Rip had faced about, the seal was coming for him with an uncanny progress that stupefied him. Floundering in the water and dashing it into his own eyes, he saw the seal glide snakily into it and vanish. As the tail flukes followed, he felt her teeth scissoring his groin. He would have been hamstrung if he had not sprung high with a yelp. She shot higher and came down on him with all her weight, crowding him under. His teeth clamped on the flipper that slapped him in the face, and of instinct his neck swung with all its might, ripping her skin and flinging her on her back.

Before she had recovered, he had scrambled ashore, but she was after him so fast that she nipped a hind foot as he left the water. He ran high out of her reach, and swung to receive her, growling so horribly that he could not hear Jason call.

RIP would never have harried a she-dog, and often let the feeblest little female of his race drive him even from his bone. But Susanne was not of his people; her shape and her odor were an offence, and from her first insolent appearance in the car that he had been permitted to ride in only once, he had longed to tear her to pieces. Jealousy of his deluded master had smoldered till his heart was black.

They feinted in short dashes, each challenging the other to an uncongenial battleground that both had sense enough to refuse.

When Jason and Zarna came on the field, shouting and scolding, Rip yielded to an older passion than obedience and ran away, keeping as close to the water's edge as he could, his chain flying in air.

When Zarna ran into the pond, Susanne flung backward, with eyes only for Rip, then scudded after him, paralleling his course in the scalloping sinuosity of a porpoise.

Jason ran after Rip, but when they reached the dam, the ledge was too narrow for him, though Rip bounded across it. Now Jason must retrace the whole circuit of the pond while Susanne and Rip closed in a long deathlock that no one could interrupt.

As Rip's teeth slipped from Susanne's sleek neck, they met once more in her fore-flipper. As if he had a rat in his jaws the terrier's head vibrated at a dizzy speed, and he began to back away, dragging Susanne from the water.

The farmhands were hurrying in from their chores. A plowman left his horses on a hill-top where they stared, pointing their ears, whinnying and lurching at their anchor. In the highway cars were stopping; people were climbing the fence and crowding forward, summoned by the rattle of deadly hatred that filled the air.

Headless of anything but his one purpose, Rip dragged Susanne up the bank, crunching her right wing so furiously that he hardly knew she was grinding his right foreleg in her molars until it crumpled under him and he went down on his right shoulder.

She swept his feet out from under him and they lay on their sides biting at each other's teeth.

Jason, almost upon them now, could not but exult at the courage of his dog, though he was sick at heart for Zarna's sake at the evident doom of her pet.

Zarna toppled after him, wringing her hands for the last of her six seals, and shrieking to a maddened dog fighting for life: "Stop! Stop! Don't! Rip! Please!"

But Susanne was not dead yet, nor lost to strategy. She gathered all her sinews into one steel spring, and with the irresistible power of her diving muscles, struck upward

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under the dog so mightily that he soared through the air in a backward somersault. He landed stunned, in the shallow ripples. Before he could even fall to his side, she had whipped herself round like a leaping tarpon, was up with him and tossed him into deep water where she was at home, and he blinded, smothered, strangled.

Now Zarna, for all her regret, exulted in the bravery of her witty seal and laughed like a maniac as she drew near. And now it was Jason's heart that was faint with terror.

He ran into the pond, seized the dog's feet and had to fling Rip's dripping body across his shoulder to hoist him out of her way. Sounding her deafening rattle of anger, Susanne flung herself high and her teeth clicked in the air as she struck at Jason and sliced his calf open.

WITH difficulty Zarna succeeded in gathering Susanne's whole bulk into her arms, rising with it and staggering to the house.

She laid Susanne down in the box under her window and called to the staring Delia and the cook:

"Run tell Miss Rita that everything is all right—just a little quarrel. Then bring me my first-aid kit. Mrs. Gumbert, fetch me all the hot water you've got, please, and all the salt. And tear up a clean sheet or a linen tablecloth for bandages. Go on. Hurry! Mrs. Gumbert, for God's sake, have some pity, can't you, and do as you're told!"

Delia had flashed away at once; Mrs. Gumbert moved off in sullen disapproval of the seal, the woman, everybody. But she obeyed, and soon the three women were in attendance upon Susanne.

Susanne was in a state of mind. She was sick with the aftermath of rage, prostrated with exhaustion, and in as much pain as a seal could feel with tooth-punctures and long rips everywhere in her fine skin. Yet she was so proud of her victory that these things seemed to matter little.

She could not keep from talking about the fight, bragging even while she sobbed over her disarray. She made only a half-hearted effort to tear off the bandages as fast as Zarna set them in place.

Suddenly Zarna remembered Jason. She supposed that if Rip died, he would turn Susanne off the farm and herself with her, if she tried to defend the seal. Still, her heart went out to Jason. She could understand how a solemn lonely man like that would brood over the death of a solemn lonely dog. She ran to find Jason, taking her surgical equipment with her.

She found him as she expected, kneeling with Moe over the dog and doing his old-fashioned best for the wretched animal.

She pushed Jason aside and dropped to her knees, saying:

"Let me help the poor thing before you harm him worse than Susanne did."

Rip, seeing the friend of his enemy, and finding her reeking with the hateful scent of a seal, tried to rise and struggle away, but Zarna spoke to him tenderly.

It sickened her to do what she must do, but Jason marveled at her learning and her deftness, and felt humble before her authority.

Her tenderness to Rip touched him deeply, and the battle of their pets, that might have been the beginning of a mortal rancor, was the beginning of a new affection.

Then Zarna noted that Jason's leg was cut and made him sit on a bench with his foot in her lap while she embarrassed him by stripping his calf and working over it right before Moe.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am about all this, Jason," she said. "I wouldn't blame you for insistin' on Susanne leavin' the farm. And perhaps it would be best if I an' she went away for a while—leastways until she's had her pup and we can decide what to do."

Jason stared down at her in amazement: "Are you talkin' of leavin' me almost before you've got here? And all on a ant

of a dog? Rip's a nice dog, but the farm's big enough for all of us, and if he don't think so, why, he's the one to go."

"Oh, Jason, I'd never forgive myself if I drove that poor thing away from the home he loves so much—and from you that he loves so much. Why, when I saw him come in that gate, all tucked out and draggin' the chain he'd tore loose, and his mouth all gashed from chewin' at it—my heart just ached for him."

"But you can't desert Susanne—especially now that she's so near her time."

"No, I couldn't do that."

"Well, then, seeing as I told you this was her home, too, and seeing as Rita loves her so much,—and Rip never paid much attention to Rita; he's no fun for her and she's crazy over Susanne,—why, there's nothin' to debate that I can see."

Zarna hugged his arm tight, and prized the sacrifice the more for its costliness. Yet she was not happy in her victory.

The problem of Rip's future weighed on Jason's heart. Zarna left its solution to him. She did not see the letter he wrote to the Eastern kennels whence he had taken Rip as a puppy:

"Purebred Kennels:

"Dear Sir:

"Several years ago I bought a dog off you answers by the name of Rip and it being inconvenient to keep him here and not wanting to give him away where he would be lonesome I am asking would you take him back where he could have freinds of other dogs and leave me pay his board and keep as long as he lives please wire answer with terms to

"Truely yours

"Jason Brafford."

The Purebred Kennels telegraphed their willingness to accept Rip as a paying visitor, and though their price struck Jason as exorbitant, he and Moe constructed a crate, decoyed Rip behind the bars with hateful trickery, and loaded him on the farm truck.

Zarna, sitting with Rita and hearing a woeeful howl, ran to the front porch and saw Moe driving away with a little wooden jail, whence floated a wailing *Miserere*.

She looked everywhere for Jason but could not find him. He was out behind the farthest hills, striding up and down across the fresh-plowed fields, hoping that he was too remote to hear Rip's voice, and hearing nothing else. He was a boy again, and his heart was being robbed of its dog.

Chapter Fifteen

ZARNA was one of those who bring drama everywhere they go, even if only petty drama amounting to no more than an upsetting of applecarts or old ideas.

Any bride changes any community, of course; but Columbus and his caravels did hardly more for San Domingo than Zarna and Susanne did for that somber islet known as the Brafford Place. She brought a new world to it and made a new world of it. The pond was no longer a dull flat where the ducks and geese held occasional regattas. Now it was the home of something unheard-of, undreamed-of in the traditions of the countryside. A being of impossible figure and motion inhabited it, uttering a jargon unknown. She had fought a scandalous battle with the master's right-hand dog, and to their astonishment and deep regret, she had not been killed. An alien immigrant had whipped the native hero, and that is always unendurable. The dog vanished; his bark was heard no more.

To Rita, of course, the coming of Zarna was almost a translation into heaven. Hitherto the child had lain for years watching the same procession of monotonies go round and round with only the slightest variance in weather, mood or incident. Now she had

for a pet the strangest of animals, a seal comédienne that wore huge comic gloves bigger than Charlie Chaplin's shoes—which she had never seen. Now for a relative Rita had the strangest of women, a combination of sister-in-law and mother, a lady whose picture she had seen diving bias across a whole page of paper—not exactly a circus queen but something even rarer.

The promise of a baby seal disclosed new treasures of hope and worlds of mystery as vague and fascinating as the arctic regions. Rita wanted to know everything about the child that was coming to Susanne.

"Little seals don't even know how to swim," Zarna told her. "It takes 'em months to learn unless their mother learns 'em how."

"Oh, if I could only see Susanne givin' her baby swimmin' lessons!"

"I hope you can. But there's no telling what Susanne will do. Up north you could tell, but captivity changes a seal's whole disposition." She added under her breath somberly: "They're like other folks that way."

Rita continued to grope for knowledge: "When Susanne has her baby, how will it—how will it get its food?"

"Like a calf or like any other baby gets its dinner. Her mother will nurse it—that is, she would up north; but down here in captivity—you can't tell. Sometimes they do and sometimes they won't. As I was sayin', captivity changes everything, and there's never any knowing what Susanne will do till she does it. That reminds me, I better get a bottle ready for Susanne's baby, in case—"

"Ooh, mayn't I feed it, then?"

"Surest thing you know. I'll get you a lace cap and an apron and pay you twenty-five dollars a week to be a trained nurse for seals."

This was wonderful beyond wonder, and Rita grew reckless:

"I almost hope Susanne don't like her child. Then it'll be mine."

"All yours, honey; God love you!"

Zarna's eyes darkened with pity for Rita, tortured with a motherhood that she could never fulfill, contrasting her with herself, able-bodied, supremely fitted for breeding, mated to a man yearning for children, and yet devoid of any impulse, hating the thought of it.

JASON was in bed asleep at midnight when Susanne's zero hour was called. It was pouring and the silly voice of the rain was stupefying. Zarna had heard above the lisp-syllables of the shower a thumping noise in Susanne's box outside.

She ran to the open window, put her head out. Something was going on down there in the dark. She called to Susanne and had no answer, though there was a sliding about and a bumping.

She seized Jason by a big shoulder and rocked him back and forth.

At last they were dressed, and while he hunted the lantern, she found raincoats and an umbrella and her flashlight, and they sallied out into the stuttering dark. . . .

Zarna was crying out at the miracle, and Jason was saying to himself over and over that he would be damned. Susanne was bleating like an hysterical ewe as she sniffed the remarkable little thing that was a dwarf seal that she had borne. She nosed it up and down, but if she discovered that her first-born was a son, she did not boast of her achievement.

When Jason put out his hand to touch the wriggling infant, Susanne snapped at him and *grkked* at him to mind his own business.

Zarna and Jason were warmed by their presence at an episode of such novelty to all of them, including the baby seal. But now that the climax was passed, they realized that they were drenched with rain and cold and worn out.

"We better go in," said Zarna. "We'll catch our deaths."

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Which would have been an odd reward for seeing a seal catch its birth. . . .

They were both yawning shamelessly as they tore off their wet clothes and sodden shoes and dropped their heavy heads on their pillows.

Zarna knew no more until she heard Jason's voice calling her from far away. It reverberated down long cañons before it reached her and dragged her awake.

SHE sat up blinking. Jason was not at her side. The window was red with an omen of dawn. There was a blot against the crimson, and it was calling her. It was Jason leaning in from outside, and shouting in a kind of loud whisper:

"Millie! Millie!"

"What?"

"Come quick! Susanne's actin' awful queer. I think she's liable to kill her baby."

Zarna threw on a thick wrapper, thrust her feet into her shoes and ran out into the ambiguous starlit, sun-stained morning. Jason was standing by Susanne's house. He explained in great excitement:

"I heard a lot of racket and peeked in, and the little feller was tryin' to git at his mother and she kept yappin' at him and pickin' him up and slammin' him against the wall. He kept crawlin' back, cryin' for his breakfast. She's bit him two or three times till he squealed, and when I tried to pull him out she let fly at me and nearly got me."

Zarna knelt by the door and stared at a scene that violated every standard of ethics for every species.

Susanne might have been an ideal mother in a cave or on a rocky shore, but in this wooden box everything was as unnatural as her hostility to the helpless visitor whom she had not invited, desired or found a comforting tenant.

Her anger was weak only because she was; but her exasperation mounted with her waxing strength, and she mauled the persistent little idiot that knew but the need of milk.

With a quick clutch Zarna caught a little flipper and dragged the few pounds of squalling misery toward her. The little seal had a temper of his own, and nothing told him that he was in friendly hands. He snarled and spat like an angry kitten. His teeth were sharp, but his jaws feeble, and he did no damage.

Zarna gathered him in her arms so that he could not nip her and carried him into the house, calling to Jason:

"Go ask Mrs. Gumbert to heat some milk, and put it in that bottle with the nipple on it. Hurry! He's turning cold with hunger."

Mrs. Gumbert brought in the milk herself, and Delia, as a messenger from Rita—frantic for news—stood peering over her shoulder. Jason watched from a chair and Moe leaned in at the window as Zarna put the rubber tip between the pup's jaws and squeezed the milk into his throat. Before long he had learned the lesson of the modern child and sought his pabulum thereafter in the bottle.

AND now the pup entered upon intensely confusing schooldays. He was greedy of information and eager to oblige, but the spoonful of gray matter under his low brow was sorely agitated by the contradictory counsels.

If he had been the ugliest of all beasts, Rita would have accepted him as a marvel; but since a young seal is the most bewitching of all infants, she found him adorable and held out her arms to him.

Zarna cautioned her to beware of his quick temper and the needles of his teeth, and kept close to guard her against him, but the anxiety was wasted. Because he understood her inability to harm him, or her good will or liked her odor, or for some reason, he adopted her at once as an ideal substitute for his unworthy mother.

He fastened on the bottle she held for him and guzzled the milk until it overflowed at the corners of his mouth. Then he settled back with a grunt of satisfaction with his flippers draped in the most delightful manner, and thrust his fat little belly up to be rubbed with one of her hands while he took a finger of the other hand into his mouth as a teething ring.

Even Jason could see that Rita had found at last the fulfillment of her hunger for a baby of her own. A miracle had been achieved. This foundling was her very child. And the seal disowned its disowning mother, forgot her as completely as he was forgotten.

When he felt it safe to leave Rita with her adopted scion, Jason remembered that he had a farm to conduct and took his leave. He bent to kiss Rita, and she said:

"Kiss my baby, too."

He did, and with a shameful lack of displeasure. And he kissed Zarna, right before Mrs. Gumbert and Delia—and Moe, who had come round to another window. They all took their leave with Jason in a sudden pretense of feverish activity.

RITA was not long in finding "it" and "him" too vague for her babe, and she demanded of Zarna:

"What name shall we give the darling?"

"Don't ask me," said Zarna. "He's yours, not mine."

Rita's narrow chest swelled high at that. She mentioned the first words that occurred to her, "Jason, John, Rex, Fido, Tige—" but they were all too homely. She alarmed Zarna with a sudden query:

"Captain Querl's first name is Harry, didn't you say?"

"I don't believe I'd name him after Captain Querl," Zarna pleaded. Her uneasiness did not escape Rita.

"I s'pose not," she sighed. "But Querlie would have been a beautiful name, wouldn't it? Querlie! Querlie—Curly! Do you think Curly would be all right? It would remind me of the Captain without being his name."

"Well, all I can say is, that Curly would be a pretty crazy name for the straightest-haired animal that ever was."

"I s'pose it would. Oh, dear! Names are hard things to find. He's just like velvet. How would 'Velvet' do?"

"Sounds like a piece of dress goods to me. Besides, he's more like gray plush."

"Chiffon is nice. But it's not very manly, and he's a hero, a little prince."

"Whyn't you call him Prince?"

"Ooh! That's the name! Prince! Just the name."

So the fat waif was inducted into the royalty. Rita tucked her chin into her bosom and gazed down under her great eyelids at the heir to all her fortunes, murmuring:

"Prince, my love, how do you like your name? Ssh! he's asleep."

That was the final touch of grace, and she was so drugged with bliss that she fell asleep too. And Zarna sat rocking quietly, feeling herself a grandmother with none of the expense.

Every day Zarna bathed Prince in Rita's presence, and he hated the water, kicked and wriggled to escape it, and choked and sputtered in fine proof of his ancestral reluctance to enter it.

Rita was impatient to see him learn to swim. To oblige her, Zarna finally got out the bathing-suit that she had put aside as the mere keepsake of a surrendered past. Rita's cradle was carried out, on the porch, and Zarna with her bathrobe roped around her, and Prince in her arms, walked down to the pond.

The diving-board that Jason had installed for her awoke in her a forgotten sensation. It evoked old scenes. But standing out above a mudbank with a platoon of poplar trees aligned between it and the road, it seemed

lonely and forlorn. It needed canvas about it. The pond should have been a box of glass and translucent to the depths.

Above all she needed the inspiration of a certain voice, saying: "Yewnersally con-gee-did—"

She was overcome with timidity. It would have been simple to come out before a crowd and pose while the bally was chanted. But to throw off her bathrobe and let Mrs. Gumbert and Moe and Delia see her bare legs, and dive for a few staring crows and mules, was more than she could attempt.

She set little Prince down at the water's edge, and gathering her bathrobe up to her knees, waded in, trying to entice him to follow her. But he hobbled off the other way, walking on all four flippers like a rheumatic bear cub.

When she caught him and dragged him in, he wept and implored mercy and quaked with fear.

"You're just like folks, aint you?" Zarna grumbled. "You fight like sin against doin' the very thing you'll soon be fightin' against quittin'. But I'm a swell one to criticize you. Come on, you fat-head, before I have you made into a sealskin tippet!"

She was about to give up and call it a day, but she saw that Rita was watching anxiously from the porch, so she threw off her bathrobe, tossed it to the dry ground and stood forth before eyes peering from porch and windows, eyes widening in cars passing in the road, eyes of all sorts staring across fences and from the boughs of trees.

Delia gasped to Mrs. Gumbert:

"Aint she beautiful? Did you ever see so swell a shape?"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Gumbert, her moral ideals stunned for the moment by her first glimpse of Grecian religion.

Jason, coming from the stable, caught sight of Zarna, and though he was shocked at the sight of her alone and unconcealed, he could not but straighten and whisper to himself:

"Mine! She's mine. A blue ribboner! Pure bred!"

Zarna set Prince on her shoulders, holding him by his foreflippers as if he were a great bird. As she waded out, her toes resented the mud oozing up between them, and her flesh disliked the pond thick with silt, but she pushed on, descending an invisible stairway and was gradually reduced from a statue to half a statue and finally to a bust.

She bent her knees and let the water swirl about Prince, but he was in a panic. Nothing told him what to do, and he was not ready to die.

Holding his fins out like extended wings, Zarna pushed off and swam without using her arms. Then she turned on her back, clasping Prince about the body and trying to encourage him to use his fins. But he strangled and wriggled, and she had to take him ashore.

ZARNA could hear the neglected Susanne shrieking and threshing about in her locked box, and she felt that she ought both to give Susanne her exercise and the baby an object lesson. Susanne had refused all food for days, and had lain up in mournful weariness, aching and whining.

Throwing her bathrobe about her, Zarna ran to Susanne's cage and released her. She came lolloping after as Zarna raced back to the pond. Susanne caught sight of Prince and he caught sight of her. He struggled after her, but she would have none of him.

Zarna prevented her from attacking her child and forced her to the water's edge, where she answered Zarna's command and launched forth in the pond.

Prince bawled and pleaded for milk as he stumbled along the shore, but Susanne ignored him. He tried again and again to screw up the courage to swim after his recusant mother, but the feeblest ripple was a tidal wave to him and put him to flight.

Zarna was herself again for a little while,

young again, in fettle again. She forgot that she was observed with eyes of criticism or of illicit approval. She was a sea nymph and Susanne was her sister. They disported, pursuing one another, diving under one another, racing, resting, reveling in the play of their muscles. As Zarna floated face up to the sun with Susanne idling alongside, she could see nothing but the sky. She might have been in midocean, a mote in the universe, feeling as humble as an atom and as proud as a sun.

She clasped her hands beneath her back-flung head with her breast high, her body, legs, feet inclined slightly downward, and was content just to be.

When she closed her eyes, it seemed that she was once more where she had often gone, far outside the breakers on a calm day with Harry Querl at her side, his hands beneath his head, his breast high. They would remain so for half an hour sometimes, not speaking yet communing somehow with one another and with everything, the only sound the wind and the lap of the ripples topping long slow surges that were only patterns of force heaving the water and letting it fall.

Her muscles, reminded of their old delights, swung her over and she drove for shore. But she saw now that she was in a muddy pond in a farm's back yard. The surf was a little flipping of ripples as thrilling as a petticoat flounce.

On the beach there were no gaudy parasols, no crowds of brown-skinned burrowers in the sand—only a few cattle looking through a fence, an ogling jackass, a cock-eyed bluejay on a bough, a porch, a barnyard and a tall granger devouring her with his eyes. And that was her husband. And he could not swim. He must learn to swim—he must, he must!

Her knee struck mud. She stood up, waded through the slime to the hard ground, regained her bathrobe and scooped up little Prince just in time to save him from getting at his mother or her at him.

Susanne limped alongside, denouncing her offspring, and the foolish little seal wriggled to get down to her. He was afraid of the water, but he was not afraid of that far greater peril, his mother.

Zarna carried Prince up the porch steps and restored him to Rita's arms, where a bottle of warm milk satisfied him as a foster parent. Susanne made a great ado about climbing up to be with Rita, but Zarna foresaw a battle and thought the cradle a poor place for it, so she compelled Susanne back to her house, and ran in to wash off the scum of the pond.

WHEN Zarna saw Jason next, and he asked her how she liked the pond and why she didn't try the diving-board, she said:

"It's no fun swimming all by myself. Jason, you gotta learn to swim, you just gotta."

"Can you see me in a bathin' suit? Some night after dark I might, but not whilst anybody could see me."

It came over her like a confession of bankruptcy that her companion for life was devoid not only of the least desire for grace or rhythmic expression, but of the frame and the ability as well.

Every day she took Prince to the pond and tried to make him swim, but she had no fun from the task. To please Jason, she went out on the spring-board one day, and he thought her divine as she poised. He waved to her. For his sake she dived. But she knew that he knew nothing of the high art she practiced, and she simply launched herself headfirst into the water.

Her listlessness had led her to forget that the pond was none too deep, and she drove her head into the mud. She might have broken her neck if the ground had not been so soft, but she came up cursing with her hair caked and her eyes black with slime.

To cover up bad breath or drug a headache is not to remove their cause

INTESTINAL TOXICITY MUST BE CONQUERED



IF IN a man's business a certain mistake kept on recurring, he would not long continue merely correcting it. He would soon be looking for the source of the error and eliminating that.

That applies to women and their task of homekeeping, too! Yet when the matter takes on a personal aspect, such as one of health, so many of us are satisfied to cope with effects and to neglect the cause.

Take this problem of intestinal toxicity—a prevalent condition these days—one that is sapping away energy and health from countless men and women—why do we neglect it? We get countless warnings of its activities. Bad breath, headaches, tired digestion tell us of the danger. Yet, in direct contrast to business efficiency, we continue to combat these symptoms day after day instead of attacking the cause.



Do not run this risk. Thousands are successfully combating this dangerous condition with ENO's Effervescent Saline. Its stimulating, sparkling effervescence tends to settle an upset stomach. Its laxative action, gentle but thorough, flushes the overloaded digestive tract and washes away accumulated poisons. It is a valuable antacid too!

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And now she had lost all inclination to swim or to have Jason swim. She was nothing but a farmer's dowdy squaw, and she might as well settle down to the life of a Digger Indian.

The discovery that in throwing away her past she had thrown away also her future, cast a fog over her soul. The evenings with Jason grew so dull that she wanted to leap up and shriek just to break the spell. She was sleepy all day and pop-eyed with sleeplessness all night. It had not taken her speedy being long to run through the charms of marriage and agricultural delight. At times the farm seemed wonderful, but her moods of indifference came oftener and stayed longer. The book was finished, for her; she had peeked at the last page and she knew the plot. The plot was that there was no plot.

She hobbled about hamstrung, and on dull rainy days she reached the Scriptural estate—she said in the morning, "Would God it were even!" and at even, "Would God it were morning!"

AT the dank morose close of a particularly futile day, Jason sat with her in Rita's room reading aloud from the Midfield paper—the gossip of the town and the gossip of the big towns. Suddenly he started:

"Here's somethin'! Well, of all the—"

He read on to himself and seemed to be much agitated, but Zarna was too much drugged with indifference to show a wholesome curiosity. Rita was lying in her cradle, chattering baby-talk to Prince and paying no heed.

Jason finished what he was reading, hesitated, made to speak, changed his mind, conked the rest of the paper in silence, and sat a long while in uncertainty. Zarna realized that something was worrying him, but she could not rouse herself enough to care what it was.

At length he rose, walked to her chair, and laid the paper on her lap with a big

thumbnail marking a paragraph. Then he left the room.

She glanced down dully—her eyes sharpened into focus; her fingers clenched the paper. She read:

"CARNIVAL MAN HURT."

"Newbury, June 18. *Special Dispatch.* During the performance here of the Spivey Shows last night for the benefit of the Police Fund, Captain Harry Querl, high diver, missed his calculation when he made his plunge from the top of the tent, struck the side of the tank and fell unconscious into the water.

"He was pulled out hastily and taken to the hospital, where Dr. Singleton reported that he had several bones broken, a fractured skull and possibly internal injuries. He had not regained consciousness at the time of writing, but is expected to recover, though he may never dive again. He has no known relations."

Zarna leaped to her feet. She must go to him!

The room swam. She sank back into the agitated rocker and nearly fell to the floor. She sat with her hands on her knees, her knees apart, the newspaper fallen to the floor. She picked it up and read it again, smoothing out the crumpled lines.

Rita had not even noticed her alarm. Her face was buried in the throat of the purring seal.

The impulse to go to Harry had no sooner electrified Zarna than it was quenched in a realization of her plight. She was no longer his partner. She was the partner of a farmer named Brafford, who hated Harry and had fought him almost to the death.

If she tried to go to Harry, Jason would forbid her. She laughed. Nobody could boss her about. He would use force; his huge arms would hold her; he would lock her up. She laughed. As if anybody could prevent her from going anywhere she pleased!

But invisible withes stole up about her.

THE ENCHANTED KINGDOM

(Continued from page 69)

nowadays she never did anything more strenuous than go all day and dance all night—but mentally. She simply could not think coherently. It was absurd, that pleasure could dull one's mental faculties where mere drudgery never had. Pleasure. That, in reality, was what the Enchanted Kingdom had turned out to be. The enchanted kingdom of Luxury and Pleasure. Everything she had never had before, Ronnie had given her. Every place she had ever mentioned wanting to see, he had shown her. The Riviera, Italy, Egypt, Algiers, then back to Paris—all crowded into a breathless eight months.

The enchanted kingdom—it had been all that at first. Especially Paris. She shopped—Paquin, Lanvin, Chanel and Worth. She lunched—Ciro's, Café de Paris, in the Bois and at the Ritz. She dined—Voisons, l'Hermitage, Tour d'Argent, Le Grand Ecart. She danced—Les Ambassadeurs, Josephine Baker's, Zelli's, the Florida.

Round and round and round—a brilliant, ceaseless carousel. Ronnie rode that roundabout with her, but jumping off more and more often for conferences and meetings, air-flights to London, mornings on the Bourse. For he had gone deeper and deeper into affairs, joining a merger, manipulating syndicates, leaping agilely from one brilliant financial crag to another.

ONE day he would buy her a carved emerald at Cartier's—the next a pink villa overlooking the blue Mediterranean. Things—things—things! And money—every day more of it and less of him. . . .

Candis hailed a taxi and went back to the

house in the Parc Marceau. She found Ronnie bent over the typed reports of a new oil syndicate forming in Mesopotamia.

She said swiftly: "Dear—don't you want to go home?"

He looked up at her, trying to concentrate. "Home?"

"I mean America—New York."

He smiled. "Darling, New York isn't America. . . . However, I do have to run over for a conference next month, but I thought you'd rather stay on here—the height of the season and all that."

She denied this. "Let me come too," she coaxed.

"But I shall be horribly busy. No time for pleasure or squiring you about at all."

"Then you don't want me?"

His quick kiss answered her.

"Then I shall go with you."

But she didn't.

At the very last moment she came down with—most unromantic of all illnesses!—the measles; and Ron had to sail without her. But not for long—

In June, Candis went to London. In July, she went to Scotland. In August, she went to the Lido. In September, she was still at the Lido.

And Ronald was still in New York. Business—a gigantic proposition concerning oil concessions in Russia. New York was ghastly, the out-of-town places deadly, the people a bore. She was better off in Europe. Each day he expected to sail.

And when Stephen Trent appeared on the scene, Ronald was still expecting to sail.

They met on the beach, Candis and Trent did. She lay with her bright head pillowed

Shackles snapped on her heart. She owed it to wifehood, to duty, to appearances, to a thousand things, to stay put.

That hula girl was there. But what did she know? What could she do? Perhaps Harry had been drinking again. He had his streaks of lushing, but she had always been able to keep him off the drink, except when they had quarreled.

She saw him now bidding her good-by. She had never quite realized how much it must have hurt him to wish her happiness. She had been in such a hurry that she had never until this moment really seen the expression on his face. She could see it as plain now as if he stood before her. His smile was one to break your heart. His voice had been under the leash to keep it from breaking. His hands had slipped from hers as if he were drowning and he had released it to keep her from drowning, too.

She was to blame for his fall. She had deserted him, run off with a man who had tried to kill him, abandoned her career to drown herself in a bog. He had given her fair warning of what it meant to him.

And here she was! And there he was, all but dead, and calling for Zarna by now, no doubt. She could hear his voice whispering in the dusk, "Zarna! Zarna!" But she was only "Millie" now. And she had no right to go to him.

But hadn't she? She was under obligations to her husband. Of course! What of it? Did it mean she must let her oldest, best friend die while she sat in a rocking chair and counted the clock-ticks?

She had a duty to Jason, of course! But that new duty didn't wipe out her older, higher duty to Harry Querl, did it? Or did it? Or didn't it?

Did it—didn't it—did it—didn't it—she was going mad with irresolution, her brain rocking back and forth in her aching head.

(With the next installment this unusual story comes to a climax of the deepest interest—in our forthcoming May issue.)

against the darker sand, her beach pajamas a vivid splash on a golden palette.

Some one, anyone, said, "May I present—" or perhaps, "My dear Candis—" and then a few more unintelligible words and the introduction was accomplished.

Candis sat up; Trent sat down.

She said conventionally: "You have been here long?"

As if, had he been, she wouldn't have seen him! Hard not to see, Stephen Trent. American, of course, in a tall, wide-shouldered, narrow-hipped, all-American way, with dark hair and dark eyes, and a darker-than-dark skin except when his swimming-suit moved unexpectedly, and then it was a clear golden color.

He smiled. "No. Just arrived. Came over from a little place on the Dalmatian coast. Awfully dull. But I like quiet. That's why I come to the Lido out of season."

His sentences were like himself. Lean, and without superfluous padding. An intriguing man—but nothing warned her a dangerous man also.

Vaguely, he reminded Candis of Ronnie. But without Ron's warm fascination, without Ron's innate charm of manner. Still—

CANDIS returned to Paris late in the autumn. She had lingered on in Venice even after the last of the faithful vanguard had taken wing and flown northward. She found much to distract her.

Ronald had taken a brief vacation from New York's heat and grind by going on a yachting cruise—"within reach of the ticker"—late in August.

He wrote her from Newport: "It is deadly dull and I have lost ridiculously at a cutthroat game they call 'contract,' and the yacht is most uncomfortable. I wonder why I don't turn the rest of the cruise up and take a train back to N. Y.? Certainly no one would regret my going, for my temper is rotten."

But it was another two months before he finally joined her at the house in the Rue Hubert.

"Candis—sweetheart—you look marvelous—beautiful!" And he kissed her hungrily, holding her a long minute.

She drew away from him a little sharply.

"Rest," she replied with a faint smile. "I've had a wonderful rest."

His eyes swept her face; she felt it go hot under his swift glance.

It was the first lie she had ever told him—it caused a strange, rather curious sense of amazement within her.

She decided swiftly that she would not write, nor see, Trent again as she had promised.

But something happened to change her mind—a slight something, a fragile excuse, but sufficient. It happened a week after Ronnie's return. It was Gelda Blair. She was utterly impossible, people said. And then they'd invite her to week-ends and on yachting parties. She had been on the yachting party to Newport.

So Ronald and she were, more or less, old acquaintances when Gelda appeared on the Paris horizon with chiffon banners flying. She had "run" over to shop—to spend a brief fortnight with dear Laura Payson. She remained the entire winter—though not with dear Laura Payson—and went south to Cannes when the Carltons did.

Candis didn't mind—at least, not much. On the whole, Gelda amused her. She was so obvious. She would say, laughing her throaty little gurgle: "Confidentially, Ronnie is my secret sorrow. But the poor man loathes it—"

He did, and avoided her on all possible occasions. "No, I don't dislike her, darling, but she—she gets on my nerves." Poor Ronnie. But he did like Trent. The latter was visiting at a near-by villa, and with the amusing Gelda, they constituted at times an agreeable foursome.

But in February, Trent sailed for South America. And in March, Ronnie again went to New York. This time Candis went with him, but the going seemed to bring her no nearer to him. When a man rises at seven, breakfasts at eight, and is chained to business by nine, there is little time for romance. They met at dinner. And he was usually tired—a different, deeper weariness than of those Sola days. "A hard day," he would smile wryly, then add: "But soon, darling—"

IN the mind of many an important financier of the Wall Street world there was a growing impression that young Carlton was one of the phenomena of the Street. True, most of the striking personalities of that world had come up in Carlton's fashion from the dark obscurity of nowhere. Still, each of these was one in a thousand. And undeniably this special young man, arrived but a year or two before from the wilds of Texas, had by some God-given miracle brought with him a brain of precisely correct caliber for the true "haute finance." His combination of cool determinedness and brilliant audacity, coupled with an almost uncanny knowledge of what he was about, was perfect. And one day Ronald realized that he was possessed of a fortune large enough to give him a unique position among the millionaires of his native country. At the age of thirty-six he was in a position where he could lay down all business cares for good, and with Candis—his beloved princess—enter their enchanted kingdom to dwell happily there, in true fairy-tale fashion, forever after.



Even
when
teeth
are
white

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FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



Meanwhile, there were a few odd strings to gather up and untangle. . . .

One bright hot morning Candis said: "Ronnie—let's run away—drive up to the country for the entire day."

His eyes fell upon a sheaf of papers. "Dear, I must go over these."

"Sooner than come with me?"

"Not sooner—but I must."

She opened the door, looking back at him. "I'm sorry." And she went out.

That night she wrote a long letter to Trent in Montevideo. And six weeks later, she lunched with him at the Colony.

UNTIL their coffee arrived in a globular crystal percolator, they ate almost in silence; then Stephen Trent looked deeply at Candis, and said abruptly:

"Have you decided?"

"Decided what?" She looked at him with cool, unstartled eyes.

"Decided that without love you are as wan as a flower without sun."

She said quickly, resentfully, "Ron adores me!"—then flushed for her bad taste.

Trent smiled. "No doubt. But he has a largesse of that adoration—for Gelda Blair among others."

She said, white to the lips: "You lie."

He went on, smiling. "No, I don't—though I would if it were necessary, for I'm not the least of a gentleman when it comes to getting what I want. But fortunately—and caddishly—I have the proofs in this case."

She continued to stare at him whitely. "I said I don't believe you."

Trent shrugged. "Arnold Nelson, my most intimate associate, was on the yachting trip with your husband and Gelda Blair."

"Well?" Her voice was cold, hostile.

"Nelson was playing, at that time, the rôle of Gelda's—protector. They split—rather nastily—over your husband."

Candis stood up. Her face was so white, Trent sprang instinctively to her side.

She said in a clear, even voice: "Filthy gossip never interested me—nor the people who repeat it. Good-by, Mr. Trent."

But he would not let her go so easily.

He said swiftly: "Candis, for God's sake, don't be a fool! Candis, you know I love you. And I swear by God I'm not lying—nor that Nelson lied to me. I saw Gelda's letter to him—it broke him up, admitting her affair with Carlton."

Candis turned, and with unseeing eyes, walked out of the restaurant, got into a cab, gave the address, drove home.

Ronald was out. She went to his room, opened his desk, searched it coldly, mechanically. It yielded nothing. But in his old leather dressing-case she found it—found the letter that had come their first week in America, addressed boldly on the thin, violet envelope—"Ronald Carlton, Esquire"—and postmarked Monte Carlo.

The morning it had come, Ronnie had opened it impatiently, read it swiftly, put it carelessly into his coat pocket. She had pretended to ignore it, recognizing his embarrassment and sensing his distaste for the writer.

But now—

In her own room she read it, standing by the open window. "Of course, it's all over, Ron darling, but it was so sweet while it lasted. I know now I should never have followed you—such an anticlimax was unforgivable, in rotten taste. But I thought you might still care a little—for you did care a little that sweet, short month, didn't you, Ronnie? I did appease your loneliness, even though I always knew you loved your wife. But this time you ran away from me deliberately. Surely not because you were afraid of me, afraid I'd give you away to your pretty little Candis—"

The letter fluttered to the floor. Candis was cold—deathly cold and deathly sick.

She thought remotely that she had always known this, ever since Ronnie, away from her, neither came nor sent for her. But even as she admitted this thought, her heart cried out: "He couldn't—Ronnie couldn't do this ghastly thing to me. Even *she* said he loved only me."

But Ronnie had. No use to ask him to deny it—no need of a scene and vulgar recriminations. Just to go away, quietly, leaving behind a little note—and he would know, would understand.

She thought of Trent, hating him for giving her this bitter knowledge. Then thought of him suddenly, wonderingly, in regard to herself. Blaming Ronald, was she herself entirely inculpable? Unsuspecting of Ronald, she had indulged a rather dangerous interest in a rather dangerous man. Loving Ronald, she had permitted herself to become involved in, at best, a lukewarm flirtation. For at no time had her regard for Trent been other than in the nature of a mild salve applied to the smart of Ronnie's neglect. For her, there was no excuse. At that time, not even the excuse of an injured wife. Merely a deliberate playing with fire, a conscious feeding of her wounded vanity. Where was the Candis of those dim Sola days? What had happened to that Candis? Perhaps Perella Santès could have answered her daughter's question. A certain wild strain of pride, a certain reckless tendency, the definite need of not only being loved, but the constant demonstration of that love—

Candis sat down by the window. She tried to think, but could only feel. The dreadful ache within her was so sharp at times, she wanted to cry out. But even the relief of tears was denied her. Once she thought: "Our enchanted kingdom! Oh, God, the travesty of it! Ronnie unfaithful, and I irremediably cheapened."

It was after six o'clock when she finally rose, changed her frock, packed a dressing-bag and left the apartment.

Behind her, on the top of Ronnie's desk and beside the thin violet note, she left a second note:

"Our enchanted kingdom was a mirage, Ronnie. And in its horrible desert we have become lost to each other. Good-by, my dear. And forgive me—as I want some day to forgive you. —Candis."

RONNIE stared at those two notes with a queer wonder. Then with a violent shudder he tore the tinted one into shreds without even a passing thought, save one of savage hatred, for the writer. He had kept that note as an instrument of flagellation, loathing himself whenever he thought of it, loathing its writer. For him, she did not exist—had never really existed save for a brief, bitterly regretted moment of loneliness, in a world that held only Candis and himself.

Candis! What had she done? What might she do? That passionate pride of hers—where would it carry her? Away from him certainly—but where? Where to look for her? Not back in Kingscombe, certainly.

It was after daybreak, that the thought came so swiftly, so terribly surely, that he could not tolerate it at first. Trent, of course. Trent was back. Trent was in love with Candis. He had seen *that* in Cannes—and Candis had read him Trent's letters, some of them—not all, perhaps.

An hour later Ronnie had located Stephen Trent in his hotel overlooking Central Park. The lift shot violently to the fifteenth floor. "To your right," said its operator.

Before the number Ronnie paused a brief moment. Then he knocked swiftly.

Trent opened the door almost immediately. He was in dressing-robe and slippers, and he said without surprise: "Hullo, Carlton."

Ronnie said briefly, but evenly: "I beg

your pardon for the intrusion, Trent. But Candis has disappeared and I felt you might know of her whereabouts. Do you?"

Trent smiled faintly. "I'm sorry—but I haven't the slightest idea."

Ronald looked at him: the man was telling the truth.

He said: "In that case, I'll not keep you longer. I regret having disturbed you so early."

"Not at all," said Trent courteously, and held open the door.

But as Ronnie stepped into the hall, he called to him, as an afterthought: "Oh, I say, Carlton—"

Ronnie turned abruptly. Trent had gone to the front of the room. He came back, bearing in his hand a small dressing-case. He held it out to Ronnie.

He said: "By the way, here is something you may wish to take with you."

And staring down at it, Ronnie recognized the bag—read the small initials C. C.—then he looked up and met squarely the taunting eyes of the man opposite him. . . .

TRENT dropped without a sound. And Ronnie, taking Candis' bag from his relaxed grip, closed the door behind him, walked quietly down the long corridor, and rang for the lift.

It was a scant month later that Ronald Carlton descended from a train at Sola, Texas.

Sola and August. That had been the combination six years ago when he and Candis—He closed his eyes swiftly, as if to shut out an entering pain.

Everywhere that he could look for, he had searched—a battalion of clever men had searched; but from that moment wherein she had walked out of Trent's apartment, leaving that mute evidence behind her, she had disappeared as though actually swallowed by that black gulf which lay between them.

The shack beyond Devil's Horn was more sun-scorched and desolate than ever. But there was life within it. Some one had rented it, for its kitchen door stood open and there were three pots of oleanders blooming palely on its blistered veranda.

Ronnie stood just beyond the veranda steps, staring unseeing at those waxy oleanders. He had come back—for here lay their real enchanted kingdom, their years of enchanted happiness. But strangers dwelt in it now—had found the wonder and beauty of it.

She came suddenly out of the open kitchen door. She wore a pink-checked gingham dress, and her arms were bare and brown.

She looked at Ronnie and said very slowly, almost dreamily: "I knew—I always knew—you'd come back—just as I came back—to our enchanted kingdom."

But he did not move toward her.

He said, a little catch in his voice: "Candis, I've—I've been so wretched."

And only then, when he saw her eyes, did he go to her.

She said swiftly, "Oh, I know, I know. . . . But it was all just a dream, dearest. I found that out the night I ran away—ran away from one horrible dream into another. I thought I'd go away with Trent—to make you suffer as you had made me. But when I saw him, when I realized the *cheapness* of my motive—I woke suddenly, woke to the knowledge that our real enchanted kingdom was just ourselves, Ronnie—just you and I."

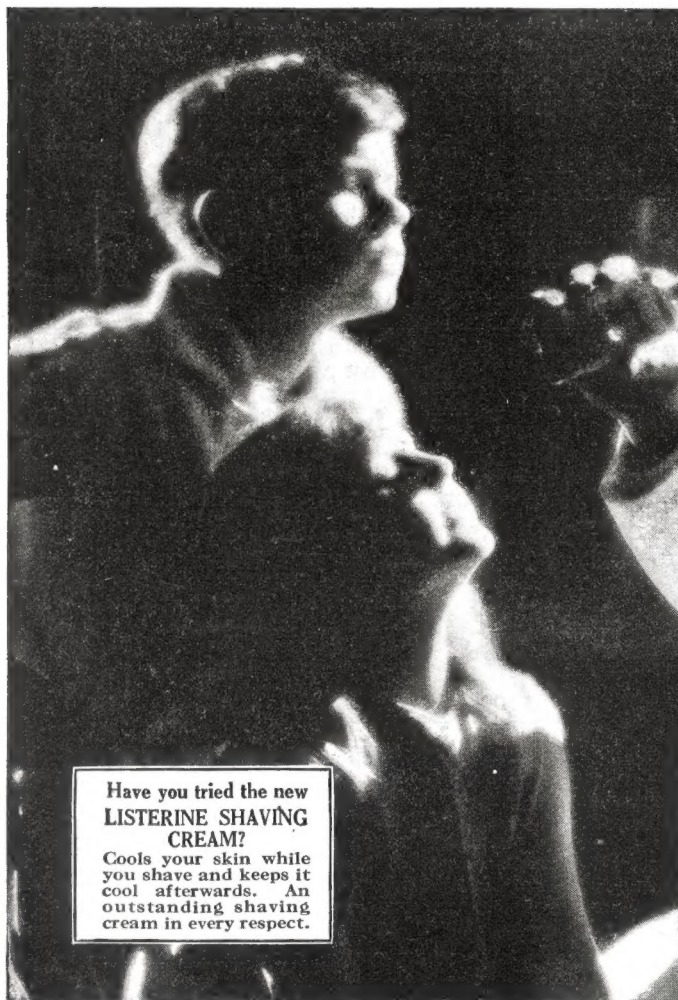
She broke off and for a long moment their eyes held. Then Ronnie dropped to his knees, buried his face against her side.

"Oh, Candis—forgive me," he whispered, "—and love me—love me!"

Candis did not answer. But she pressed the dark head closer to her heart—for that dark head *was* her heart—would always be her heart.

Step into the laboratory, and see why LISTERINE

full strength is effective against
SORE THROAT



Have you tried the new
**LISTERINE SHAVING
CREAM?**

Cools your skin while
you shave and keeps it
cool afterwards. An
outstanding shaving
cream in every respect.

Prevent a cold this way? Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs carried by the hands to the mouth on food attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it



dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

WHY is Listerine full strength so successful against colds, sore throat and other infections? The test outlined below answers the question scientifically and convincingly. It discloses the power of Listerine—unchanged in 47 years.

Step into the laboratory a moment. In one test tube are 200,000,000 of the *M. Aureus* (pus) germ. In another, 200,000,000 of the *B. Typhosus* (typhoid) germ. These are used by the United States Government for testing antiseptics.

Now Listerine full strength is applied to them. A stop-watch notes results. Within 15 seconds every organism in both tubes is dead, and beyond power to harm the body.

With this evidence of Listerine's germicidal power, appreciate why you should gargle with Listerine at the first sign of sore throat—for sore throat, like a cold, is caused by germs.

Listerine full strength may be used with complete safety in any body cavity. Time and time again it has checked irritating conditions before they became serious. You can feel your throat improve almost immediately. If not, consult a physician. The matter is then no longer one for an antiseptic.

For your own protection use Listerine systematically through the winter months. It may spare you a long siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



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The “Left- behinds

A SHORT time ago a promising young business man, happily married and the father of two children, one seven and one nine, showed unmistakable signs of failing health. His doctor suspected the cause at once. A searching examination confirmed the doctor's suspicions. Tuberculosis. He was ordered to give up his business immediately and go to a sanatorium for proper treatment and care.

An uncle of the young man was greatly shocked when he heard the report. It didn't seem possible that it could be true. He asked for the evidence. They handed him x-ray photographs which showed that his nephew's lungs were seriously affected. The uncle asked permission to show the photographs to his own doctor.

When that doctor saw the photographs he said, “The right thing was done. Your nephew will probably get well. Now, what have you done for the man's family, especially the children? Have they been examined? You have no time to lose. While tuberculosis may not have made any serious inroads on their health as yet, it is hardly conceivable that his wife and children are entirely free from infection. An appearance

of ruddy health does not exclude the possibility of tuberculosis.”

Every child who at any age has had prolonged exposure to tuberculosis should have an immediate, thorough physical examination, especially including the tuberculin tests and x-ray photographs, to determine whether or not active or latent disease is present. While tuberculosis usually attacks the lungs, it may attack any part of the body—eyes, ears, nose, throat, glands, joints, bones or vital organs.

It is now believed that many cases of tuberculosis in adults are the direct result of infection in childhood. The germs may have been taken into the body when the person was very young and have remained dormant for many years.

Boys and girls who are apparently healthy may have latent tuberculosis; without a sign of infection—no cough, no loss of weight, good color. But years later, when some extra strain is put upon the body, the symptoms appear—loss of weight, persistent cough, “indigestion” and fatigue.

When every child is properly fortified against the ravages of tuberculosis, the final victory over this deadly enemy will be in sight.

This year there will be a great forward step in the battle against tuberculosis. Efforts will be made to protect “the others”—the family and friends of the stricken person—even before the signs of tuberculosis show themselves, but while the disease may be latent.

Organizations for the prevention of tuberculosis—national, state and local—will warn people of the infection which may follow living in the same household or associating with one who is suffering from tuberculosis.



Their action-inspiring slogan, “Early discovery—Early recovery,” will be displayed on billboards, car cards and banners all over the country.

By checking tuberculosis in its earliest stages, before the germs have had time to destroy bone or tissue, tens of thousands of lives can be saved. Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, 49-R—“Tuberculosis”. It will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, President.

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You see them as they really are **IN KODACOLOR!**

[HOME MOVIES IN FULL COLOR]

How Kodacolor—the Sensational New Eastman Achievement—Brings Home Movies One Step Nearer Life Itself

HAVE you been denying yourself the modern and most enjoyable pastime of home movies? The thrill of making your own films? The opportunity to record in living pictures your family and friends?

If ever there was any justification for this sacrifice . . . of taking the money that a home movie outfit would cost and putting it to some other use . . . that chance is gone today.

For now you are able to take your own movies in *color*! Not only the form and the action are projected on the screen, but every hue and tint that met your eye when you focused the camera.

Figures Vividly Alive!

You make the most wonderful *living* portraits of those you love. All the color in their eyes, their hair, their clothing . . . even the delicate flesh tones . . . come out marvelously true to life.

To get such a result as this, you'd



willingly go to a good deal of trouble, but, strange to say, you don't have to. Like every other Eastman development, it has been made simplicity itself. The same Ciné-Kodak (f.1.9 model) that takes black and white pictures, takes color. The same Kodascope (model A or B) that projects black and white, projects color. You simply use a color filter and a special film when making or projecting Kodacolor.

The Ciné-Kodak's Simplicity

Did you know that with the Ciné-Kodak, movies are as easy to take as snapshots? All you do is press a lever. You send the film to us for development and the cost of this is included in the price you pay for the film. It comes back to you all ready for your own home screen.

It's as simple as that! Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so simple have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

Ask your Ciné-Kodak dealer to show you some Kodacolor pictures. Let him show you home movie outfits (Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen) that may be had at a surprisingly low price. Let him tell you, too, about black and white pictures to supplement your own films, Kodak Cinegraphs. These are 100-, 200- and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and cartoons that become a permanent part of your film library. Write us for a booklet that tells more of this fascinating story. EastmanKodakCompany, Rochester, N.Y.



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Douglas Fairbanks

Douglas Fairbanks,

America's Motion Picture Favorite, as he will ap-
pear in his forthcoming production, "The Iron Mask"

*For a slender figure—
"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"*

"It's toasted" No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

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